

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOL. LXVIII.

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 2.

EGYPT, 1881 TO 1897.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

THE dates above given form the period embraced in the Statistical Returns recently issued by Sir Elwin Palmer, the financial adviser of the Khedive. These returns constitute the most complete and authoritative record as yet published of the progress made by Egypt under the British occupation. My personal knowledge, however, of Egypt and Egyptian affairs extends over a much longer period. It was in 1869, on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal, that I first visited Cairo. I had, therefore, the good fortune to see Egypt in the closing days of the era, when, under Ismail Pasha, the land of the Nile was still ruled by an absolute and irresponsible despotism. The glamour of that gorgeous pageant is nowadays a mere tradition. But the dominant impression left upon my mind by the spectacle was the conviction of what a powerful instrument, for evil or for good, the one-ruler, one-will system is in an Oriental country. The knowledge which came to me in later years, how Ismail Pasha employed the system for the satisfaction of his own personal ends and aims, and how he sacrificed to this satisfaction the welfare of his people, was not needed to convince me of the fatal defects inseparable from the *Sic volo, sic jubeo* method of government.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LXVIII., No. 2.

But the revelations of Ismail's extravagance, oppression, and 'yranny have never altered my conviction that the rule most in accordance with the character, the traditions, and the instincts of the Egyptian people, is that of the strong hand and the iron will. If such a thing as the succession of a series of honest, merciful, and wise despots was within the range of probability, or even possibility, despotism would be the one form of rule suited to Egypt. Being unattainable, this system may be dismissed as beyond the domain of practical politics. But it would be a great advantage to all our British administrators in Egypt if they could only realize the truth, impressed upon me during my early sojourn here, that the Egyptian ideal rule is not that of government from below, but of government from above—the ideal ruler being in Egyptian conception an earthly Allah, all-wise, all-just, and, above all, all-powerful. There is no truer adage than *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret*. In dealing with Egypt above all other countries it is well to bear this adage in mind. The nature of the Egyptian is to be governed, not to govern, and this nature will always reassert itself, no matter what may be the character of its rulers, or the form of its institutions.

It was, if I remember rightly, in 1875, that the first step was taken in the joint Anglo-French intervention. The Governments of France and England induced the Khedive to accept the services of two financial advisers, Baron Malaret and Mr. Romaine, under whose supervision it was hoped that His Highness would curtail his expenditure and abstain from contracting any fresh liabilities. The advisers had no means of enforcing their advice; they were kept purposely in the dark. Things went from bad to worse; and, in 1877, with the sanction of their respective Government, Mr. Goschen and the late M. Joubert came out to Egypt, as the representatives of the bondholders, armed with authority to effect a settlement between the Khedive and his creditors. On learning the nature of the terms which the Commission of Enquiry were prepared to propose, Ismail Pasha summed up the situation by the saying, "On veut me mettre en syndicat;" and, with the hope of averting, or, at any rate, postponing, this consummation, he offered to convert the position of Egypt into that of a constitutional monarchy, and to allow the chief portfolios in the Ministry—those of Finance and of Public Works—to be held by English and French Ministers, nominated by their respective Governments, but holding office under the Khedive. Mr. (now Sir) Rivers Wilson was Minister of Finance, M. de Blignières Minister of Public Works, while Nubar Pasha, the most enlightened of Egyptian statesmen, was appointed Premier, with the approval of London and Paris. Ismail was jubilant, declaring to everybody, with one of the catch phrases in which he delighted, "Nous ne sommes plus en Afrique, nous sommes en Europe." But the moment he discovered that the Constitutional Ministers intended to exercise a real, not a nominal, control over the administration of Egypt, he dismissed his Ministers and announced his intention of reverting to the old system of personal rule. England and France virtually acquiesced in this *coup d'état*, and contented themselves with appointing two Controllers with in-

creased powers; the French Controller being M. de Blignières, the English being Major Baring, now Lord Cromer, who shortly afterward, on his leaving for India, was succeeded by Sir Auckland Colvin.

I should mention here, to make the position intelligible, that a few years before the appointment of the Dual Control, the great Powers of Europe had agreed, at the instance of Nubar Pasha, to suspend the civil jurisdiction of the Consular Courts in Egypt, guaranteed under the Capitulations, on condition that all civil cases to which Europeans were parties should be tried before International Tribunals. The judges of these tribunals were to be nominated by their respective governments, to be irremovable except with the consent of the nominating Power, and to administer justice in accordance with a written Code based in the main on the Code Napoleon. The Code in question contained a clause certainly not to be found in French law, or I believe in the law of any other independent country, that in the event of any suit being brought against the State and of the Court giving judgment in favor of the plaintiff, the judgment might be carried into effect, as in the case of a suit between private individuals, by the seizure of the defendant's goods and chattels. In the year 1876, the late Mr. Horatio Lloyd was staying at Cairo, and, as being an eminent legal authority, was requested, by the Khedive, to give him his opinion as to the bearing of the clause in question. Mr. Lloyd told me at the time that when he informed the Khedive that under this clause all State properties were liable to seizure in the event of the State making default in any of its legal liabilities, His Highness gave vent to a furious outburst of indignation and declared that he had been deceived and betrayed, and that if he had known the Code contained any provision of the kind, no consideration would ever have induced him to append his signature to the decree authorizing the establishment of the International Tribunals. It is probable that on this occasion

Ismail spoke the truth. He was quite astute enough to see that, politically speaking, he had signed his own death warrant. So it proved. In 1879, a German bondholder brought a suit against the Egyptian Government for arrears of interest. The International Courts declared in his favor, and gave judgment accordingly. The arrears remaining unpaid, the Court ordered the seizure and sale of certain State properties in order to make good the default. The officials of the Court were refused permission to discharge their duty by the orders of the Egyptian Government, which at this period was synonymous with the Khedive. Thereupon, to the astonishment of the world, the German Government, under Prince Bismarck's administration, announced that if the authority of the International Courts in Egypt was not respected, steps would be taken by Germany to enforce the judgment given in favor of a German subject. Consternation was excited at the Quai d'Orsay by the news that Germany contemplated an armed intervention in Egypt. The prospect of such an intervention was unwelcome, though viewed with less repugnance, in Downing Street. The Powers exercising the Dual Control for once acted vigorously and harmoniously together. The Sultan was requested to exercise his Suzerainty over Egypt by deposing Ismail Pasha, on the ground of his having proved unworthy of the authority entrusted to him by his Suzerain. What would have happened if Ismail had acted as Mohamet Ali, the founder of his dynasty, would have acted in his place, and had refused to abdicate, is a question which it is very difficult to answer. As it was, Ismail gave way, and his son Tewfik reigned in his stead. Thus the one important achievement of the Anglo-French Control was to reassert the supremacy of Turkey over Egypt; and the necessary result of this acknowledgment of Turkish supremacy was to destroy the prestige of the Khedivate. Ismail may have been hated, but he was feared; and fear in Egypt, as in all Eastern lands, is essential to respect.

In order to get rid of his Anglo-French Ministers, Ismail Pasha shortly before his deposition had stirred up the officers of his army to make an armed demonstration against a proposed reduction of pay. The memory of the Moufettish's fate in the gardens of the Ghezirah Palace, now turned into an hotel, was too vivid in Cairo for any idea of open rebellion against the powers that be, to be entertained as long as Ismail remained on the throne. But the lesson taught by the mutiny was not lost; what was perilous under Ismail was safe under Tewfik; and the army with Arabi as its leader rose in revolt. Of all so-called patriots "Ahmed the Egyptian" was probably the feeblest imitation of a revolutionary leader the world has yet produced. But the revolution backed by the Turkish party, by the Mollahs, and to some extent by the Levantine partisans of the deposed Viceroy, made head rapidly. It was supported by the populace, partly out of the normal hostility of the Crescent to the Cross, partly out of the natural dislike of the native for the foreigner, still more out of greed, and more than all out of the Oriental conviction that it is always better to be on the winning side. The massacres of Alexandria outraged European opinion, especially in England, and at last, sorely against the grain, the British Government, then under Mr. Gladstone's Premiership, consented to send the Fleet to Alexandria. The French Government declined to take part in the expedition. It was by English vessels and English troops, and by them alone, that Alexandria was bombarded, that the Egyptian army was defeated at Tel-el-Kebir, that Cairo was reoccupied, and that Tewfik was replaced upon the throne. It was England which had restored order in Egypt; England which had saved the lives and the property of the European community; England which had protected the interests of the creditors of Egypt; and it was England which, in the opinion of Europe, was entitled to claim the protectorate of Egypt as the reward of her services. Again an unrivalled opportunity for

establishing British supremacy was deliberately thrown away by the British Government.

The policy of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, after the restoration of Tewfik, might best be expressed in the phrase employed by masters of ceremonies in the old days when there were public dancing rooms in London: "As you were, return to your places." In the interval between the expedition being decided upon and its being carried into execution, our Foreign Office had gone out of its way to tender assurances to the world at large that England did not intend to derive any advantage for herself from the enterprise on which she was about to embark. Nobody abroad had asked for such assurances; nobody abroad believed in their sincerity. They were, to speak the truth, tendered in order to commit England beforehand to the evacuation of Egypt as soon as the immediate object of the expedition was attained. Mr. Gladstone had always been a staunch opponent of what may be termed "the forward policy" in Egypt. Whether holding the views he did, he was justified in trying to tie the hands not only of his own ministry, but of its successors, so as to prevent England from obtaining any permanent footing in Egypt, is a matter of opinion; but about the fact and its consequences, there is no possibility of question.

The original idea of Mr. Gladstone's Administration was, that the British forces should be withdrawn as soon as the fighting was over. But it soon became obvious that the retention of British troops for a certain period was absolutely essential to the maintenance of the Khedivial Government. It was I believe, with the most genuine reluctance that the British Ministry consented to prolong the occupation for a limited period. All our officials in Egypt were given to understand, either directly or indirectly, that the desire of the Cabinet was to curtail this period as much as possible, and that, therefore, no changes were to be made, however desirable in themselves these changes might be, that might cause any delay in the departure of our troops. In

consequence, the whole complicated fabric of Egyptian institutions continued absolutely unchanged. The Capitulations remained in full force; the Consuls General retained the same authority as they had before the war; the International Tribunals and the Commissioners of the Public Debt exercised their old jurisdiction; the various International Commissions which control the railways, the Daira, and the Statedomains, in the interest of the bondholders, resumed their custodianship. Nothing was altered externally, except that British troops garrisoned Cairo and Alexandria. To put it shortly, the British Government refused to assume any one of the functions that France assumed about the same period when she occupied Tunis. The Report just issued by the British Consul at Tunis as to the improvements effected in the regency under the French Protectorate, cannot but be painful reading to our British Administrators in Egypt when they reflect on what they might have accomplished if their own Government had claimed the same rights in Egypt as France claimed and obtained for herself when she occupied Tunis.

At the very outset of our occupation we were brought face to face with an issue which ought to have brought home to statesmanlike comprehension the inherent absurdity of a provisional protectorate. If our troops were to leave Egypt, the chief object of the protecting power was obviously the restoration of the Khedivial authority. In order to effect this restoration, the first thing to be done was to inflict condign punishment on the ringleaders of the military mutiny. At any other period of Egyptian history, Arabi and his fellow conspirators would have had every reason to consider themselves fortunate if they escaped with no worse punishment than immediate execution and the confiscation of all their property. According to all Oriental ideas, the lives and property of Arabi and his brother mutineers were justly forfeited. But, in England, the execution of Arabi, after he had been defeated and captured by British troops, would have

been distasteful to popular sentiment. A sort of sentimental delusion had gained ground at home that the fellow was an enthusiast, whose zeal had been fired by the wrongs of the Fellahs, and who had been actuated by an honest, if mistaken, desire to establish the independence of his native land. The British authorities in Egypt received intimation that Arabi was to be spared; and after a formal trial, whose result was a foregone conclusion, the men who had rebelled against the Khedive were sentenced to banishment in a pleasant exile, and were supplied with liberal pensions, which the Egyptian treasury had virtually to provide. Our ways of justice are unintelligible to the Egyptian mind, but even an Egyptian is intelligent enough to understand that an Effendina—a lord and master—who cannot hang soldiers wearing his uniform, who rise in rebellion against his dynasty, is no Effendina at all. Thus not for the last time during our occupation, the restoration of order in Egypt under native rule was rendered impossible, because the only means by which this restoration could be effected did not commend themselves to the approval of British sentiment.

Mr. Gladstone's Government having sent British troops to Egypt against their will, and having discovered to their dismay that these troops could not be recalled as soon as the military revolt had been suppressed, were naturally—and, from their own point of view, justly—anxious to devise some policy which might offer a reasonable prospect of establishing such an order of things in Egypt as would justify the withdrawal of our troops at no distant period. Lord Dufferin was sent out to report upon the best means of facilitating our evacuation of Egypt. His report, put briefly, amounted to this:—The administration of Egypt, civil, military, legal, industrial, and financial, was utterly disorganized. The authority of the Khedive could only be maintained for the time being, by the presence of a British garrison. Meanwhile, there might be reason to hope that if every department of the

Egyptian Administration was thoroughly reconstructed under British supervision, and in accordance with British principles of government, Egypt might, in the course of years, become capable of governing herself, and administering her own affairs. This report was accepted as determining the policy of England. Egypt was to be reconstructed by British advice, thus facilitating the withdrawal of the British army of occupation. Since the days when the children of Israel were ordered to make bricks without straw, no more hopeless task has ever been imposed in the land of the pyramids than that which was laid upon the British officials in Egypt, of carrying out in practice the theory propounded in the Dufferin Report.

I think it only fair in any attempt to show what our officials have accomplished in Egypt, to point out clearly that the problem they were called upon to solve was practically incapable of solution with the means at their disposal. I doubt whether any other officials in the world would have tried to grapple seriously with the work of reorganization they were called upon to undertake. But the feeling that if you are appointed to do work, and receive pay for doing it, you are bound, as a matter of duty, to do your best, is more general and more powerful among Englishmen than among men of other nationalities. No Englishman likes the idea of taking pay without returning value; and, I may also add, that the work of bringing the institutions of other countries into conformity with English ideas has a peculiar fascination for the ordinary Englishman. Egypt, for the last fifteen years, has been virtually administered under British supervision, British advice, and British assistance, and these influences have owed their efficacy to the presence of British troops.

In the early days the progress made was comparatively slow. The probability, or, at any rate, the possibility, of an early withdrawal of our troops told fatally against our progress. The few natives who were not actually hostile to our ideas of reform, and who

saw any advantage to themselves in facilitating their execution, were afraid to take sides with us openly, from the knowledge that, if our troops were withdrawn, our influence would be at an end, and that they themselves would be exposed to the hostility of the Court and the Pashas as having been friends of England. Again, every English official had the conviction brought home to him, day by day, that the work of reform, however beneficial it might prove in the end to Egypt, was calculated to retard, not to advance, the formation of a strong native government; and, therefore, however strongly he might believe in the possibility of regenerating Egypt under English influence, he was not prepared to put forth all his strength so long as he saw cause to fear that the British garrison—which formed the basis, so to speak, of the fabric he was endeavoring to erect—would be withdrawn long before the fabric could be completed. Having been much here during the early years succeeding the occupation, I can say confidently that the great majority of our officials contemplated the withdrawal of our troops as being within the possible contingencies of the near future. I can say, also, having had more occasion than most people at that time to know something about the Egyptian policy of Her Majesty's Government, that these apprehensions were fully justified. I am convinced that Mr. Gladstone himself was genuinely desirous of bringing our military occupation to an abrupt close. I am also fully convinced that when Lord Hartington stated in the House of Commons that evacuation might be expected to take place within a few months, or even weeks, he was giving utterance not only to his own opinion, but to that of the Cabinet. I have reason to believe that some of his colleagues were not equally confident as to the possibility, and still less as to the policy of evacuation. But I am absolutely convinced that none of the dissentient Liberal Ministers of the day would have actively opposed immediate evacuation if it had been proposed by the

Premier, and supported—as in those days it would infallibly have been—by the strength of the then united Liberal Party. It was not till the secession of the Liberal Unionists and the accession of the Conservatives to power that the danger of the immediate withdrawal of our troops began to pass away. That this should have been so was due not so much to one Party having succeeded another at home, as to the circumstance that in England popular sentiment about Egypt had been affected by the Conservative reaction of which the defeat of Home Rule had been the result rather than the cause. As a matter of fact, Lord Salisbury was, if I am well informed, as anxious in 1885, as Mr. Gladstone had been ever since 1882, to close the period of our occupation. Lord Randolph Churchill, then the coming leader of the Party, was hostile to the retention of our troops in Egypt; so, also, was the late Lord Iddesleigh. Indeed, the one practical effort made by England to get away from Egypt was made during the short-lived Conservative Administration of 1885. Sir Henry Wolff was sent to Constantinople by the Government, and concluded a convention with Turkey for the settlement of the Egyptian question, which would have necessitated the withdrawal of our troops if France had ratified the convention. Happily, as I think, for England and for Egypt, France refused her consent, and the project was stillborn. The fact, however, that an early evacuation was brought to the very verge of accomplishment under a Conservative Ministry, seems to explain the want of confidence in the permanence of our occupation, which, up to nearly the close of the last decade, impeded and retarded the work of reorganization in Egypt to which England had set her hand. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state that from the collapse of the Wolff-Mouktar Mission, both the natives and the English residents in Egypt began to realize that England had got to stay; while, at the same time, popular opinion at home became far more favorable, or, at any rate,

far less unfavorable, to the idea of a permanent occupation than it had been previously.

The progress effected in Egypt under the British occupation has recently been recorded in a singularly clear and simple statement issued by the British financial adviser to His Highness, the Khedive. I am quite aware that statistical returns cannot be regarded as matters of mathematical demonstration; and I have no doubt that exceptions may be taken to certain of the inferences which the compilers of the *Statistical Returns*, 1881 to 1897, have drawn from the figures they cite. About the substantial accuracy of the returns there is, however, no possibility of question; and the margins of profit shown by these returns are so stupendous, that though it may be argued that the profit is over-estimated, it is idle to contend that under any fair estimate the profit could be converted into a loss. Let me point out the main conclusions of this remarkable Report as briefly as I can.

From 1882 to 1897 the population of Egypt has increased from a little under 7,000,000 to close upon 10,000,000. This increase is not due to foreign immigration, as the number of foreigners resident in Egypt has only risen some 20,000 in all. Speaking in round numbers, the population of the Delta, the wealthiest and most thickly inhabited part of the country, has increased by 1,000,000; that of Upper Egypt, the least prosperous and fertile part of the country, by 2,000,000. The increase is enormous, and can only be accounted for by the fact that conditions of life amid the mass of the population are more favorable than they were of old; that marriages are more frequent; that families are larger; that infant mortality, which previous to this period kept the population at a dead level, is less frequent; and that the general health of the people has improved. To put the same idea in plainer words, this marvellous and rapid increase in the population is due to the fact that under the British occupation the Fellaheen are better fed, better paid for their labor, better housed, better clothed, and

better cared for than they have ever been within any period the recollection of which is retained by popular tradition.

Up to 1882 the acreage of taxable land in Egypt was calculated at 5,000,000. It is now increased by over 600,000 acres, or close upon 13 per cent. Yet the total amount levied by the land tax—the great permanent source of revenue in Egypt—is actually less in 1897 than it was in 1881. According to Sir Elwin's figures, the average land tax per acre has been diminished during the above period from 22s. to 18s. 3d. The arrears of land tax, which formerly attained colossal proportions, have now practically been paid off. The Fellaah, when once he has paid his annual contribution, has no longer any apprehension, as he had in the days of Ismail, of being called upon to pay again in advance long before the date of the next instalment had become due. The Fellaah has in consequence no need to borrow money from the Greek village usurers in order to save himself from being bastinadoed and his crops from being seized. The extraordinary recent rise in the price of land throughout Egypt is, I am assured by old residents in the country, solely due to the fact that whenever land comes into the market its price is run up by the brisk competition of the Fellaheen in the neighborhood, who are now both able and willing to invest their savings in the purchase of fresh allotments. The enormous properties which Ismail had appropriated to some extent by enforced purchase and to a still larger extent by peculation and confiscation, are rapidly returning into the possession of the small peasant landholders. I may mention in connection with this that of the persons who own land, and therefore pay land tax in Egypt, the native landowners are, roughly speaking, 750,000 as against 6,500 foreigners; while of the number of persons who own lands exceeding 50 acres in extent, there are 10,400 natives as against 1,500 foreigners.

Indirect taxation has risen from £2,000,000 in 1881 to £3,400,000 in 1897. But this rise is due to the in-

crease in the population and to the yield of the taxes being greater, owing to larger consumption of the articles taxed and more honest collection of the taxes. The only indirect tax which has been increased is that of the duty on tobacco, which has risen from some £100,000 in the first-named year to £1,000,000 in the latter. But notwithstanding this, the total taxation per head has fallen from 22s. 2d. to 17s. 9d. during the period of our occupation.

The general improvement in the prosperity of Egypt is shown by the following figures: traffic returns on the railways have risen from £1,300,000 in 1881 to £2,000,000 in 1897; Post Office receipts from £91,000 to £119,000; the number of letters posted in Egypt from 3,500,000 to 11,300,000; and though the fall in the market prices of cotton and sugar has slightly diminished the gross value of the exports, the fact that the imports have grown in volume though not in value is shown by the increase in the tonnage of the port of Alexandria alone from 1,250,000 to 2,270,000 tons.

It may be said, however, that the development of Egyptian prosperity is due not so much to the direct action of British Administration as to the indirect effects of a prolonged period of tranquillity and order. I quite admit the truth of this assertion. What I contend is that under a native administration Egypt would never have enjoyed such an era of orderly quiet, and never can enjoy it unless the native administration had remained under European control and supervision. I have no doubt that if any other European nation had occupied in Egypt during the last fifteen years a position similar to that we have held, there would have been a marked improvement in the condition of the country. I am, however, convinced that no other European Power could have administered Egypt with the same honest desire to do the best for the country as England has evinced. What other Power is there which would have forbidden the Kurbash, which would have practically abolished the *Corvée*, and which would have protected the Fellah

against injustice and oppression, and enabled him to reap the due reward of his own toil and labor?

But we have done—or at any rate we have tried to do—more for Egypt than to confer upon her the benefits accruing automatically from a period of order, tranquillity, and economy. Under our occupation we have constructed, or rather caused to be constructed, 212 miles of new railway; and in this calculation the line now being laid down from Wady Halfa to Khartoum is not included. It may be asked why we have not done more in a country where railroads are practically the only modes of locomotion. The answer is that our hands are tied by the system under which the railways are administered. In virtue of the financial settlement concluded between Egypt and her creditors, the State railways are hypothecated to the service of the Public Debt, and are placed under the administration of three International Commissioners who are bound by the terms of their trust to hand over 55 per cent. of the gross receipts to the Caisse de la Dette; while out of the remaining 45 per cent. they have to provide for the working expenses of the line, the repair of the roadway, and the rolling stock. A very simple calculation will show that, as long as this arrangement holds good, the construction of any new line, however profitable as a going concern, involves a positive loss to the Railway Administration, and yet this extraordinary arrangement cannot be modified without the consent of all the Powers who sanctioned the compromise between Egypt and her creditors.

This consent is certain to be refused, and therefore new railways can only be constructed by a complicated process under which the cost of construction is borne in the first instance by private companies and repaid by debentures, the interest on which is provided out of the small surplus of the revenues accruing to the State. Still the increased efficiency and economy introduced into the management of the railways under British supervision has done wonders. In fifteen years the third class traffic, which is practically

the native traffic, has increased from 3,000,000 to about 9,500,000 in the number of passengers carried. I saw a statement the other day in a London paper, which devotes much attention to Egyptian affairs, that the British troops at the front had grave cause of complaint because the cost of their rations was unnecessarily increased by the exorbitant rates of transport charged by the railways, which all belonged to the State. As a matter of fact, the State in Egypt has no more power to reduce the transport charges on the State lines than the British Government has to reduce the traffic rates on the Paris and Lyons Railway. In Egypt, the railway administrators are powerless because they are bound by the conditions of the Trust to which they owe their authority; while the State has no more voice in the matter than the owner of an estate under liquidation has in the management of his property.

In irrigation our efforts have had a freer field of action than in any other department. To every individual in Egypt the maintenance, extension, and improvement of the irrigation system are matters of vital importance. Thus, when Sir Colin Moncrieff, supported by a singularly able body of British engineers, undertook the control of the water supply of the Nile, he had popular sympathy on his side, and was much less thwarted by the sullen hostility of the native officials than most of his English fellow officials in other branches of the public service; while his efforts did not encounter the same active opposition from the International authorities. To go into details is unnecessary for my purpose. It is enough to say that, under his *régime* and that of his successor, Sir William Garstin, the French barrage just below Cairo has been turned into an effective dam, which it had never been before; a number of canals have been constructed or restored so as to convey the water stored up behind the dam to all parts of the Delta at any season of the year, and Lower Egypt has thus been provided with a regular supply of water which is capable doubtless of great

extension, but which suffices for the wants of all the Delta lands at present under cultivation.

The costly and unsatisfactory system of steam pumps has fallen into comparative disuse owing to the improvements already effected. The employment of subdrains has been introduced, and 2,200 kilometres of drains have been constructed, by means of which the stagnant water has been drawn away from the subsoil. 2,000 kilometres of new canals have been opened in Upper Egypt, and 1,000 in Lower; while 500 kilometres of fresh banks have been raised along the canals. To British occupation the credit is also justly due of having solved the problem of the irrigation of Upper Egypt. From the time when Sir Colin Moncrieff had proved by experience that the barrage built by Mongel Bey, at the apex of the Delta, could be made to serve the purpose for which it was erected, it was obvious that the best way to procure a permanent regular water supply for Upper Egypt was by the erection of similar barrages higher up the Nile. Yet, for years after this conclusion had been arrived at, nothing was done to carry it into effect. As usual, international difficulties barred the way. Egypt, under the terms of the Liquidation Convention, cannot raise any fresh loan without the consent of the Caisse, and the Caisse, even if it had the power, had not the will to authorize the borrowing of an amount sufficient to construct the proposed Upper Egypt barrages, or to advance the amount out of the reserved funds amassed by them owing to the actual revenue of Egypt having enormously surpassed the value estimated by the Commission of Liquidation. These funds are kept as a reserve against the possible, though most improbable, contingency of the Egyptian revenue falling short in any year of the amount required for the service of the debt. The importance, however, of having the Upper Egypt barrages constructed was impressed so strongly upon our Government by the British Authorities in Egypt, that a group of London capitalists was induced to provide the capital for the work in ques-

tion, and to trust to the recovery of their advances by a series of half-yearly instalments, spread over so long a period that the Egyptian Government will easily be able to pay the instalments as they become due out of the revenue left at its disposal. I have sufficient confidence in the ability of the capitalists, by whom Mr. John Aird, the contractor, is backed, to entertain little doubt that their calculations will prove to be in the main correct, and that this being so, they will make a fair, though not an unreasonable, profit on the transaction. But there is no possibility of doubt as to the transaction being a most advantageous one for the Egyptian Government. The barrages at Assouan and Assiout will be constructed without the State having to pay a piastre for the work of construction. If, owing to any unforeseen difficulties, the cost of the barrages should prove greater than is expected, and should result in a loss instead of a profit, the State will lose nothing by the loss of the contractors. It is only when the barrages are completed and in working order that the State will be called upon to commence paying off the debt due to the contractors by instalments. The amount of these instalments is a mere trifle compared with the increase in the proceeds of the land tax which is expected to result from the new reservoirs. Even hostile critics of the project can only urge that the amount Egypt has virtually borrowed by this ingenious scheme—which I believe owes its existence to the financial genius of the author, Mr. Cassel—will, according to their calculations, bear interest at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the interest on the State debts does not now exceed 4 per cent. According to the opinion current in Egypt, amid the best local authorities on the culture of the soil, the reservoirs will nearly double the revenues of the State; the question, therefore, of 1 per cent., more or less, paid as interest for the necessary outlay is hardly worth considering. Since the conclusion of the contract between Mr. Aird and the Egyptian Government the price of land in Upper

Egypt has, I may add, more than doubled.

In respect of education, we have not done so much as might have been done. But in this respect I think we have acted wisely in not endeavoring to introduce any drastic reforms. In the East, even more than elsewhere, education and religion are indissolubly connected, and until our position in Egypt is more clearly defined and more emphatically recognized than it is at present, we cannot afford to introduce any changes under our *regime*, tending to excite the latent hostility which even at the best of times exists between the Crescent and the Cross. It is obvious, however, if newspaper reading is any proof of the spread of education, that education has spread very rapidly in Egypt. During the last fifteen years the number of newspapers posted in Egypt has increased from 2,000,000 to 7,000,000. Foreign newspapers for Egypt are posted abroad, and the proportion of local newspapers posted in Egypt for delivery abroad must form an insignificant proportion to the total posted. The foreign population in Egypt is comparatively small, and none of the papers printed in English, French, Greek, or Italian are supposed to have any considerable circulation. The explanation, therefore, of the enormous increase in the home newspaper postal service of Egypt must be found in the large circulation of the native Arabic newspapers. Prior to 1881 there was hardly a paper published in Arabic other than the *Official Gazette*. Now the streets of Cairo, Alexandria, and the large towns are filled with newsboys selling native papers. Considering the character of these papers, it may be doubted whether their increased circulation is a benefit or otherwise; but the fact shows that under our occupation there has been a rapid growth of intellectual activity amid the native population.

We have also made very vigorous efforts to improve the administration of justice. Under our control, and at our instigation, a great many abuses have been removed. Examination by tor-

ture, barbarous punishments, judicial corruption, wholesale perjury, and official blackmailing have been nominally abolished; and even if these malpractices, as I suspect, still prevail to some extent without the knowledge of the British Authorities, they are comparatively few in number, and far less flagrant than they used to be up to the time of our advent in Egypt. The prisons are no longer scandals to humanity. Convicts are not now treated like wild beasts. Justice is not openly bought and sold; and the mere fact of an accusation is not accepted as absolute evidence of guilt and as justifying conviction, to be followed, if the accuser is a man of influence, by summary and vindictive punishment. At the same time, there can be no doubt that crimes of violence and offences against property are more frequent nowadays than they were in the era when the Khedives ruled Egypt with an iron hand. It is still less open to doubt that our legal reforms hardly commend themselves to native approval. Our Western ideas of justice in general, and our English ideas in particular, are alien to the Eastern mind. Justice, if administered according to the Eastern ideal, should be prompt, stern, based upon equity, not upon law, and indifferent to legal technicalities. According to Eastern notions the duty of a righteous judge, if he believes a prisoner to be guilty, is to get him convicted and punished without much consideration as to the weight of the evidence. If a mistake is made now and then it cannot be helped. According to the Oriental view it is far better that an innocent man should be wrongfully punished by an error of judgment than that a guilty man should escape punishment owing to sufficient legal evidence of his guilt not being forthcoming. The ablest of Egyptian statesmen once said to me: "All your European systems of justice are based ultimately upon the principle that fear of death is the strongest preventive of crime. When you apply this principle to Egypt, you make a mistake. What Eastern people dread most is not death, but worry." Now our British

rules of evidence, our peculiar procedure, our assumption that a prisoner must be considered innocent till he has been found guilty, all worry the untrained Egyptian mind. The partisans of our legal reforms would urge that we have not even attempted to establish British law in Egypt, or to interfere with the native courts. Theoretically, this is true; practically, it is not true. Appointment to and promotion in the native courts are very much in the hands of the British legal advisers of the Government; and the native officials are aware that if they wish to win the favor of the dispensers of patronage, they must act, or at all events seem to act, in conformity with the principles of British criminal justice. They so act to some extent, and thereby give umbrage to native ideas. Moreover, our legal reforms are open to the grave objection that under their operation crime is more frequent and property less secure than was the case under Ismail Pasha. We have destroyed, or, to say the least, impaired the authority of the Sheikh in the villages, of the Mudir in the provinces, and of the Minister in the capital. The Kurbash can only be administered surreptitiously, if at all; and the magistrates think it more to their interest to allow a prisoner to escape than to convict him on evidence which may seem inadequate to British legal authorities in Cairo. Our attempt at reorganizing the administration of justice in Egypt can hardly, therefore, be regarded as a complete success. We have sown, I think, the seed of a new and better system of justice, but we have sown it before the soil was ripe for the reception of the seed.

With regard to the campaign in the Soudan, and the reorganization of the Egyptian army under British officers, the time has hardly come to express any opinion.* The immense benefit we hope in 1898 to confer upon Egypt by the reconquest of the Soudan must always be counterbalanced by the grave injury we inflicted upon Egypt by com-

* Written before the battle of the Atbara.—
ED. F. R.

pling her to evacuate the Soudan in 1884. As to the value to Egypt of the native army we have enabled her to reconstruct, we can hardly judge as yet till we see how far this army has become an effective military machine. Even the experiment now being tried—supposing it, as I expect, to prove successful—will not establish the fact whether an Egyptian army would be of any permanent value if not led by British officers; and the Egyptian army, it may be predicted with absolute confidence, will only retain the services of British officers so long as British troops continue to occupy Egypt.

For similar reasons, I hesitate about enumerating amid the benefits we have conferred on Egypt, the transformation of Cairo. Under the British occupation, Cairo has been converted into a handsome European city, with all the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries to be found in the leading capitals of Europe. But the profit and advantage of these Cairene improvements are mainly reaped by the foreign residents and visitors; not by the natives. Except that ophthalmia, which used to be, at one time, almost universal amid the natives in Cairo, has become comparatively rare, owing to broad thoroughfares having been driven through the old dust-enshrouded, dirt-encrusted city, I can see no great apparent change in the conditions of existence among the mass of the native population. The trade and custom of a great modern capital, such as Cairo has become under our control, have undoubtedly raised prices and wages in the neighborhood; and the population of the city and its adjacent districts are better off than they ever were before. But, as yet, increased prosperity seems to me to have led a comparatively slight improvement in the outward aspects of native life. The increased prosperity, however, I should add, seems to me likely to prove permanent. Whatever the political future of Egypt may be, Cairo, transformed as it has been under British influence, is certain from its position, its climate, its manifold objects of interest, and its luxurious surroundings, to remain one of the favorite

winter resorts of the travelling community; and the benefits, such as they are, derived from the yearly increasing visits of a vast multitude of tourists, must in common fairness be ascribed to the British occupation.

If I have succeeded in making my meaning clear, the following conclusions seem to me established by the facts which I have endeavored to summarize. The British occupation has now lasted for over fifteen years. During the first five, comparatively little was accomplished, owing to the uncertain and provisional character of our tenure. The work done has been done in the main in the last ten years, and was only commenced in earnest when the British Authorities began to realize that, whether we liked it or not, we had got to stay; and the Egyptians themselves came to the conclusion that we intended to stay. We have had, as I have tried to show, to contend with all sorts of unnecessary obstacles caused by the anomalous system of International commissions which have the right of interfering with the native administration, even when that administration is controlled and directed by British advisers. We shall still have to contend with like difficulties till we make up our minds to establish our protectorate in name as well as in fact. We have, also, been fatally handicapped by the fact that the British Government and the British public have been slow in realizing, even if they have realized yet, that our occupation of Egypt is a thing to be desired in the interests of the British Empire. The only points in our favor have been that British interests in Egypt have been represented throughout by far the larger portion of our occupation, by a man of a high character, great determination, and exceptional energy, in the person of Lord Cromer, who has practically played the part of a British Pro-Consul. His policy of reforming the native administration by moral rather than by physical force, has been favored by the accident that our Consul-General has had the willing support of a number of British officials imbued with an honest English desire

to do the best, not only for their own country, but for the country in which their lot was thrown. To repeat, however, a saying which I have quoted before now and should like to recall whenever I have occasion to write on foreign affairs in which England is interested: "The only difference between physical and moral force is that the former has bayonets in the front, and the latter has bayonets in the rear." Even Sir Alfred Milner would, I think, be the first to admit that our "moral force" reorganization of Egypt must have proved a failure if it had not been supported by the presence of British troops in the Citadel of Cairo.

To sum up, under our occupation Egypt has been rendered solvent and prosperous; taxes have been largely reduced; her population has increased by nearly 50 per cent.; the value and the productiveness of her soil have been greatly improved; a regular and permanent system of irrigation has been introduced into Lower Egypt, and is now in the course of introduction into Upper Egypt; trade and industry have made giant strides; the use of the Kurbash has been forbidden; the Corvée has been suppressed; regularity in the collection of taxes has been made the rule, and not the exception; wholesale corruption has been abolished; the Fellaheen can now keep the money they earn, and are better off than they were before; the landowners are all richer owing to the fresh supply of water, with the consequent rapid increase in the salable price of land; justice is administered with an approach to impartiality; barbarous punishments have been mitigated, if not abolished; and the extraordinary conversion of Cairo into a fair semblance of a civilized European capital has been repeated on a smaller scale in all the chief centres of Egypt. To put the matter briefly, if our occupation were to cease to-morrow, we should leave Egypt and the Egyptians far better off than they were when our occupation commenced.

If, however, I am asked whether we have succeeded in the alleged aim of our policy, that of rendering Egypt fit for self-government, I should be obliged

honestly to answer that in my opinion we have made little or no progress toward the achievement of this aim. The one certain result of our interference in the internal administration of Egypt has been to impair, if not to destroy, the authority of the Khedive; of the Mudirs, who, as the nominees of the Effendina, rule over the provinces; and of the Sheiks, who, in virtue of the favor of the Mudirs, govern the villages. We have undoubtedly trained a school of native officials who have learned that it is to their interest to administer the country more or less in accordance with British ideas. Here and there we may have converted an individual official to a genuine belief in these ideas. But I am convinced that if our troops were withdrawn, and our place in Egypt was not taken by any other civilized European Power, the old state of things would revive at once, and Egypt would be governed once more by the old system of Baksheesh and Kurbash. Indeed, the last state of the country would be worse than the first, as the old generation of Egyptian statesmen have fallen into the background under our occupation, and the younger generation have so far not exhibited the intelligence or the vigor of their predecessors. The simple truth is that Egypt, in common with almost all, if not all, Oriental countries, has no desire for self-government; and that even if such a desire existed, self-government is not an art that can be taught by foreign supervision and control.

I should also find some difficulty in answering the question whether the Egyptians themselves appreciate the advantages that the British occupation have undoubtedly conferred upon their country. There is, as Sam Slick observes, "a great deal of human nature about man," and the Egyptians, the Fellaheen especially, would not belong to common humanity if they did not appreciate the advantages of being freed from the Corvée, of being exempted from extravagant taxation levied cruelly and capriciously, of being relieved from the burden of debt which hung around their necks, and of

being allowed not only to earn money, but to keep it when earned for their own use and enjoyment. They owe all these advantages to the reforms which British officials, supported by British troops, have introduced into the administration of Egypt. But this work of reform has been done not under our name, but under that of the late and the present Khedives. There is nothing in an official, and especially a British official, to inspire enthusiasm or devotion; and our British officials in Egypt, high-minded, painstaking, and honest as they are, as a body, are not persons calculated to appeal to the imagination of an Oriental people. It is our English way to do our duty, or what we think our duty, and having done it not to make much fuss about the matter. I doubt, therefore, greatly, whether the extent to which the benefits of their present state are due to British influence over the native administration, or the fact that that influence is due simply and solely to the British occupation, have presented themselves clearly to the ordinary native mind. The Egyptians are very much like children, who accept whatever happens to them, good or bad, without troubling themselves much with the consideration as to the causes to which their happiness or unhappiness may be due. The popular belief that any good thing comes from the direct personal action of Allah is not in itself a stimulant to gratitude toward the human benefactors by whom the good may happen to have been brought to pass. Moreover, it is the nature of mankind to think less of bygone pain than of present discomfort. In the old days of the Kurbash and the Baksheesh rule, the probabilities were that you would get the Kurbash and not the Baksheesh. But under the Anglicized administration, you may be sure of not being bastinadoed, but you are still more sure of not being bribed. The regularity, punctuality, and economy of British officialdom are things distasteful in themselves to Orientals.

After all, the system on which Egypt was administered in the Biblical days, when the baker was hung and the butler was raised to honor because it so seemed good in the eyes of Pharaoh, is the normal order of things to an Egyptian way of thinking. We are laboring under a strange delusion if we imagine that the Egyptians are grateful to us, as a nation, for the reforms we have introduced into the administration of their country. Our consolation must be that we have done our duty toward the Egyptians, and with that consolation we must rest content.

The readers who may recall the articles I have written in this review and elsewhere on the subject of Egypt for a score of years past will, I think, bear out my assertion that I have always advocated the occupation of Egypt by England in the interests of the latter rather than the former. I have, however, throughout, contended that our occupation would confer great benefit upon Egypt—and this contention is, I think, fully justified by the official statistics just issued by authority at Cairo. To any one who, like myself, has known Egypt for upward of a quarter of a century, no such demonstration was required. For me it is enough to use my own eyes, and to recall my own memories. But to Englishmen not acquainted with the country, it may be a satisfaction to learn on evidence, whose substantial accuracy cannot be disputed, that our occupation, hampered as its action has been by manifold difficulties, has yet conferred immense benefits on the people of Egypt. Englishmen, therefore, who share my view that the occupation of Egypt is demanded by the interests of the British Empire will, I trust, be confirmed in their resolution that this occupation must be maintained, by the conviction that its retention is beneficial not only to the occupying power, but to the country occupied.—*Fortnightly Review*.

GREAT BRITAIN V. FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

BY J. N. HAMPSON.

[We publish this month the Navy League Prize Essay, to the writer of which, Mr. J. N. Hampson, of 6 Old Quebec Street, London, W., has been awarded the sum of £50, contributed jointly by the Navy League and THE NATIONAL REVIEW. Sir John Colomb, one of the pioneers of the modern science of sea power, acted as referee and made the award.]

THE student of history can hardly fail to be struck by a certain resemblance between the general political situation at the time of the outbreak of the late war with France and Russia, and that which obtained in 1778 when, during the American War of Independence, France made war against England, and was in the following year joined by Spain. The addition of Holland to our adversaries in the earlier war, in 1780, need not be taken into account, as that country was forced into war by England for her own purposes, and added nothing to the strength of the Allies. The resemblance between the general course of events in the two wars, and between the results, is less marked than that between the antecedent situations; but in each case the war was indecisive, England holding her own on the sea, though it needed the exertion of her utmost strength to enable her to do so. It is true in 1900 England was not engaged in a struggle with any of her Colonies, but the position of affairs in South Africa, and the growth of racial antagonism between the English and Dutch elements throughout that country, in addition to native troubles, were such as to give the Government grave anxiety, and to necessitate the detention of a considerable number of troops in Cape Colony and the neighboring British territories. In India, also, there was a spirit of unrest abroad, which arose from a variety of causes. The measures adopted to prevent the increase of the Plague in Bombay and the surrounding districts had aroused the opposition of the Hindus, as being contrary to their religious tenets, while a wave of fanaticism among the Mohammedans had resulted in the rising of the tribes on the Afghan Border in 1897,

and the extensive operations of that and the following years. It is irrelevant to our purpose to inquire whether this wave of fanaticism was due to exaggerated reports of the Turkish victories over Greece in the early summer of 1897, and to the consequent supposition that the hour had arrived for a general rising of the Faithful and the extermination of the Infidels, or to any other cause. We have only to take count of the fact that there was a spirit of dissatisfaction abroad in India which, though the native army does not appear to have been infected with it to any appreciable extent, and though the loyalty of the feudatory princes was shown by their offers of assistance in the frontier war, tended to produce a feeling of insecurity among Anglo-Indians, and which, when war broke out, prevented the movement of any large numbers of troops from India to other points of danger. We have reason, moreover, in the light of later events, to believe that the disaffected natives were encouraged in the idea that the Raj was coming to an end by emissaries from Trans-Caspian Russia. In the Nile Valley, again though the Anglo-Egyptian forces had occupied Khartoum in 1898, the Khalifa himself was still alive, and his influence remained considerable, while the presence of more than one French expedition on the Upper Nile was making itself felt.

As in 1778, so in 1900, England's difficulty was her enemies' opportunity; but in other respects the parallel between the two sets of circumstances is still more striking. At the former period England's wealth and prosperity were such as to arouse the fear and envy of less fortunate States. In the Seven Years' War which had termi-

nated fifteen years earlier, she had conquered Canada from the French, and had also driven them out of India, thus acquiring one Empire in the West and another in the East at the same time. The navies of France and Spain had been driven from the seas, their sea-borne trade had been ruined, and their colonies had been taken, one after another, while the "trade of England increased gradually every year, and such a scene of national prosperity while waging a long, costly, and bloody war, was never before shown by any people in the world."* So it was in 1900, with the difference that the interval since the last great naval war was in this case eighty-five years instead of fifteen. The commercial supremacy of Europe had been in the hands of Great Britain since the decline of Holland about the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, and it had been put in a position, humanly speaking, of absolute security for a long time by the destruction of the French Navy in the war with Napoleon. During the eighty-five years of naval peace this supremacy had not only been maintained, but had been enormously extended till it had spread over the whole world, and before the growth of the commercial spirit in Germany during the last quarter of the nineteenth century it had been without a formidable rival. During the same period the British Empire, as we now know it, had come into existence, and the several parts were being gradually drawn closer together by ties of kinship and common interest, while various schemes for a more formal federation, on a military, commercial, or legislative basis were afloat. Once more the wealth and prosperity of Britain excited the cupidity of her neighbors, a fact which was evidenced not only by the outbreak of war with France and Russia, but still more markedly by the declaration of an Armed Neutrality of the other European Powers under German leadership, following the precedents of 1780 and 1801, and the "boycotting"

of British trade. We cannot consider this rivalry either unnatural or inexcusable, for the foreign Powers would argue that so large a share of the world's riches should not be in the hands of a single Power which, in their view, used its opportunities for its own selfish ends, and that other nations had as good a title as the British to the advantages of wealth.

Another point of resemblance in the situations at the outbreak of the two wars is the relative strength of Great Britain and her adversaries. In the Eighteenth Century the standard of strength for the British Navy laid down by Hawke and his contemporaries had been equality with the combined fleets of the two Bourbon Powers, France and Spain; and in 1889 Lord George Hamilton, in introducing the Naval Defence Bill, announced that the then existing Government had decided that the navy must be kept at a strength equal to the combined fleets of the two strongest naval Powers on the Continent, these being France and Russia. This standard was verbally confirmed by successive Governments of both parties. In neither case, however, was the standard of strength laid down maintained, owing to causes into which it is not necessary here to inquire. Our adversaries, on the other hand, had in both instances been making special exertions to bring their naval forces up to such a state, both of numerical strength and of efficiency, as should enable them to meet the British fleet at least on terms of equality. Toward the end of the Seven Years' War, Choiseul, seeing that the only hope for France lay in restoring the navy, devoted his energies to that end, and when he was dismissed from office in 1770, seven years after the conclusion of peace, France had sixty-nine sail-of-the-line afloat. At the same time he did all he could to maintain and strengthen the Family Compact with Spain. A parallel to this may be found in the great additions made to the French Navy during the closing years of the Nineteenth Century, and in the Russo-French alliance, which, though primarily in-

* Mahan, *Influence of Sea Power upon History*, p. 319.

tended as a set-off to the Triple Alliance, was in fact brought into play against England only. "When war openly broke out in 1778, France had eighty ships-of-the-line in good condition, and sixty-seven thousand seamen were borne on the rolls of the maritime conscription. Spain, when she entered the war in 1779 as the ally of France, had in her ports nearly sixty ships-of-the-line. To this combination England opposed a total number of two hundred and twenty-eight ships of all classes, of which about one hundred and fifty were of the line."* In 1900 England had fifty-six battleships completed, France thirty-nine, and Russia twenty-eight. In the earlier war also the armament of our enemies' ships was both more numerous and of heavier average calibre than ours. So in our modern fleets the number of guns has been subordinated to capacity for storing coal and ammunition, and in most foreign navies the ships are more heavily armed than in ours, but have less storage capacity. The result is that British ships have generally the greater "staying power" as regards both steaming and fighting, while foreign ships are able in an engagement to pour the greater weight of metal into their adversaries at each discharge. The British ship can sustain the longer engagement, but the foreigner has the better chance of sinking the enemy with her first broadside. The foreign ship, also, is generally speaking less liable to be called upon for a long voyage, and so has not the same need for great coal capacity as the English ship.

In one most important particular the situations at the two periods were very different. In 1778 Great Britain was self-supporting and, with a small population, was free from the danger of starvation through the interruption of her foreign trade. In 1900 the case was far otherwise. "Her island myriads fed from alien lands"*** depended absolutely for their existence on the supply of food, especially wheat,

from abroad. The maintenance, therefore, of a navy adequate for the protection of the principal trade routes was essential to the life of the nation, while the danger of the failure of the food supply was enhanced by the fact that some 40 per cent. of the sailors manning our merchant fleet were foreigners, a considerable number of them Russians. In many cases these foreign seamen did not care to face the risks of war, in spite of the higher rate of wages paid, and taking possession of the ships they manned, carried them into hostile or neutral ports.

At the beginning of the year 1900 there was no special indication of coming trouble, though in several parts of the world the situation had long been such as might at any time lead to a crisis. The Eastern question continued to be a cause of dissension in the European family. In regard to Africa there were various points of dispute between Great Britain and other Powers, the most important being connected with Egypt and West Africa, where French and English interests clashed, and with South Africa, where the dispute with the Transvaal was complicated by the growth of racial antagonism between the English and Dutch elements throughout the country, from the Zambesi to the Cape and by the support given by Germany to the Dutch. In the Far East, again, the rivalry between England and Russia might at any time come to a crisis, in which case Japan was expected to side with England, and France with Russia, while the attitude of Germany was considered doubtful, though it was anticipated that, in the event of war, she would refrain from active interference, in the hope of reaping the commercial benefits of neutrality at England's expense.

In the event, however, the *casus belli* arose in none of these quarters. In April the British authorities on the northwest frontier of India arrested a Cossack officer, who had been travelling in the country, on a charge of espionage and of inciting the natives to rebellion. The Russian Government in-

* *Influence of Sea Power upon History*, p. 387.

** Tennyson, *The Fleet*.

*** NEW SERIES.—VOL. LXVIII., No. 2.

stantly demanded his release; but the evidence against him admitted of no doubt of the truth of the charge, and he was imprisoned in a fortress, the English Foreign Secretary intimating to the Russian Ambassador that the demand of his Government could not be entertained. It was a curious coincidence that at the time the Russian demand was made the Baltic Fleet, including twelve battleships, was paying a visit to Brest. Here all the battleships of the French Northern Fleet, with those stationed in the Bay of Biscay, and their reserves, amounting to eighteen in all, were concentrated in honor of their guests. On the British Government rejecting the Russian ultimatum, this fleet of thirty battleships, in addition to cruisers, steamed out of Brest without any previous declaration of war. The Allies hoped to obtain complete command of the Channel, while we were still unprepared, and, by shutting up the several portions of the British Channel Squadron in their ports, to land an invading army on the English coast without let or hindrance. The Admiralty, however, had not been altogether blind to the suspicious movements in French and Russian ports, and as soon as the arrest of the Cossack officer was reported orders were given that the Channel Squadron, which had lately returned from its spring cruise, should concentrate at Spithead, while the guard ships and the reserve ships in home ports were to be in readiness to join it, those in the more distant ports of the British Islands being at once quietly moved to the Channel. Notices were also served upon all Naval Reserve men at home to hold themselves in readiness for immediate mobilization; and the surrounding seas were patrolled by cruisers and destroyers. The *personnel* of the Royal Navy had now been brought up to one hundred and ten thousand men, and that of the Naval Reserve to fifty thousand, while the mobilization scheme had been greatly improved during the past two years. There were thirty-five battleships in home ports, but several breakdowns and delays took place, so, when orders to mobilize

were issued upon Russia presenting her ultimatum, only thirty-one of these were able to assemble at Spithead. The rival fleets were thus almost exactly equal in regard to battleships. On the English cruisers warning the Commander-in-Chief of the approach of the enemy the British Fleet put to sea, and fell in with the Allies in the neighborhood of the Channel Islands. It was, however, no part of the Allies' plan to fight a hostile fleet equal in strength to their own, and when they found what the numbers opposed to them were, the signal for retreat was made, and the projected invasion of England was given up for the moment. The British followed with all possible speed in the hope of bringing on a general action, but only a running fight took place between the fastest and consequently most advanced English ships—being those of the *Majestic* class—and the rear of the Allies. This running fight lasted till the allied fleet was once more under the guns of Brest, and in the course of it the enemy lost three battleships, which broke down and were captured, and two destroyed, the British also losing two destroyed. Our advanced squadron, having seen the enemy safe into Brest, cruised in the offing, with an inshore squadron of fast cruisers and destroyers to watch the port more closely, and were joined before long by their slower consorts. These, in the meanwhile, had encountered the smaller craft of the Baltic Fleet on their way to join their battleships in the Channel, and many of these were destroyed and a few taken, and the rest retreated toward the Baltic followed by English cruisers. The British Fleet had now been joined by the remaining battleships in home ports, which brought its total strength up to thirty-three, while the enemy had been reduced to twenty-five. Eight battleships and a number of cruisers were now despatched to reinforce the squadron in the Mediterranean, where our fourteen battleships were opposed by twenty-nine of France and Russia, and the remaining twenty-five lay off Brest, watching the enemy in that port.

The British Commander-in-Chief in

the Mediterranean had been warned by the Government when our relations with Russia began to look threatening, and had concentrated his command at Gibraltar, but some days before the outbreak of hostilities communication by cable had been interrupted, and he had no further intelligence from home till a cruiser sent by the British Admiral in the Channel, which had evaded the allied fleet after the latter left Brest, brought him news that war had begun. At the same time one of his own cruisers reported that the Russian Black Sea Squadron, in which were five battleships, had passed unmolested through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, accompanied by many vessels of the Volunteer Fleet, and had joined their Mediterranean Squadron, also containing five battleships, in the Levant. The Russians were steering south, presumably to Egypt or the Suez Canal. At the same time the French Mediterranean Fleet, with its reserves, was reported to be concentrating at Toulon. The Admiral saw that his only hope lay in fighting the French before they could unite with their allies, and he at once got up steam and sailed in an easterly direction. Off Cape Spartivento the enemy were discovered steering southeast in charge of a large convoy of transports. The British had only fourteen battleships to the nineteen of the French, but the latter were somewhat scattered, not expecting to be overtaken, and were hampered by their convoy. To protect the transports the French Admiral detached two battleships and a number of torpedo boats, instead of concentrating his whole force against the British and leaving the transports to take care of themselves. The result was that the British, coming up somewhat in the rear of the French and in good order, were able to bring their whole strength against the rearmost ships of the enemy, and by the time the latter were able to collect all their available vessels the British had destroyed three of their battleships without losing any themselves, and the two fleets were now equal. The battle, which was exceedingly hard fought and

accompanied by terrible destruction on both sides, was eventually drawn. The losses were nearly equal, for the British lost six ships, sunk or blown up, and the French eight, none being taken by either side, while the remaining ships of both fleets were in such a condition as to be quite incapable of further fighting for the present. The remains of each fleet retired to the nearest friendly port, the French to Bizerta and the British to Malta; but the latter, being better supplied with cruisers, were able to some extent to mask their own movements and to observe those of the enemy. English cruisers were also able to follow the French transports, convoyed by the two battleships detached for that purpose, and, as these continued their easterly course, it became apparent that a combined Franco-Russian descent on Egypt was intended. This was carried into effect, and the Allies took possession of Alexandria and Port Said, and landed thirty thousand troops, followed by twenty thousand more Russians at the former port. The Anglo-Egyptian Army was not equal to coping with these numbers; and, it being impossible to send any considerable number of troops from India, Lower Egypt passed for the time into the hands of the enemy, who also occupied Cyprus. Whether they had any intention of moving through the Canal to attack our Oriental possessions or to strengthen their own forces in the Far East is not known; but such a movement was made impossible by the sinking of two British transports in the narrowest part of the Canal, as soon as the news of the approach of the Black Sea Fleet was received, while our cruisers controlled the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean.

Meanwhile, the eight ships detached from our Channel Fleet had reached the Mediterranean, and after communicating with the Admiral at Malta, proceeded to Bizerta to complete the destruction of the remains of the Toulon Fleet in that port. By means of night attacks by torpedo boats five French ships were destroyed, and the English Commander, leaving three of his vessels to observe the other four, sailed

with the rest to Malta to join the eight ships of our Mediterranean Squadron, which had survived the battle of Cape Spartivento, an attack being expected from the twelve ships of the Allies which had escorted the expedition to Egypt.

At the end of the first month of the war the position in Europe was, therefore, as follows: The projected invasion of England had failed, at any rate for the time, and the twenty-five battleships left of the allied Northern Fleet were lying in Brest Harbor, under the observation of an English Fleet of equal strength. The Allies had occupied Egypt and Cyprus, both of which are included in the European theatre of war, but the Toulon Fleet was practically annihilated; and they had twelve untouched battleships in the Levant to oppose five sound British ships and eight, which were *hors de combat*, of the same class at Malta, while three undamaged British ships were keeping a close watch over four shattered French ones at Bizerta. The total forces of battleships in the Mediterranean were, therefore, sixteen British and sixteen of the Allies, but the latter had twelve fit for service, and the former only eight.

Italy now began preparations for the mobilization of her navy, but it is understood that King Humbert received a private intimation from the German Emperor that, if he exposed his country to a French invasion by coming to the assistance of Great Britain, the terms of the Triple Alliance would not apply to the circumstances, and that Italy would be left to repel the invasion by itself. At any rate, the Italian preparations were discontinued, and a week later it was announced that the neutral Powers had, under German leadership, entered into an Armed Neutrality directed against England. The Powers which formed the League of Neutrals pledged themselves not only to resist rights of search and to insist on the effectiveness of blockades, as on previous occasions, but also to exclude British trade from the Continent under a system of tariffs which, taken in conjunction with the enor-

mous rise in insurance rates, was nothing short of prohibitive.

While these events were taking place in Europe, there had been fighting in other parts of the world. In West Africa the British Colonies of the Gambia and Sierra Leone were occupied by troops from the neighboring possessions of France without great difficulty, for although the British naval forces were undisputed masters of the Atlantic on that coast, it was impossible to send any reinforcements from England as long as the maritime war in Europe was undecided. On the Gold Coast and in Nigeria, on the other hand, Her Majesty's troops, acting in consort with those of the Royal Niger Company, not only held their own, but took possession of a number of French posts in the Western Soudan and on the Ivory Coast, besides occupying the whole of Dahomey. In this region, therefore, gains and losses were pretty equally balanced. In East Africa the British possessions were at present unmenaced, largely owing to the understanding with Abyssinia, negotiated by Mr. Rennell Rodd in the autumn of 1897, though, if we had lost command of the Red Sea and Indian Ocean they would have been exposed to attack from the sea, more especially if the obstruction in the Suez Canal had been first removed. As it was, an expedition from Aden, slightly reinforced from Bombay, seized the French possessions at Obock.

Asia was the scene of more important events. Till the Armed Neutrality was declared, Russia was prevented by fear of complications with the Central Powers from making any demonstration against India, but as soon as this fear was removed an army of two hundred thousand men invaded Afghanistan and seized Herat, while a smaller force was concentrated on the Pamirs and besieged Chitral and Gilgit. The Ameer was faithful to his promises to the Indian Government, and the Russian General hesitated to lead his army into the interior of Afghanistan, but obtained the consent of the Shah to its passage through Persia, in order, if desirable, to invade India by way

of Baluchistan. Meanwhile a strong Anglo-Indian force entered Afghanistan to support the Ameer, but was much hampered by the hostility of the Frontier tribes. On the other side of the Indian Empire a French force from Annam and Tonquin invaded the Shan States of Upper Burmah, but its left flank was threatened by the Siamese troops, and it was unable to advance beyond the Me-Kong river, though the Indian Government could not spare enough troops to act otherwise than on the defensive in those parts.

In the Far East, England had now five battleships, five armored cruisers, of which two were quite new, and nine unarmored cruisers. This squadron was opposed by eight French and Russian battleships, and twelve armored and four other cruisers, both sides having also a number of torpedo and gun vessels. The British could be reinforced by eight cruisers, including one armored, from the Pacific and Australian stations. The combatants in this scene of operations were, therefore, pretty evenly matched, but the Allies, besides being slightly stronger numerically, leaving the available English reinforcements out of consideration, had the further advantage of being in direct touch with their home Governments by overland telegraph, while the British communications were interrupted through the cutting of the submarine cables. In view, however, of the critical situation, the squadron had concentrated at Chusan some days before war broke out, in readiness for any eventualities. The Pacific Squadron was at the same time ordered to China. Nevertheless, the Allies were in a position to strike the first blow, and they should have brought all their strength against our China Squadron before the reinforcements arrived. Fortunately the divergence of their interests prevented any effective combination, the French, who had seized Hainan in the preceding year, directing their efforts to attacking Hong Kong and harassing our trade, and leaving the Russians to face the whole of our naval force with their fifteen

battleships and cruisers. A battle followed off Chefoo. The Russians hoped to compensate for numerical inferiority by the greater power of their individual ships, but ours were the better handled, and the result, while indecisive by itself, was very much in our favor, the enemy losing seven ships, of which one was taken, and the British only three. The Russian Squadron, reduced to eight, exclusive of small vessels, as against sixteen of ours, retired into Port Arthur, where they were blockaded by twelve British ships. The remaining four of the latter, after being joined by the Pacific Squadron, which contained one armored and three unarmored cruisers, sailed to relieve Hong Kong, but arrived to find that the place, our only dockyard in those waters, had fallen before greatly superior French forces, which had attacked both from the south and from Mirs Bay. The garrison had destroyed the docks and defences, and had lost in killed and wounded two-thirds of their numbers, before surrendering. Being unable to bring the French Squadron to action, our ships cruised in the neighborhood for the protection of British trade, blockading Hong Kong at the same time. It had been rather expected in England that Japan would give us active support, availing herself of the opportunity of settling old scores with Russia, but Japan, like Germany, thought neutrality the best policy and did not move.

In Australian and American waters the war was almost entirely confined to actions between cruisers and attacks on commerce. The exceptions were an unsuccessful descent on the New Hebrides made by the Australian forces, and the capture of the French West India Islands Gadeloupe and Martinique.

We must now return to Europe. After several attempts to elude the British Channel Fleet, the Brest Fleet managed to escape about two months after its retreat to the port, and, after steering northwest as if for a descent on Ireland, turned southwest and made for the Mediterranean, hoping to combine with the allied fleet in the Levant and destroy the British Squadron at Malta.

The Channel Fleet, however, was well served by its cruisers and received early notice first of the enemy's escape and then of his change of course, and followed with all speed, passing Gibraltar the day after the Allies. The three English ships off Bizerta were warned of the enemy's approach in time to escape and join the squadron at Malta. Five of the ships damaged in the battle of Cape Spartivento had now undergone sufficient repairs to enable them to put to sea, and our squadron in the Mediterranean had now thirteen battleships fit for service. Two of the four battleships of the Toulon Fleet at Bizerta were also seaworthy again, and joined the Brest Fleet on the British ships leaving. As soon as the three ships from Bizerta reached Malta the whole squadron got up steam and steered for the Straits of Bonifacio, hoping to avoid the enemy and join the Channel Fleet. In this it was successful, the two divisions of the British meeting off Minorca. They counted in all thirty-eight battleships opposed to thirty-nine of the Allies. The latter, having failed in their object of destroying our Mediterranean Squadron before the Channel Fleet could come to its assistance, now made for Egypt in order to maintain the communications of the expeditionary force. The British followed, and a battle took place off Port Said in which our fleet was victorious. The Allies were far from being annihilated, but their losses were so heavy that they had to abandon the task of guarding the communications of the army in Egypt and retire to the Black Sea. The British were not in a condition, after the battle, to follow in the face of a probably hostile Turkey, but twenty battleships were able to remain at sea, Cyprus was recaptured, and communications with our forces in Asia restored through the reopening of the Suez Canal, while the enemy in Egypt were cut off from assistance.

This practically ended the war. The Allies having failed in their objects, except in Egypt and at Hong Kong, in each of which their forces were in a most precarious position through our successes at sea, and their combined naval

forces being now inferior to those of England, made proposals for peace on the basis of a mutual restitution of all conquests, while Egypt was to be evacuated by their troops, but not to be re-occupied by the British. Our Government was also anxious for peace, and was apprehensive that if the war were continued Germany might join the Allies. Great Britain was willing to agree to the mutual restitution, but insisted on Egypt being acknowledged as part of the British Empire, and on the abrogation of the French fishing rights in Newfoundland. The Foreign Secretary pointed out that the English Navy had regained complete control of the sea as far as France and Russia were concerned, both in Europe and elsewhere, that the allied army in Egypt was cut off from Europe, that the British military forces had been largely increased and improved during the war, and that there was now nothing to prevent Great Britain sending an expedition, strong enough to recover Egypt, to that country. In other parts of the world also the war had, on the whole, been favorable to the British arms, while if other European Powers joined the Allies it was probable that Japan, and perhaps the United States, would come to England's assistance. Finally, France and Russia agreed to the English conditions, and about six months after the outbreak of war peace was signed.

Among the principal reasons against the continuation of the war by England were the terrible damage inflicted on her trade and the consequent distress prevalent in the United Kingdom. When the war began the supply of food in the British Islands was sufficient to last about six weeks with very careful distribution, but this did not prevent the price of the quartern loaf rising to a shilling immediately on the outbreak of hostilities. The effect of this increase in the price of bread was very soon seen in a corresponding increase in the distress among the poorer classes, especially in the poorer districts of London and other large towns. Here, in addition to there being infinitely more mouths to fill, in propor-

tion to the available quantity of food, than in the country, and to the existence of a large population, sometimes described as the "submerged tenth," with, at the best of times, uncertain means of livelihood, a certain percentage of whom is constantly in a state of semi-starvation, news travelled faster than in the rural districts. The result of this was that the rise in prices came far more suddenly than in the latter, and was therefore more severely felt, at any rate at the beginning of the war. In the country, on the other hand, the pinch was not felt so soon, but, as the war went on and the prices continued to rise, it became quite as terrible as in the towns, if not more so, for the natural tendency of the imported supply was to go where the demand was greatest, that is to the towns. Fifty or sixty years earlier, at the time of the repeal of the Corn Laws, nineteen-twentieths of our population were home-fed. Now five-sixths of it were fed on imported wheat. Again, when the Corn Laws were repealed, we had over four million acres of land under wheat, but in 1900, with a population increased by between fourteen and fifteen millions, our wheat area had sunk to little more than fifteen hundred thousand acres. The want was far greater than it would have been had the war come even twenty years earlier, owing to the great amount of arable land that had fallen out of cultivation during the past few years. This was especially the case in the southeastern counties, such as Kent and Essex, while their exposed position and the fear of invasion at the beginning of war tended to aggravate the miseries of the situation in these counties, and the distress was felt in them earlier and more severely than in most country districts. The cutting of the trans-oceanic cables before the commencement of the war rendered it impossible to communicate rapidly with our food-supplying Colonies and with neutral countries such as the United States, and so to import a large quantity of provisions before the hostile cruisers were swarming on the trade routes.

Though the want of bread was felt

first, and, as being the most urgent, felt most severely, it must not be thought that it was by any means the only need. Other articles of common consumption such as meat, sugar, tea, coffee, vegetables, dairy produce, and tobacco, being all largely imported, rose enormously in price, and the want naturally fell most heavily on those who were least able to bear it, that is on the working classes. Nor was the rise in prices balanced by a corresponding rise in wages, as it would have been had it taken place in normal times, and been produced by natural causes; for the employers, though more able to bear it, felt the strain as well as the laborers, and while the farmers, for instance, got higher prices for their produce than had been known at any time since the repeal of the Corn Laws, they also had to pay enormously, not only for their own food, but for other necessities, such as machinery, and fuel to work it with. For, of course, the scarcity was not limited to food-stuffs. It was common to all supplies of which any considerable proportion was imported; and the rise in the prices of these spread even, though in a less degree, to articles of home production such as coal and iron. All imported raw materials became, not only difficult, but practically impossible to obtain, as apart from being themselves liable to capture by the enemy's cruisers and privateers, nearly all the available shipping was employed in carrying either food, or else war materials such as the ingredients of high explosives, which had naturally to be given preference over all other imports. Owing to this the cotton industry in Lancashire was at a complete standstill before the war came to an end, and although the woollen manufactories did not suffer to quite the same extent, owing to there being a certain amount of home-grown wool to draw from, though at ruinous prices, yet the want of material was felt with very great severity in this industry also, and the distress in both Yorkshire and Lancashire was terrible, though even worse in the latter than in the former. The same conditions obtained in a greater or less degree in

all industries; but the losses of the manufacturers themselves, and of the wholesale dealers, were slight compared with those of the retailers. In every town the small tradesmen whose livelihood depended upon getting constant and punctual supplies of goods, failed and shut up their shops by scores, and they and their employés were added to the number of those for whom food had to be provided by the local authorities, assisted as they were most generously by those who were able to spare anything from their own needs. The price of coal also rose enormously, reaching in some cases fifty shillings per ton. This was due to two different but kindred causes, as well as to the general rise in prices mentioned above. The first was the unlimited supplies of fuel required for the navy and for the merchant steamers which were able to keep the sea, and which had to increase their fuel consumption in order to minimize the risk of capture by steaming continually at the highest possible speed. The second was the quantity consumed in building new ships for the navy, and in the manufacture of war materials, for instance, guns, rifles, and other weapons. In the working of the coal and the manufacture of war material, as well as in the increase in the *personnel* of our naval and military forces, a certain amount of relief was afforded to the general distress, employment being given in the mines, arsenals, and dockyards to thousands who had been thrown out of their ordinary vocations and who would otherwise have been without the means of livelihood.

The fishing industry was among those which suffered most severely, both in home waters and in more distant fishing grounds, such as those of Newfoundland, where the existence of French fisheries in rivalry with ours caused the British boats to be the objects of special attention from French cruisers. As long as the war lasted the fishing business generally was exposed to such risks that, but for the absolute necessity of its maintenance, both as a means of livelihood to the fishermen and of adding to the food supply of the country, it would probably have

been altogether ruined. As it was, about half the total number of boats were laid up, a great proportion of the crews taking service in the navy, and losses by capture or destruction at the hands of the enemy amounted to quite 20 per cent. of the remainder. The boats in the British seas were the heaviest sufferers, except perhaps those off Newfoundland, as these seas were specially infested by the enemy's small cruisers and privateers, which would dash out of their own ports for a raid on the English smacks, and return in safety after accomplishing their object before any of the British warships in the neighborhood arrived upon the scene.

The enemy's larger cruisers were also very numerous in British waters in spite of the vigilance and activity of our vessels of the same class. The Irish Sea was the scene of several actions between the enemy's cruisers and ours, and the trade between Great Britain and Ireland was carried on at risks almost as great as those which beset the foreign trade. The mails, again, between the two islands became most irregular, while the foreign mails were, as was to be expected, altogether disorganized. This not only added enormously to the difficulties under which commercial undertakings labored, but made it necessary that some of Her Majesty's fastest and strongest cruisers should be exclusively employed in carrying the most urgent mails and the despatches of the Government. Thus the country lost their services as fighting ships, scouts and protectors of its trade, for their commanders were directed never to fight if they could possibly avoid it when carrying mails. In a few cases our open seaport towns and watering-places were bombarded, or ransoms were demanded as the price of immunity from bombardment; but this method of procedure was not so largely adopted as many people had anticipated, the hostile cruisers generally finding that commerce-destroying was more profitable, while the risk of disturbance by the arrival of British warships was smaller. Moreover, many of the more important and wealthier of

our coast towns were protected by submarine mines and torpedoes, while the ransom to be extracted from those not so protected was not worth the expenditure of ammunition and risk of capture involved in a bombardment.

Our heaviest losses were of course in our sea-borne trade. Apart from captures and destruction by the enemy, immense numbers of vessels with their cargoes were lost through being manned and in many cases commanded by foreigners, the foreign seaman in the mercantile marine amounting to over one-third of the whole of its *personnel*. In hundreds of instances the foreign crews took possession of the vessels and carried them into hostile or neutral ports. In other cases, where a vessel manned by foreigners was lying in a home port, the crew declared the risk of death or capture too great, and refused to go to sea except on the prepayment of wages so high that the owners could not afford to give them. In spite of the high prices realized, when a cargo, especially a cargo of wheat, was safely brought into port and unloaded, the net profits were small owing to the enormous rise of insurance rates. To escape these many owners transferred their vessels to neutral flags, and in a yet larger number of cases British merchants shipped their goods in neutral bottoms, a practice which was almost universally adopted by foreign merchants who had hitherto been in the habit of shipping in British vessels. In fact, it was one of the conditions of the Armed Neutrality that the merchants of the Powers adhering to it should be forbidden to make use of British shipping. The United States, though not a member of the League of Neutrals, and Germany have through these causes acquired a considerable proportion of our carrying trade, and, to judge from historical precedents such as the case of Holland at the end of the seventeenth century and that of the Northern States in the American War of Secession, it is exceedingly doubtful whether it will ever be recovered. By far the greater proportion of the sailing ships in the merchant service were laid up on

the outbreak of war, except those engaged in coasting and other trade between the different parts of the British Islands. There were two reasons for this, which were the risk of capture, and the want of crews to man them through the strike or desertion of foreign seamen. The sailing ships were inevitably discarded in favor of the faster steamers, and though a few put to sea, only a very small percentage of these escaped capture or destruction. The system of convoys was resorted to whenever the Admiralty could spare vessels for the purpose, but the convoys consisted exclusively of steamers, as the inclusion of sailing ships would have impeded rapid progress and so increased the risk of capture. Auxiliary cruisers were largely used for escort purposes, while the regular cruisers which were not employed with the fleets of battleships were more generally engaged in cruising on the trade routes and seeking out the enemy's commerce-destroyers.

Another factor which helped to hamper British trade was the existence of the Armed Neutrality. The League of Neutrals adopted, as one of the conditions of inclusion, the imposition of prohibitive duties on all goods coming from the British Islands and their dependencies. This resulted in our trade being practically excluded from Continental Europe, as it had been under the Berlin and Milan decrees in the time of Napoleon. In the existing circumstances British merchants could not afford to pay these ruinous duties, and the only course open to England was to retaliate by excluding the products of the League of Neutrals from her ports and expelling from the British Islands all natives of the countries which had formed it, except those who had become naturalized British subjects. This was done; but, while the expulsion of aliens somewhat reduced the number of mouths to be filled, this advantage was far more than counterbalanced by the diminution of the supply of food entailed in the exclusion of European products. In one respect, however, the exclusion of British trade from Continental Europe was

beneficial to the Empire, for it resulted in the commercial relations of the Mother Country with the Colonies becoming closer than they had been before, and a real Imperial Federation was brought nearer by this, as well as by the other circumstances of the war. At the same time the friendly, though neutral, attitude of the United States was of great assistance to us, as our supply of wheat was drawn almost entirely from that country and from Canada. The length of the voyage from Australia, or even from India, entailed too great risks for dependence to be placed on obtaining so important an article of consumption in large quantities from those parts of the Empire.

The threat of invasion at the beginning of the war produced a panic on the Stock Exchange, the prices of foreign stocks especially going down with a rush; and this was followed by a tendency toward a run on the banks. The concentration, however, of our Channel and Reserve Fleets at Spithead restored some degree of confidence, and the run on the banks ceased altogether with the enemies' retreat to Brest. Still, many small provincial banks stopped payment, and some even of the more important London houses were perilously near doing so when the panic came to an end, for in the abnormal circumstances the Bank of England was able to afford very little help to other houses. Trade throughout the country was dislocated through the prevailing uncertainty, the interruption of foreign communications, and the great rise in insurance rates. Many important mercantile and shipping houses became bankrupt, while others practically stopped carrying on active business, at least for the time. The Insurance Offices themselves, in spite of the rise in their premiums, had such heavy losses to make good that their average profits amounted to little or nothing. This, of course, applies especially to Marine Insurance Offices, but Fire, Life, and other offices also suffered heavily. All these misfortunes told upon the social conditions of the country. Deaths from want, of which there are always a cer-

tain number in normal times, increased to an appalling extent; epidemics of diseases produced by hunger, and by inferior food, broke out in many parts, especially in the crowded dwellings of the poor in towns; the hospitals were overcrowded, and frequently their resources were found unequal to the additional strain placed upon them in spite of all the efforts of the staffs; schools were thinly attended on account of illness and other causes; and the workhouses and jails were full. At the beginning of the war the demand for newspapers was almost unlimited, and their circulation, especially that of the halfpenny journals, increased by leaps and bounds, but when the excitement and novelty died out the demand declined and, as the rise in the prices of food and other necessities continued, and money became scarcer and scarcer, the circulation fell far below its normal numbers. The trades which suffered first, and suffered most severely, were, naturally, those dealing in articles of luxury and not of necessity, and the book trade, which had long been in a bad way, was one of the first to feel the evil effects of the war, and many publishing and bookselling firms which had hitherto been regarded as sound were declared bankrupt.

Very soon after the beginning of the war, with the quartern loaf at a shilling and still rising, the result of the scarcity of food was seen in abnormal distress, especially in the large towns, and in London more than all. As before mentioned, the interruption of the submarine cables made it impossible to communicate with the United States, our Colonies, or other countries from which the food-supply could be replenished, except by means of fast cruisers or merchant vessels, with the result that by the end of the first month the price of the loaf had risen to two shillings and sixpence. The precautions, such as the adoption of circuitous routes, necessary to guard against provision ships falling in with the enemies' commerce-destroyers, made the passage from New York or Halifax to a British port take considerably longer than in time of peace, in spite of the high rate

of speed maintained whenever possible, and this was still more the case when the port of departure was more distant, as the Cape, Calcutta, or Sydney. The loaf never rose above two shillings and sixpence, but fluctuated between two shillings and that sum during the remainder of the war.

The people on the whole bore their hardships patiently, and among all classes—the laboring as well as the educated classes—the determination to bring the war to a successful issue never faltered, for it was clearly understood that England could not afford to be beaten, and that at all costs victory must be ultimately secured. Large numbers of the mechanics out of employment were enrolled in the navy as engine-room artificers, while many of the less skilled laborers found at any rate occupation by joining the military forces of the country, whether regular or auxiliary. Nevertheless there were serious riots in some of the larger towns, especially in those, such as London and the seaports, where there was considerable foreign population. These riots took place principally during the earlier weeks of the war, before the declaration of the Armed Neutrality and the expulsion of aliens. On the first of May there was a mass meeting of unemployed in Trafalgar Square, in which a large number of foreigners from the Soho and Leicester Square districts took part. Some of these made Anarchist speeches, and as the English part of the mob consisted largely of members of the criminal classes, their sentiments were not treated with the contempt they generally meet with from an English crowd. A strong police force was unable to prevent the mob marching down Whitehall and doing on the way great damage to the Government Offices. Their object was supposed to be an attack on the Houses of Parliament; but in Parliament Square they were met by two squadrons of Household Cavalry, who were eventually compelled to charge. The loss of life was considerable, and, some of the mob being armed with revolvers or other firearms, half a dozen troopers were killed and

more wounded. The riot was ultimately suppressed, and a large number of arrests made. Similar scenes took place in Liverpool and Glasgow, in both of which the Irish element promoted the disturbances, and others of the large towns, but in none did the riots assume such a formidable aspect as that of the first of May in London, and in all cases they were promptly and firmly dealt with by the authorities. After the first outbreaks had been suppressed, the discontented part of the population generally sank into sullen acquiescence, varied by meetings to protest against the continuation of the war, and to abuse the Government. There were in the early weeks of the war fears of a formidable rising in Ireland, and of an attempt to land French troops in that island; but through the energetic measures adopted by the Irish Executive, ably seconded by the military dispositions of the Commander-in-Chief, nothing more serious happened than a few isolated outbreaks in the south and southwest. Moonlighting raids, however, became frequent again, and the Constabulary, which had been gradually diminished during the past few years, was largely augmented.

An attempt has been made since the restoration of peace to keep the price of wheat up, and though it is to some extent promoted by our present critical relations with Germany it is not probable that it will succeed. Apart from the outcry for the restoration of the cheap loaf and the danger to public order if it is disregarded, there has been an immense influx of Canadian, American, and other foreign wheat into the country since the end of the war. This influx of foreign wheat exceeds all previous experience in a similar space of time, and the farmers will have to give way in order to avoid ruin.

In two ways the war has been productive of good results. In the first place, the common danger and the absolute necessity of united action in order to save the country have tended to considerably diminish Party feeling, while it has been made evident that

Englishmen are still possessed of the old fighting spirit and the dogged determination to suffer any losses and hardships that victory may ultimately be secured. In the second place, as before mentioned, we have been brought into closer relations with the United States, as well as with the Colonies, and the way has been paved for a real Imperial Federation which will make the British Empire an organized political entity, while an Anglo-American Alliance, perhaps leading in the future to a Pan-Anglo-Saxon Federation, has come within the range of practical politics. But if the war has been advantageous to us in these respects, we fear that these advantages are more than counterbalanced by the commercial losses we have sustained. Though it is too early yet to form anything like an accurate estimate of the future results of these losses, we have sufficient data in the previous experience of nations to make us extremely apprehensive. In addition to the loss of many ships through their foreign crews carrying them into hostile or neutral ports, and to the capture or destruction of hundreds more by the enemy's commerce-destroyers, the loss in our carrying trade resulting from transfers to neutral flags is variously estimated at from 25 to 40 percent. of the whole. By far the greater proportion of this has passed into the hands of Germany, and, judging from the experience of Holland after the Peace of Nimeguen in 1678, and from that of the United States after the War of Secession, we cannot hope to regain it, at any rate for a long time to come. There is, in fact, a very strong and ominous analogy between the present position of Great Britain and that of Holland two centuries ago, and although in some respects we are more favorably situated than the United Provinces were—for we have no land frontier to defend in Europe, our mineral and manufacturing resources are still a great source of wealth, and our Colonial Empire, which is infinitely greater than Holland's even then was, can supply us both with food and raw materials for

manufacture, as well as with practically unlimited men for our naval and military forces—still, on the other hand, we are far more dependent than Holland ever was on Sea-Power for our food, and we are consequently far more liable to be starved into surrender, if we once really lose the command of the sea. That we did not lose it in the late war is due rather to the decrees of Providence than to our own foresight and preparations, and even the partial and temporary loss of it produced disastrous results both in our internal economy and in our foreign commerce, from the effects of which we shall not recover for many years, if ever.

As our present position resembles that of Holland two hundred years ago, so Germany to-day stands in some degree in the position in which England stood then. It has been evident for some years past that this Power has been preparing to dispute our commercial, colonial, and maritime supremacy, and there is a great danger that, now that we are just at the end of an exhausting war, in which many of our finest ships have been destroyed, and the number of our trained fighting seamen killed or permanently incapacitated for active service is put at about one-third of the whole, while we have not had time to train others to take their places, she may take the opportunity of pressing claims which we could not but resist, with the result of another war, in which we should probably be hampered by hostilities between the English and Dutch and South Africa. Germany's attitude toward England during the war, though neutral, has been consistently inimical, and by retaining her neutrality she has reaped the benefit of a large proportion of our carrying trade, and a by no means insignificant share of our general commerce passing into the hands of her merchants. In going to war with us now she would run no risk in having other European enemies on "her back," for France and Russia, the only Powers which would be at all likely to attack her, are even more exhausted than we are, and quite unable,

even supposing they were willing, to do so, while Japan would in all probability maintain her attitude of neutrality as in the late war. It is possible that the United States might come to our assistance, but we cannot at all depend upon her doing so. Our best hope lies in this, that in the course of history no Power has ever attained military and maritime supremacy at the same time, a fact which is specially illustrated by the careers of Louis XIV. and Napoleon. Assuming that it is beyond the capacity of any Power to achieve these two objects at once, we may conclude that Germany, being at the present moment undoubtedly the first military Power in Europe, would, if she now tried to gain possession of maritime supremacy also, be preparing

her own downfall. Yet it does not follow from this that we should retain our position, and it behoves us to make every effort to restore our navy while we have time, at the same time doing everything possible to promote Imperial Federation. The mercantile marine, also, should be, as far as possible, re-established, and every inducement should be offered for the employment of British, and the exclusion of foreign seamen, and for the rest we must place our dependence on that Power Who has brought us safely through many dangers and difficulties, and,

"Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine."*

—*National Review.*

THE FINE-ART OF LIVING.

BY MARTIN CONWAY.

THERE is no word in the English language more foully misused than the word Art, possibly because there is no nation which, as a whole, has less understanding of what art is than the English nation. I do not mean to assert that England has been behind other civilized countries in its artistic productions, for that is not true. English artists have produced admirable buildings, sculptures, paintings, musical compositions, and other artistic productions, but these have never appealed to the great mass of Englishmen; they have always been created for and appreciated by the few. In Florence, when Cimabue finished his first great Madonna, the whole town went *en fête*; no English town can be conceived of as behaving in a similar manner. There is with us no popular artistic judgment worth a moment's consideration. The verdict of the majority on any artistic question, if it could be obtained, would throw no light whatever on that question, but might cast a somewhat

lurid illumination on the majority's artistic sense.

It may be assumed that if any one understands the mind of the purchasing public it is they whose bread is earned by selling things to it and endeavoring to find out what it wants to buy. Advertisers are continually proclaiming the merits of art furniture, art colors, and art goods in general. Presumably they do so because they find the phrase attracts. That alone is proof positive that the purchasing public knows nothing about art, for all colors alike are capable of artistic employment, and no color is more an art color than any other. I have often wondered what these advertisers, and the people they appeal to, consider art to be. Do they imagine one lot of things to be mere objects of utility, not art things at all? and do they conceive that there is a separate category of things appertaining to art? A more erroneous classification cannot be made.

* Kipling, "Recessional."

The simple fact is that art is the style or manner in which a thing is made or done. The word may be applied to every object fashioned and to every act of life. Every object may be made, every action may be performed, gracefully and fittingly or ungracefully and awkwardly. An object so made as exactly to fulfil its purpose, fashioned too with a sense of appropriateness and of grace, so that its forms and surfaces are pleasant to eye and touch, is a work of art. There is no article whatever, from a hammer to a Senate-house, that may not and should not be a work of art. There have been places and times in the world's history when art has been thus universally applied to the objects of manufacture. Take as an instance Pompeii when it was overwhelmed by the eruption of Vesuvius. Modern excavations have brought to light not only the houses, but a countless multitude of objects of domestic utility. The remarkable fact is that almost every one of these objects, every pot and pan, every bucket and dish, all the commonest household utensils, are as beautiful in their simple fashion as the more elaborate and costly works professedly made for the sake of their beauty. In Pompeii art had penetrated the household and infused beauty into its remotest recesses.

But art can have a wider domain even than this, if its sphere includes not only the manner in which a thing is made, but also the manner in which an act is done. The most elementary art of action is the dance—the art of graceful movement. Every one recognizes dancing as an art, but it is too often forgotten that all the actions of life may be gracefully performed. I have heard it said that no one knows the charm that can be shed over the most commonplace action, who has not seen a certain famous actress enter a room and extend greeting to a guest. Poetry again is not the only, though it is the highest, art of speech. Whenever and for whatever purpose words have to be used, there is art in so selecting them that the speaker's or writer's meaning may be most clearly

and gracefully expressed. If the word "art" were properly understood, it would suffice to say that every action of life should be *artistically* performed.

The highest and most comprehensive of all arts is, therefore, the Art of Living—the art of so disposing of every moment as to fill the whole of a lifetime with as many beautiful actions as possible; and by beautiful actions I do not mean great and heroic deeds that attract the attention of multitudes, but merely the commonplace deeds and business that fill the hours of an ordinary individual's day, each of which may have infused into the doing of it the grace, efficiency, and charm which are the essential elements in making a thing to be a work of art. Manners belong as much to art as does architecture or painting; the difference between them is that the art is exercised on a different material. Michelangelo said, "I know of but one art," meaning that the qualities that make good sculpture are the same as those that make good painting, good architecture, good decoration; but his statement is true in a far wider application. There is but one art in all human activity; every person in every action of life is an artist, good, bad, or indifferent. When two men greet one another in the street they as certainly manifest whatever presence or lack of art there may be in them by the manner of their greeting and the charm of their intercourse, manly, gracious, honest, kindly, sincere—or the reverse: they manifest the essential element of art in them as plainly in such a simple action as does a painter on canvas by the handling of his brushes. For it must be remembered that the glory of painting is not in the subject portrayed, but in the way in which it is portrayed. A picture may represent an heroic action most vilely—that will be a bad picture; or it may show a heap of potatoes beautifully and be a good picture. The art is in the manner of the work. It does not answer to the question *What?* but to the question *How?*—not what is done, but how it is done. Thus the simplest action and the commonest object may be as artistic as

the finest creations of the human intellect.

Observe that nothing effeminate enters into this conception of art or of artistic people. It is one of the disgraces of modern civilization among Anglo-Saxon races that effeminacy and art should ever have come to be connected together in people's minds. No one will accuse sixteenth-century Italians of effeminacy, yet they were in many respects highly artistic. Take Benvenuto Cellini as type of his contemporaries. He was a first-rate blackguard, but he had a great sense both of the arts of form and the arts of manner. It would be safe to assert that when he went a-murdering he would have deemed it shocking to use any but the most elegant rapier. Art and immorality may go far together, but not art and effeminacy; while the highest and noblest art cannot be thought of as growing to perfection save in a dignified, a masculine, and, in the true sense, a moral community.

It is the sign of a partially developed civilization when there is a difference in the matter of art between the sexes, just as it is a sign of high civilization when the women have refined the men, and the men have developed strength and self-reliance in the women. The fact that both these processes seem to be going forward in our midst at the present day is a hopeful sign for the future. Civilization, like society, arises from the interaction of the sexes on one another. The typical man is always anxious to accomplish something, and cares little how, so long as the end is attained. The typical woman thinks more of the *How?* and less of the *What?* A community of women would refine themselves away to mere futility; while a community of men would become an acting machine, like an army. In neither would any true civilization arise. The combination of the masculine and feminine elements is essential for the production of that high result.

The whole body of a nation's art is the standard measure of its civilization. An ideally artistic people would be one of perfect manners, living in dwellings as simple as you please, but all well

proportioned and well built, harmonious in color, and arrayed with no decoration that was not good. Such a people would be dressed in tasteful clothes, however plain. They would eat well-cooked food, however simple. They would use no implements that were not of good forms and perfectly adapted to their purpose. They might be without pictures or sculptures, but if they had any they would only have good ones, which, by-the-by, are just as cheap to make as bad. They would speak their own language clearly, simply, and beautifully; they would daily increase its expressiveness and develop its resources, softening down its asperities and vulgarities. They would make their landscape as fair as the nature of the climate would permit. They would surround themselves with cities clean and fine to look upon. Assuredly the England of the nineteenth century has not been inhabited by an artistic people; will the England of the twentieth century be better off?

If I have succeeded in explaining my position thus far, it will now be evident that a time of great intellectual and social development and change cannot be an artistic epoch, for the arts of life must be of slow growth. Birth and breeding, it has been well said, are the products of wealth and virtue respectively in the preceding generation. What is true of the individual is in this respect likewise true of the race. You cannot take an adult and turn him into a man well born and well bred. If you desire to produce a community of such persons, you must set to work training and breeding the generation that is to grow up and become their parents. All children are born savages. It takes the whole of childhood to turn them into merely decent members of society; how much more, then, to teach them the Art of Living. To begin with, the fine-art of life cannot be completely cultivated by any solitary individual; it is not a simple art concerned only with the handling and shaping of matter; the material with which it deals is living men and women in their mutual relations as well as in their relations to the world in

which they live. The Art of Living therefore must be cultivated, and to some extent actually is cultivated, by a society or community of persons. If the organization of society changes, the Art of Living must change in that society. Again, if the relations of society to the material world change, there must be a corresponding change in the Art of Living. Now, in the nineteenth century both the organization of society and the relations of man to the material world have not merely changed; they have been, and are still in the process of being, utterly revolutionized. It follows that the Art of Living, at its best up till now an incompletely developed art, must be in process of fundamental transformation.

The briefest possible retrospective glance will explain my meaning better than pages of discussion of principles. We need not go very far back. Consider what was the effect upon our national life produced by the introduction of root-crops into agriculture in the last century. All through the middle ages and down to the beginning of the eighteenth century there was in England little winter food for sheep and cattle except the product of grass land. The result was that no considerable head of cattle could be maintained and that a large proportion of the land of the country had to be kept in an uncultivated condition. The modern system of agriculture by which roots are grown as winter food for stock was introduced by the Dutch in the seventeenth century. The astonishing wealth of Holland at that time, relatively far surpassing the wealth of any other part of Europe, was mainly due to that system of agriculture. The system was introduced into England early in the eighteenth century, and soon wrought a social and economic revolution in this country. Then for the first time it became possible to improve the breeds of cattle and sheep, seeing that it was no longer necessary at the beginning of every winter to kill off the larger part of the flocks and herds and to half starve the survivors. Cattle therefore greatly increased, and

the fields could be more satisfactorily manured. The amount of grass and waste lands could be correspondingly diminished, and enormous areas, previously uncultivated, were enclosed and brought under profitable cultivation. The result of all this was the rapid growth of the profits of agriculture. Farmers and land owners became rich. There was a great demand for farms on the part of intelligent men. Capital was attracted to the improved industry. Wages rose. Villages thrived. Country towns in the centre of agricultural districts awoke. Agricultural banks sprang up all over the country. The country gentry, becoming thus enriched, began to spend their money upon building or improving their residences. A country gentleman's place in the sixteenth century had been a very poor affair. The house was sometimes a fine enough building architecturally, but there was no such thing as comfort found within its walls. It arose gauntly in the middle of grass land. It seldom had anything worth calling a garden attached to it, except perhaps a few formal parterres and a place where herbs were grown for household use. Landscape gardening on a large scale was only introduced into England in the eighteenth century. It came in the wake, and as the consequence, of the newly introduced system of Dutch agriculture. The finest parks that form the glory of our counties are in almost every case products of the eighteenth century. Before that time parks existed merely as waste lands; it was in the eighteenth century that they received the intentional impress of beauty. From one to two hundred years are needed to bring a piece of fine landscape gardening to perfection. Our good fortune at the present day is to live at the very time when the works of our forefathers in this kind have just arrived at maturity.

It is universally admitted that English social life reaches its most delightful and unique development in our country houses. For this also we have to thank our forefathers of the eighteenth century. They not only built or improved the country houses and laid

out their parks and gardens, but they invented the art of living gracefully in them, and they patronized all the arts that conduced to such life. For example, the walls of English houses were practically bare of pictures before the revival of agriculture. The eighteenth century not merely set flowing toward England that stream of fine paintings and other works of art from Italy and Holland which has turned this country into an unexampled storehouse of beautiful things, but it produced a domestic school of painting of the first rank. Reynolds and Gainsborough would never have been called into activity but for the demand for pictures and portraits made by the class of men whom agriculture had enriched. A list of the people Reynolds portrayed practically indicates the class who presided over the great economic revolution I have been describing. As in Holland in the seventeenth century so in England in the eighteenth, the bounty wherewith the earth responded to the wisely directed labors of man awakened in him a new love for the beauty of nature; landscape art arose in response to that quickened feeling. At first people wanted pictures of their places, just as they demanded portraits of themselves; but presently the new art took a wider range and ultimately attained, at the hands of Turner and Constable, altogether unforeseen developments.

It may be said that the new Art of Living, which sprang up in consequence of the introduction of the turnip into England, had reached a high degree of perfection by the end of last century or the beginning of this. If no further fundamental social changes had occurred, that would be the Art of Living at the present day—an art further elaborated indeed, but in its essentials substantially the same. The present century, however, has been a time of the most fundamental social changes, which must now be briefly considered. When it opened the English were a country-dwelling agricultural people; now they are a people town-dwelling and industrial. No greater contrast can be imagined, for it

goes to the very root of all the arts of life. Of course there were English towns before the present industrial epoch began; but the wealth of England was not made in them. The towns existed to provide the requirements of the country; now the country exists to provide, and by no means succeeds in providing, the requirements of the towns. The townsman of the year 1800 had the country near to him. A part at any rate of the industrial classes living in towns looked to harvestings, hop-pickings, and the like country industries for a contribution toward their means of subsistence. The towns of that date were in the country, not divorced from it, as are the giant groups of population nowadays. Fields and country lanes were within reach of an afternoon's walk from the very centre of the City of London. Snipe were shot on the site of the British Museum within the memory of persons known to the present generation. I have talked with men who remembered a swamp where now stands Belgrave Square.

The power that has wrought this unparalleled revolution has been the power of science, the energy of discovery. In the fulness of time and by the force of circumstances, the relatively small class of men of original mind, which is all that the greatest nation can at any moment boast, were induced to direct their attention to discovering the secrets of nature and the laws under which nature acts. In proportion as those secrets were revealed, those laws discovered, the power of man over nature was increased, and the relation of mankind to its material environment was changed. It would be waste of space to refer, however generally, to the material and visible results of scientific discovery. Every one knows how greatly the age of steam and electricity differs from the age that preceded it. Manifest novelties have been the growth of towns, the concentration of population in them, the development of manufacture and commerce, the exploration of the world, the absorption of the great unoccupied regions of the earth into the domain of civilization,

and the fabulous increase of wealth. Science not only compelled civilized man to become a town-dweller, but enabled him to do so. It is owing to science that our modern towns are not decimated by plagues at frequently recurring intervals. Science alone enables the monster aggregations of population to be supplied with food, clothing, and other necessities. Science has created the industries by which they earn their living, and provides the commodities essential to their maintenance in life and health.

Wonderful as has been the rapidity of advance in discovery, the ingenuity of innovation, and the fertility of invention in recent days, all this is not, to my thinking, so wonderful as the manner in which the abounding and increasing masses of population have adapted themselves to the new and ever-renewing world in which their life is cast. Its kaleidoscopic changes might well have produced a paralyzing effect, yet the people are always ready for fresh conditions, hungry to avail themselves of new resources, and to take advantage of new powers. Most of us can remember when wooden bone-shaker bicycles first appeared and were a public laughing-stock; now the world runs on wheels, and society adapts itself to the change with little grumbling and much thankfulness. The motor-car is in its infancy; no one knows what will come of it, but every one is ready to take advantage of it if it comes to anything. Who shall undertake to prophesy whether it, in its turn, may not as completely change national habits as did the substitution of railways for stage-coaches?

The great changes thus briefly alluded to have been accompanied of necessity by social changes equally important. Society, using the word in a wide sense, is incomparably larger than ever it was before. In the eighteenth century all sorts of professional and commercial men were excluded from society, whose successors are now included, or capable of being included in it. The eighteenth-century lawyer, for example, belonged to the same class as the yeoman and the tradesman. If you

read the "Vicar of Wakefield" you cannot fail to observe the low social level on which the country parson stood. It was more or less so with all the professions. This has been utterly changed. There has, in fact, taken place a very general levelling-up of all ranks and classes, the result of increased wellbeing and of diffused education. For true social equality it is not necessary that all the members of a class should be equally well off, but they must all alike possess a sufficient modicum of wealth to enable them to live up to a certain standard; it is likewise not necessary that all should be equally cultivated and intelligent, but all must have attained a certain minimum level of culture, and be possessed of common standards. The important fact to observe is, that the number of people who now attain this minimum level of wealth, intelligence, and culture, enabling them to meet on a footing of approximate social equality, has grown to be incomparably larger in the nineteenth than it was in the eighteenth century.

Herein I am not referring to any question of political equality. Political equality is equality in the eye of the law, equality in political rights. All the members of a great population may be politically equal, but there has never been, and probably never will be, a nation prevailed by social equality. We are not here considering any goal to be aimed at or any hope to be entertained, but only the actual facts of the past and the probabilities of the future. The patent fact is that the socially upper class has vastly increased in what may be called the age of science, and not only so, but the lower social strata have been correspondingly elevated. It is enough to read such papers as *Tit-Bits* and *Answers*, which do not appeal to the highest social strata, and to compare them with the scurrilous cheap prints of a couple of generations back to have evidence of this important and encouraging fact. But not merely has there been an elevation of the general social level, there has also taken place a multiplication of the number of minor social strata. In

what are called, for shortness, the industrial classes, there have come to exist differences of social level fully as strongly marked, perhaps more strongly marked, than those observable in higher social ranks. Such evolutions are no novelty in social history. In the middle ages the same thing happened when the craft-guilds arose side by side with the older merchant-guilds. The future will behold not less but more social stratification; not a diminution but an increase of social inequality. Whether we regret this or not has nothing to do with the question. Social evolution follows its own laws in its own fashion, and we can do little more than look on and watch the action of forces too powerful to be controlled.

Consider, now, how the Art of Living has been affected by these great changes in the relation of man to nature and of man to man which the development of science and the consequent growth of wealth have produced. The old art of country life, whether in cottage, manor-house, or palace, was relatively simple. The garden or the park was its fine-art sphere. The products of the neighborhood were its supplies, varying with the seasons. Hunting, shooting, and fishing were its sports. Agriculture was its occupation. Men knew how to weave these employments together and to build up out of them the materials of a simple existence which might be happy enough. But when country life had to be exchanged for town life, a new Art of Living had to be invented. Some people tried to shirk the problem by living in suburbs, but the growth of towns continually swallows up the suburbs and engulfs their populations. For the large masses of mankind the question is how to live a full, healthy, varied human life in a city home, in the very midst of a teeming population, all alike faced by the same problem, which is further complicated by the infinity of new possibilities opened by the very resourcefulness of that science which has posed the problem. This is the Sphinx question which recent generations have endeavored to answer, not very successfully.

So to live as to get the most out of life—that assuredly involves a practical understanding of the Art of Living, but it involves a great deal more. It is only by living nobly, living on a high plane, in the pursuit of high ideals, that the best can be attained. But my poor Art of Living grows in a somewhat less lofty atmosphere than this. I am not posing here as an ethical teacher, but merely, if you please, as an aesthetic philosopher. A man may live to very noble ends, yet in a graceless and joyless manner; satisfying indeed the highest part of his nature, but giving no play to powers of action and capacities for enjoyment wherewith he was endowed by the same agency that sent him into the world to live, if he could, the life of a hero. That man is the true artist in life who so lives as to give reasonable play to all his powers and to extract from the world of nature and men by which he is surrounded the largest number of wholesome and delightful reactions.

No one will deny that the arts are capable of giving delight. A man may find no pleasure in music, but he will scarcely assert that music is incapable of giving pleasure. The evidence to the contrary is too strong. The same is true of painting, of poetry, of sculpture; in fact, of all the arts. The man who cannot enjoy all of these things is less fortunate than the man who can: he is less developed; he is an inferior person. Again, it is obvious that all the examples of any art are not alike good. There are degrees of excellence in painting or music. Some can enjoy works of a medium quality, but not works of a higher quality. Such persons are inferior to those capable of appreciating to the uttermost the excellence and charm of whatever is absolutely best. Their inferiority may be the result of misfortune or of choice; it may be an inferiority of constitution or of development, of birth or of breeding. The man who is thus inferior loses. He cannot enjoy what more developed minds can enjoy. His existence is to that extent incomplete and poverty-stricken.

But life is not all pictures and

poems. Men have bodies as well as souls. A healthy body is one of the firmest foundations of happiness. The Art of Living certainly includes health as one of its objects. A well-born man can be healthy if he lives in accordance with Nature. That is rudimentary. The ideal man would not be satisfied merely with health. The body is a tool which every man has to work. Part of the satisfaction that any craftsman derives from his work is in the acquisition and manifestation of skill in the use of his tools. The attainment of mastery over the body is the special pleasure offered to youth. To ride, to run, to jump, to shoot straight, to fence, to swim, to dance, to play games of skill—no human being can be regarded as completely developed who has made no progress in such matters. They are perhaps a means to health, but that is not the sole reason for their cultivation; more important are they as physical arts, involving the attainment of skill, and resulting in the increased control of the mind over the body. A youth who neglects these things can never grow to be an entirely rounded and perfected man.

The pleasures of literature, again, the more recondite joys of philosophy, the delights that all knew knowledge brings: these things have to be attained by conscious endeavor, and do not come as the birthright of any man. The Art of Living includes their attainment. Then there is all the joy that a contemplation of the beauties of nature can bestow; how long it takes before they can be appreciated to the full! Few people are so dull as not to perceive the beauty of a flaming sunset, or of the snowy Alps, or the Italian lakes; yet nature is in reality just as beautiful in quieter places and moods. There is as much delight to be derived from a contemplation of sunshine on a bank of grass as from Mont Blanc itself, but it requires a more attentive eye and a more receptive mind to appreciate it.

Finally, there are the delights of human intercourse, of the contact of man with man, culminating in that most enjoyable of all human pleasures

—conversation; the shock of minds, the interchange of ideas, with all its varieties of argument, persuasion, instruction, comprehension—delights that cost nothing and that are within the reach of every intelligent and cultivated person who recognizes, as all wise men recognize, that every opinion he holds is only an approximation to truth and cannot but be tinged with error, and that, by contact with another, some of that error may be refined away. It is only complete fools who are cocksure about anything.

But, it will be objected, if the Art of Living includes this multitude of studies and endeavors, it must be a purely ideal art, unattainable in practice. To which the answer is that all ideals are essentially unattainable, but that they can be pursued and that their utility lies in the fact that they are goals to strive for. About the Art of Living, however, there is this to be said: it is no less the art of a community than of an individual. A man can do little in the way of self-cultivation unless he lives in a cultured community. Organized social life has possibilities of its own. Consider, for instance, what opportunities for culture a town may afford, which cannot arise in a sparsely populated country district. Theatres, operas, museums, libraries; fine buildings, public, private, and commercial; fine streets and squares, clubs and other social institutions; opportunities of meeting men; opportunities of all sorts and kinds—it is only in towns that these things can be; their elaboration and number must be roughly proportional to the size of the town.

Towns are epitomes of the whole world, and attract to themselves the men who do things; for they are theatres of action such as the country has never been. But all these developments take time. Towns have first to grow, and they grow not by intention but by the force of circumstances. A great town arises where it is wanted. The position of natural resources and the course of trade determine the whereabouts and size of towns. It is only when a town has attained stability, grown to a certain size, that the graces

of life can begin to be cultivated in it by the community as a whole. Time is therefore essential to the evolution of the Art of Living. It cannot be suddenly created. The nineteenth century has been the great age of town formation. The large civilized cities of the world are practically of nineteenth-century growth. While changes are rapidly taking place it is impossible to adapt the Art of Living to them. The endeavor is continually being made, but it is only when time enough is granted that the endeavor even partially succeeds. Masses of people do not immediately develop the taste for enjoyments with which they might be supplied. You have to create a theatre-going public before theatres can be maintained. People will not pay for public libraries till a reading public has been produced, and if that reading public likes to read only rubbish its libraries will be feeble institutions.

At present, town life is far from having reached a high stage of artistic development. Think of what it might become in a city of beautiful streets and buildings, fair within and without, where the houses were not only healthy and commodious, but charming to enter and to dwell in, beautifully furnished, however simply, and thoroughly adapted to be the homes of cultivated human beings; a city provided with every opportunity for education and culture, with its university, its museums of everything, its places of public resort and amusement, its fields and buildings for sport and entertainment. Wealth is no doubt essential to the production of such a result, but not, strictly speaking, great wealth. There is more wealth wasted annually in most towns on foolish and unenjoyable expenditure than, if rightly invested, would suffice to make them in process of time into perfect abodes for civilized communities. But it takes, and must take, time; nor can an approximation to a perfect result be attained while the process of a city's growth is in an early or even a transitional stage.

The best statisticians estimate that in the year 1941 London will contain

over eleven millions of inhabitants. People say, "How appalling!" To me the prospect seems full of hope. What an agreeable life one might live in such a city, if a fair proportion of its population were even moderately civilized! There would be a public for every kind of art. Every sort of theatre might flourish, every kind of concert might be daily given. There would be practically no limit to the variety of opportunities that each individual might enjoy in the midst of such a vast assemblage. But it would take long for them to settle down. To begin with, London would have to be rebuilt. Its streets are not wide enough for the traffic of any such multitude; they would have to be widened. For every line of rails coming into London there would have to be three lines. The number of steamers coming to our ports would need to be more than trebled. Practically none of our present arrangements would suffice. Everything would have to be organized afresh. I need not enlarge upon such considerations; they are obvious. It is only when the growth has attained its maximum, and the town has reached its final form and has been adapted in all essential matters to be the home of the multitude that must live within it—it is only then that the Art of Living, with all that it implies, can be fully cultivated.

The sun of science which rose about a century ago has not yet reached its meridian. The immediate future may have great developments in store. Perhaps water-power and electricity may supplant coal and steam; perhaps aerial locomotion may revolutionize communications, and, by substituting the Command of the Air for the Command of the Sea, may upset the present balance of power among the kingdoms of the earth. But whatever surprises the future may have in store, this one thing is sure: the age of science will have its culmination and will have its decline, just as all previous epochs of civilization have culminated and declined; for it is decreed that all things which have a beginning shall likewise have an end. When the culmination takes place, whether in the coming cen-

tury or in one more remotely hidden in the deep of futurity, the series of great changes of human environment will pause for a while, and there must swiftly follow such a consequent development of art as the world has never beheld—a development not merely of some one art, such as painting or sculpture, but of all the arts that together in their variety and their fullness form the supreme and transcendent Art of Living.

It is not to be expected, nor indeed to be desired, that the twentieth century should behold the culmination of the epoch of civilization, whose beginnings we now witness; for if a culmination is to be great and to last long it must be slow in coming. Culmina-

tions are like the weather, "long foretold long last." The time of transition is as yet perhaps only in its earlier stages. Science is only now conquering the fringe of its future domain. We still live in a very empirical manner, trusting to luck rather than to reason, founding action upon guess-work and hope instead of upon patient research. Slowly, it may be, but quite surely how slowly soever, science will make its way, and this revolution in the Art of Living will be rounded out. When that has happened, the great days that we now but dimly foresee will come, and all the fine arts will flourish and culminate together.—*Nineteenth Century*.

R. L. STEVENSON: CHARACTERISTICS.

BY J. A. MAC CULLOCH.

WE have many writers in our time, and of making books there is no end, but we have few literary men. *Many are the thyrsus-bearers; few are the mystics!* No calling is more honorable than the literary life; but it is not easy of attainment; it is apt, too, to be thought that mere covering of paper with ink makes the man of letters. Yet, in truth, there is a difference.

Robert Louis Stevenson was the literary man pure and simple, in the sense that Hazlitt, or Leigh Hunt, or Matthew Arnold was, and this is his most honorable distinction. Born in 1850, dying in 1894, he was devoted, from his boyhood onward, to the art of literature, to the beauty of style, to the attainment of balanced and harmonious, if not impassioned prose. It was not enough for him to write; he must write well, and learn the secret of the great masters. Little more than three years have passed since he died in distant Upolu, that gem set in the wide waste of the Southern seas. Flying, like Tristram Shandy, from disease to the ends of the earth, death caught him up and laid him by the heels at last

in that beautiful spot which is, perhaps, nearest of all habitations to the earthly Paradise. We can never be sure of what verdict posterity will pass on any writer; perhaps we stand too near our contemporary to call him great; yet, if ever there was a star in the spacious firmament of English literature worthy of the place, surely Stevenson is that star. Without prejudice, too, it may be said that, though a cosmopolitan, he was too much of a Scot in his affinities ever to forget his native land. Like those of the Wizard of the North, his writings are for the most part intensely Scottish. A true patriot, he would have spurned the selfish maxim, *Ubi bene, ibi patria*. And that is saying a great deal for one whose native land possessed a climate which sent him to distant lands and over weary seas in search of health.

A man of wide sympathies, he easily took the cue from his surroundings and found in them a message for himself. Like Ulysses, he might say, "I am a part of all that I have met." For, as no other's was, his work was himself, and a transcript or transmutation of

his environment. His surroundings, his studies, his experiences must be taken into account, along with his own nature, if his writings are to be correctly understood and appreciated.

Heredity counts for so much in these days that it is indispensable if you speak of a man to mention his parents. From his father, Thomas Stevenson, the son gained some of those traits which were after to serve him in such good stead as a writer. A lover of art, of certain Latin authors, a discreet theologian, and a student of romance, chivalrous to a degree which led him into upholding unpopular theories, fond of nature and science, the father handed on to the son, who would have none of his business career, all these charming qualities and likings. Through his mother he had kinship with the Balfours of Pilrig, his grandfather, the Rev. David Balfour, being minister of Colinton and a cadet of that old Scottish house. Stevenson was thus "of a kent hoose," as the fastidious Scottish temper phrases it. The love of Bohemia, which was kept within bounds by his father, became a ruling passion with the son, and led him into curious byways of adventure in a time when Bohemia was yet a land of romance and dreams, where the artist, the literary man, and the wit could meet on common terms. Stevenson was thus a genuine Scot, and, what is more, an Edinburgh Scot. No Scots boy can quite escape his romantic surroundings—the product of strange memories and long ages of chivalrous deeds. A boy like Stevenson, with keen instincts and thirsty mind, was alive to them in every nerve. Edinburgh, be it old or new, carries a story in almost every stone. More memories of our past history throng the thoughtful wayfarer in the High Street and Canongate of that romantic town than can be counted. Phantoms of the past, in greater number than the crowd of unwashed idlers who now wander aimlessly along these classic streets, touch his elbow and whisper in his ear. And Stevenson, as he grew up, had communings with them all, and told himself a story of all the archways and corners that met

his eye. He carried that love of Scotland, of his native town, far over seas, and never forgot them. Carlyle, who also expatriated himself, but no farther than London, is less identified with Scotland, though a true Scot to the last, than Stevenson will always be. In distant Samoa his eyes beheld the Hebrides and saw in vision Pentland's grassy slopes, with their musical tinkling burns; his ears still caught the bugle-blast as it rang sharp and sudden from Edinburgh's castled steep across the housetops. "Now," says he, with a pathetic and wistful note, "when I think upon my latter end, as I do sometimes, I feel that when I shall come to die out here among these beautiful islands, I shall have lost something that had been my due—my native, predestinate, and forfeited grave among honest Scots sods."

"The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman," he declares with enthusiasm. His fatherland supplied him with copious material for one side of his nature to feed on; the Shorter Catechism, that venerable document, was food for another, and, with the teaching of his parents, accounts for that note of austerity which sounds through all his writings. His was no lack-lustre nature, incapable of being moved, irresponsible to impressions; he noted with a critical yet sympathetic eye everything he saw; and if there were no story hanging odorously around it, straightway he weaved one to suit the occasion. Hence his journeyings with his father opened up only the more fresh fields and pastures new to his ruminating mind. His grandfather's manse at Colinton—still standing as it used to do when his boyish footsteps woke its echoes—a little, retired place, hedged about by deep banks and high trees, with the water of Leith rushing below its windows, was another place dear to his memory. To it we owe that charming essay, "The Manse," happily conceived, still more happily written. And Swanston Cottage, lying in a nook of the Pentlands; within sight of the gray metropolis and the breezy Firth, gave him these hillsides for a field to wander over. Near its

doors a conventicle used to gather; farther afield was the ridge where the Westland whigs were scattered by Dalryell in 1666; within sound of the city's clangor, the valleys and dells of the hills offer as romantic and melancholy a beauty as could be wished for. Strange, out-of-the-way folk, such as Stevenson loved to foregather with, were to be met with there—the ancient gardener, the shepherd John Tod, the wandering beggar, the tinker of the burn of Kinneard, the broken soldier who loved Shelley and Keats, and many more.

It is easy to see how these were all formative influences in his early life, and afforded raw material out of which to weave a beautiful fabric by and by. At school, it is said, he was conceived to be (in schoolboy phrase) half mad; when other boys were thinking of the cricket field and of football he was bent on turning phrases and learning how to write. Like most children, he lived in a world of make-believe; a world bounded by the nursery walls and the garden railings, where pirates sailed the Spanish Main and Red Indians, grim and gory, flourishing a flashing tomahawk; where everything was something else and reality was as nothing compared with its use to the imagination. From childhood onward he was a dreamer, abandoned to that luxury of the vivid mind; consistently, in sleep and out of it, using up the full materials of life in the construction of filmy air-castles. Indeed, at a later time Stevenson, like Crabbe, found some of his best inspirations in his dreams. Ideas conceived in youth dominated his literary tastes. It is easy to give examples. If a man "has never been on a quest for buried treasure," he says, in answer to Mr. Henry James, "it can be demonstrated that he has never been a child." Most of us can imagine the joy of such an imaginary quest in child-play; we can tell whence the idea sprang—out of romances about the Spanish Main and Captain Kidd, it is most likely; but few, if any, of us are dominated by the idea in later life, save in an unromantic, commercial way. Stevenson,

it appears, never lost sight of it. "Treasure Island" could not have been written without it; it is the *motif* of "The Merry Men;" it reappears in "The Treasure of Franchard" and in "The Master of Ballantrae." He was, in fact, always asking himself, "What story can I fit on to this?" There were places which (he was sure) waited calmly on the appointed hour when some stirring action, or some gruesome tragedy, should affront them and rouse their echoes. There were places which, failing all else, must occupy themselves with the creatures of his fancy—Edinburgh, the sand-dunes of North Berwick, the ancient seaport of South Queensferry, the Western Highlands. All these are memorable places for the student of his writings. "There was no end to his supposing," writes a friend. It was the same with the people he read of and the people he met. They stuck in his memory; many of them figure in his stories and would be surprised, could they know it, to find with what faithful finger they were drawn. He used up his own experiences; the novels, tales, and essays are compacted of them, real or imagined. Time and again, to those who know anything of his boyhood and youth, an event, a description, speak eloquently of some similar circumstance in which he had figured, and which remained in the memory until called forth, a fairy Ariel, by this Prospero to do his bidding. Like Rousseau, he had the most intense consciousness of his own existence. No object that had once made an impression on him was ever after effaced.

It has been already said that he learned to write. Books were food to him from earliest childhood, and they awoke in him, one after another, a responsive chord, which presently set him imitating the writer's style and matter. Shakespeare, Montaigne, Bunyan, Spenser, Wordsworth, Whitman, George Meredith, to name but a few, were favorites from the first, and fell victims to his imitative craft. If genius, as is erroneously supposed, be the capacity for taking infinite pains, then Stevenson, in this sense, was a genius, learn-

ing to write in the same way as Alphonse Daudet, turning phrases as he walked, noting down a description in his version-book, constructing a story, a poem, a drama, in the manner of the favorite of the hour. It is better that literary work should thus acquire carefulness, polish, delicate chiselling, than that we should be swept away before that flood of slipshod English sent abroad by "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease" in those evil days on which we have fallen. People will exclaim that this method smells of the lamp. For our part, we are content that it should be so. After all, in literature as in life, the goal is reached by a strait and narrow way.

At school and at college he would have none of the ordinary pabulum; he preferred to "babble o' green fields" rather than put his nose to the educational grindstone. His father, before him had been a mere idler at school; he, for his part, for no consideration was to be bound to these narrow paths of virtue where Latin supports the scholar on one side and the mathematics on the other. The brooks tinkled, the birds sang, the sun shone, here was a pleasant book, and life was a merry pageant, and off went our truant with his cap flung in the air. This truant disposition may give great enjoyment to him who has it, and lead him into many a pleasant by-path meadow, but it will be a sore annoyance to constituted authorities, and to all dons, professors, pedagogues, and proctors. When Stevenson went to Professor Blackie to obtain his certificate of attendance at his class, that blithe Grecian positively declared more than once that he did not know him as any student of his. Professor Fleeming Jenkyn was equally placed in an equivocal position, but was also equally candid. "It is quite useless for *you* to come, Mr. Stevenson," said he. "There may be doubtful cases: there is no doubt about yours. You have simply *not* attended my class." Yet he did acquire various scraps of scholastic knowledge by which he set great store. "I still remember," says he, gravely, "that the spinning of a top is a case of kinetic

stability. I still remember that emphyteusis is not a disease, nor stillicide a crime." Knowledge is a powerful possession, and it is by such unconsidered trifles as these that many of us acquire a considerable reputation.

But if any one should suppose that Stevenson was a mere loafer and idler he would be hugely mistaken. He played truant from college and the desk that he might be an assiduous student of nature, of men, and of books. Like Valentine in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," he might have said—

"though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe myself with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old,
His head unmelld, but his judgment ripe."

For Stevenson, if Scotsman ever did, deserved that old Scottish epithet, "a lad of parts." We cannot be sorry that he made his own selection of the chapters he would mark and learn in the book of knowledge, when we consider the treasures which resulted from these disinterested studies. With the greatest inclination to wander afield and see all the clangor of life, its high achievements and golden vineyards, he was yet busily teaching himself and others the lesson of contentment. "Did you ever see a squirrel turning in a cage, and another squirrel sitting philosophically over his nuts?" asks the stranger in "Will o' the Mill," and then goes on to say, "I needn't ask you which of them looked more of a fool." So Stevenson would have all men do their duty, seek out the possibilities of life, yet not wander idly into fields where they have no business, nor occupy themselves with matters too strange or knowledge too high for them. Distance, he would remind you, lends enchantment to the view.

It was settled that he should be an engineer, and follow, Hindu fashion, the profession of his fathers. "Alas!" he sighed, "to hear a man, be he Fleeming Jenkyn himself, lecturing about strains on a bridge is all very well. But, after all, where is the human in-

terest in strains on a bridge?" Hawthorne somewhere speaks of the shades of his forefathers marvelling at his literary tastes. "A writer of story-books! What kind of business in life, what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler." That resembles Stevenson's position, but he was not to be put to shame. When he should have been studying engineering he was courting the muse and inditing a Covenanting novel, and working himself into a fever with fearful doubts as to the likelihood of his literary immortality. The outer and accidental circumstances of the engineering profession alone attracted him; the hazards upon slippery rocks, the sounding sea, the nipping, briny winds, the amphibious life, the glory of summer in the Western isles. We owe to this part of his career that racy essay, "Some Passages in the Life of an Engineer," that other, "Memories of an Islet," and his sympathetic memoir of the professor whose lectures were so great a weariness to the flesh to this nimble spirit. But such an engineer, for all his fine writing, would have been a mockery of the sacred family traditions. Accordingly the law was tried next, and in due time Stevenson was called to the bar. He has been known to wear the wig and gown; that he practised is more than has ever been averred. Indeed, the keeper of the Parliament House used to show his gown to sight-seers, with the words, "Here is the gown o' a laddie that does nae work—that daft laddie, Stevenson." Literature was still the potent factor in his life, the syren who, happily for the world, beguiled him from making bridges and pleading before the outer or inner houses.

Those who like to forecast the future genius in the precocious child will see the budding *littérateur* in a work Stevenson wrote as a child of six. It was called "A History of Moses," and was resplendent with pictures, showing the Israelites following that great law-giver into the wilderness and smoking

serious pipes. What is more to the purpose is found in "The Pentland Rising, a Page of History, 1666." It was published by an Edinburgh bookseller, a little pamphlet of some score pages with a flaring green cover. Stevenson at this date was only a boy of sixteen. The book follows the contemporary accounts of the rising given by Kirkton, Sir James Turner, and others. Yet it is a free and flowing narrative, wonderfully told, with an evident sympathy for the Covenanters (a sympathy which disappears with maturer years), and graced by picturesque epithet and balanced style. This was in 1866. About five years later appeared that *College Magazine*, about which he waxes so humorously pathetic in "Memories and Portraits." He writes slightly enough of it there, but, in truth, the essays contributed by him to its pages have much of the delicacy and grace which mark his later work. Copies of these four fugitive numbers are now highly valued by the bibliophile for Stevenson's sake, and fetch a long price in the book-market. These were the days when he cultivated the flowing locks of the poet, and wore the loose velvet jacket which the aesthetic vogue had made common. By 1873 he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Sidney Colvin, who in turn introduced him to P. G. Hamerton, himself both artist and author. Hamerton was at that time editor of the *Portfolio*, and it was in its pages that Stevenson next appeared. His love for the Bohemian aspects of country life appears in his first essay, that entitled "Roads." Of the others, the very titles attract the fancy and promise complete satisfaction to the reader. Stevenson's earliest work took the essay form; it will probably be found that in this field his best and most lasting work was done.

It is curious to find him about this time publishing anonymously "An Appeal to the Clergy of the Church of Scotland," wherein the ministers of that communion are advised to make such pecuniary sacrifices as will enable their brethren of the Free Kirk to return to it, if they wish to. Here was a piece of generous Quixotry; the

advice seems somewhat gratuitous, if not impertinent, in times when the value of teinds had already begun to fall; and what is more to the point, it has never appeared than any minister followed the advice given. But the pamphlet will stand side by side with that unquestionably generous tribute to Father Damien which was, later on, to speak with trumpet tones against the comfortable detractors of that good priest. Romantic minds like Stevenson's are usually optimistic, and more than one literary man has seen himself turn ecclesiastic, theologian, and philosopher, when he might least have expected it.

Stevenson had leanings to the artistic life; he was a passable and dainty sketcher; several engravings and etchings of his own reveal a studied quaintness and unique interpretation of nature which is as idealistic as it is impressionist. It is that touch of the artist's mind which gives so pleasant a twang of mother earth to so many of his pages and makes him, to some extent, a Wordsworth in prose. When it became evident that the literary life was open to him, fortunately for the world he sought the society of artists. He became a *habitué* of the Latin Quarter, where he was a great favorite; the ancient and royal forest of Fontainebleau, beloved of artists, knew him well; indeed, at this period France was as much his home as Scotland. All this was not without effect upon his literary work; it attained a greater breadth and more of that *esprit* for which we may well envy our French cousins; moreover, some of his writings are cast in a certain French mould which no student of that literature can mistake. The travel sketches have a French crispness. "The Treasure of Franchard" and that delightful story "Providence and the Guitar" might have been written by M. Daudet; while such essays as "Charles of Orleans" and "François Villon" show his passion for those romantic poets of a country which, like our own, has so much romance in her history. The essay, "Forest Notes," published at this time, is a graphic picture of Fontainebleau,

admirable alike for its naturalness and precision. And here it may be observed that few writers are so faithful in their interpretation and description of nature as is Stevenson. Its grim as well as its beautiful aspects attracted him, and both are exactly depicted with the minuteness of a pre-Raphaelite and the magic of a Turner. He is not so copious as Ruskin, but he is equally precise; not so luxurious as Tennyson, but quite as much master of the correct epithet; not so classically cold as Matthew Arnold, but equally sincere. The essays are full of this; the novels, too, contain many a brilliant-piece of word-painting. That passage in "The Merry Men" where Gordon Darnaway discourses on the terrors of the sea is grimness itself. "The sea—a muckle yett to hell!" But the sweeter phases of nature are recalled in many a passage which haunts the memory and is musical to the ear. Akin to this is the vivid method by which he huddles a whole volume of descriptive writing into a single paragraph, each phrase a photograph, each sentence opening up a world of vision and of glowing life. Vagueness is no evidence of imaginative greatness; detail, vivid yet true coloring speak of it as nothing else can. People believed Dante had been in hell, because of his exact measurements and copious numbers and lurid landscapes. So with Stevenson. He has seen everything he tells us of; he has a vivid presentation of it in his mind; and the copiousness of that vivid presentation is, properly speaking, the source of all true imaginative work. "If you want people to weep," says Horace, "you must first weep yourself." If a writer would have us see, with sympathy, what he writes about, he must first have seen it, even (to use St. John's words) "gazed and gazed" upon it, for himself. Hence the greatness of Homer, of Dante, of Shakespeare. Stevenson was quick to perceive this and to act upon it.

To return to the essays. Probably the earliest writings of his to attract attention were the exquisite essays in the *Cornhill* of 1877, afterward collected in the volume "*Virginibus Puerisque*."

These at once told the world that a new writer of genius had set his foot on the stage. Hazlitt, Lamb, Bacon, Montaigne are the great essayists of literature. But Stevenson must be joined with these great names. He has the same charm, the same inimitable grace, the same breadth of view. Of these, Montaigne becomes more of a friend as we grow older; Hazlitt is frankly an egoist; Lamb is always garrulous and pleasant; Bacon is stately and severe, but seldom reveals himself. Stevenson combines these qualities, but has chiefly the manner of Montaigne. He takes you into his confidence and will not let you away till you have known some of his secrets. Not all, however; for on some subjects Stevenson could be as silent and reserved as a Trappist monk. But in this delightful personal note the likeness to Montaigne is seen more than ever. In both there is the same transcript of individual experiences, emotions, likes, and dislikes. And their charm for the reader lies in this, that though he has never penned a line, he can say as he reads: I have felt this, I have thought that. Who that has read "Old Mortality" does not recall the misanthropic humors and heroic love affairs of youth? And so in a hundred other authentic instances.

Yet as an essayist he is no mere trifler. He touches deep soundings in human experience. *Punch's* famous advice to those about to marry is also Stevenson's, but he qualifies it afterward by saying "Do." "If you have failed with your own life," he says (and he means that no one has much to boast of in this respect), "are you likely to manage better when married? . . . If she were only your sister, and you thought half so much of her, how doubtfully would you entrust her future to a man no better than yourself! . . . Your wife will be a witness of your sins, a judge, and a victim. . . . To marry is to domesticate the recording angel." Nevertheless, he goes on, "to hold back is to run away from the battle. It is lawful to pray God that we be not led into temptation, but not lawful to skulk from

those that come to us." With the churches he advises men to have faith, and to live in hope that their faults will spur them on to do better and to love better. Outwardly cynical, these essays on love and marriage have much to commend them to the notice of the aspiring Benedick who would outstrip the angels in audacity. His theories on these subjects are pleasanter to listen to than Hazlitt's, who wrote with as much frankness but with far less chivalry.

This wise candor illuminates the other essays of this series. Each time of life, he would have us believe, has its appropriate environment and products. "The true wisdom is to be always seasonable. . . . To love playthings well as a child; to lead an adventurous and honorable youth; and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and to deserve well both of yourself and your neighbor." That is sound advice. But if he, with us all, found youth a delusive and ever-retreating dream, he still strove hard to retain the youthful spirit. And few succeeded so well. Charles Kingsley kept his share of animal spirits to the last; even Matthew Arnold showed the boyish love of fun in baiting the Philistines. But somehow Stevenson kept hold of the secret of youth and its charms long after youth had gone. Few have interpreted children so well as he, as "Child's Play" and "A Child's Garden of Verses" remind us; still fewer have remained to the end such enthusiasts for youth and adventure. "Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body; to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country; to be converted at a revival; to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day in the theatre to applaud Hernani." Hence he is no lover of dulness and prudence. His pet object of scorn was Samuel Budgett, the successful merchant. "Give me," he exclaims, "the young man with brains enough to make a fool

of himself." This seems a startling doctrine (and it runs through all he wrote), but it is easy to see what is meant. To make money, to know more languages than most other men, to live in a cloister and forget God's sunshine, these are laudable enough ambitions, but we should not forget that they do not exhaust the possibilities of life. The conclusion he brings us to is that we should cultivate the finer feelings, lest the sober employments of life should stifle them, and the time of enjoyment never come. Above all, we should be afraid of neither life nor death. Not even Browning excels him in expounding the lesson of boldness and thoroughness in our actions. It is easy to see that he touches a high, heroic note in his teaching, and it explains his own bouyancy and the spirit of romantic enthusiasm which is so pleasing in his novels.

A less philosophic but a more frankly autobiographical and softer note is touched in the later essays. Age has softened the crude ideas of youth. There you have the crisp and mellow reflections of one looking backward across the years that are no more. He lingers with love over faded memories. The world, he knew, has many attractions; but, after all, home, the old familiar faces, the old loves, the old books are best. "When I was a boy," he writes, "I was a bit puzzled, and hardly knew whether it was myself or the world that was curious and worth looking into. Now I know it is myself and stick to that." We may rejoice at his decision, for it has given us one of the most delicate and refined exponents of human life, and especially of that human life which Stevenson knew most of—his own.

In his criticisms, Stevenson, because he knew himself so well, at once seems to see with the eyes of his author and to know his mind. What fine discrimination in his essay on that enigma of seventeenth-century character, Samuel Pepys! What anatomizing and analysis of François Villon, blackguard and poet! It is doubtful if any of the host of writers who have blamed or excused Robert Burns has arrived more

nearly at the truth than this keen critic in his famous essay on the "Old Hawk." Yet he neither weeps nor grows abusive. He is sane, truthful, judicious. Or take that other on John Knox. Dr. McKie's portly tomes shiver and collapse before the humor and knowledge of this short study.

To that youthful and adventurous spirit of which we have spoken we owe some of the most delightful travel pictures that have ever been penned. Each of them reveals the same desire to test the meaning of life at different points. Two of Stevenson's curious journeys took place in France—his canoe voyage with Sir Walter Simpson in 1877, and his solitary journey on foot through the Cevennes in 1878. Solitary, but how could he be solitary with Modestine, subject of alternate blows and caresses, a steed which will surely rank in future with Bucephalus and Rosinante! Later on he crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of an emigrant ship, and the great plains of America in a train, and of both journeys he has given the record. There are no loud-sounding adventures in these sketches; but there is exact coloring, the evidence of a mind attuned to the passing scene and ready to listen to its voices, of a heart which pined for fields and woods and hills. Here there is not the glaring correctness of a photograph, but the work of an imaginative and sympathetic artist. Things seen and heard have passed through the alembic of his own brain and been transmuted into the fine gold. Stevenson has lent a part of his personality to every page. Withal there is a piquancy, an antique flavor in these books; to read them is to inhale the scent of the earth and of an old herb garden after long pining in a sick-room; a serious passage jostles one full of a quiet and sarcastic humor; in truth, no books of travel remind one more of Sterne than do these; but there is no aping a pathos which is not felt, and no coquetting with unpleasant themes.

Stevenson's earliest attempts in the field of fiction were short sketches; the first of these, "The Story of a Lie," is replete with all the grace and power

which marked his later work. As a novelist it was Stevenson's fate to quicken the long dead love of pure romance. And in his stories there is no dull moralizing, no *double entendre*, nor, happily, is our author the writer of novels with a purpose. He simply tells a story, and, to say truth, that is what the world always likes. Hence the long life of Homer, of "The Arabian Nights," of the national ballads. Hence, too, the inevitable oblivion which awaits nine-tenths of the "literature" which froths and foams in our time. With Stevenson (and, happily, many have followed him) every incident, every phrase, has its place, and serves to usher you to the *dénouement*. And you have all the pleasure of being carried out of yourself for the time, out of the whirl of kirk or market, into a world whose sun gives the "light that never was on sea or land." "Treasure Island" at once sets you on shipboard. You smell the brine and feel that you are off on a quest for buried treasure. "The Master of Ballantrae," "Kidnapped," "Catriona," plunge you, with the speed of Prince Houssain's magic carpet, into the Scottish world just after the '45. And there you remain till you have closed the book. In writing this trilogy Stevenson wisely chose the period after the conflict, though the passionate force it stirred still swelled. For his sympathies were doubtful; had he written of the strife itself (as Scott did) he would have found himself in the equivocal position of one who would run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, who doubts whether George is not as good as Charles or James. Stevenson was a doubtful Jacobite; he was also, however, a more than doubtful Whig. As to the style in which these stories are written it is indefinable, yet it haunts the memory. It has just that touch of archaism which hints at the veritable date of the story, and just that balance and harmoniousness which recall the English classics. Stevenson's early environment, his love of exciting situations, his knowledge of all such situations in his own country's story, his

fondness for Scott and Dumas, explain his novels. He loved the romantic side of things, of the sea, of adventure. He had a passion for the weird and bizarre, which he exercised to the full in such stories as "Thrawn Janet" and "Markheim," and in such a play as "Deacon Brodie." And, once more, the mysterious side of life attracted him, and attracts too, in his "Master of Ballantrae," in "The Pavilion on the Links." There were few forms of the novel which he did not experiment in, witness "Prince Otto," and, generally speaking, he won success. Indeed, the variety of his themes, though by no means equal, is yet akin to the similar variety of Balzac.

"Treasure Island" is, properly speaking, a boy's book, but, like "Robinson Crusoe" (the only book with which it ought to be compared, though "Reuben Davidger" runs it close), children of a larger growth are fascinated by it. There is not a dull page in it, and every incident seems to be, in turn, more effective than the other. We hurry through it, eager to be in at the death; we feel, at the end, as if we had been among the pirates and endured many a strange adventure; and then we read it again, rolling it, like a sweet morsel, under the tongue. Nothing, again, can be more effective than the opening chapters of "The Master of Ballantrae;" they have the same glamour as suffuses "The Anti-quary" and "The Heart of Midlothian." Yet, as we go on, the story drags somewhat, and it is only toward the end that the same breathless interest is awakened. The truth is that in all Stevenson's novels there is a deficiency of plot. His strongest point lay in the effectiveness of incident and in the number of such incidents he was capable of giving, and also in the power of his dialogue. Each character speaks as actively and strongly as if he were playing a game of fives. Such incidents in "The Master" as the duel by candlelight, the discovery that the body is gone, the Master acting as tailor in New York, the camp in the forest, the resurrection of the Master, are really inimitable,

and carry their air of convincing reality with them. So, in "Kidnaped" and "Catriona," it is more the incidents and the conversations that please than the plot. In the former one feels one's heart in one's mouth all the time David Balfour is wandering and escaping disaster. In the latter there are situations powerfully conceived and as powerfully described. As for the characters, Alan Breck has the true Stevenson trade-mark upon him; Miss Grant has walked bodily out of some unwritten novel of Scott's, there is no denying her vitality; the Lord Advocate and James More are duplicates of the same character, only James inclines to the side of vice and the Advocate to the side of virtue. David and Catriona make love in a manner peculiarly Stevensonian, and a trifle artificially. Some one has said that Stevenson never was in love, but that as a friend he was unequalled, and there is probably as much truth in this as in most epigrammatic sayings. "Catriona" as a whole will, no doubt, rank as the finest of his completed novels.

One other thing limits the field of many of his novels, and that is the autobiographical style of telling the story. Of course the omniscience of the novelist and the judicious use of other sources when necessary amplify the constricted sphere in which the narrator dwells. Still, no one can use this manner long without seeing its narrowing effect upon the complete result. It is doubtful, again, whether he has given us a large gallery of really flesh-and-blood characters, like Fielding or Thackeray. We almost feel that we are dealing with mere puppets, not men and women, yet puppets endowed with an amazing mechanism which we are easily deluded into taking for life itself. This is seen at its height in the "New Arabian Nights," but few of his stories escape it. It probably resulted from his living so much in a land of make-believe, and from his "always supposing." Hence, some of his characters are unconvincing, if not farcical, and certainly fantastic. You can never be sure how they will jerk

their limbs next. For all that, none but Stevenson could have imagined them. He himself is all his characters; he has given to each a pound of his own flesh; but is not the vital blood wanting? He speaks again and again in his essays of the infinite capabilities of the human spirit. "There is nothing so monstrous but that we can believe it of ourselves." The novels are expositions of this text, and show us Stevenson posing, now as this, now as that other of his characters.

As a writer of short stories Stevenson was unequalled. It may seem easy to write a short story, but the truth is a long work of fiction is not so difficult an undertaking. How are you to give the hint of true character, to make the presentment vivid and the incidents truthful in a few pages? There must be compression without the evidence of it. A short story is easy enough in one sense, but a short story which will be readable, which you will go back to with pleasure, is not a common object in literature. The French excel us in this, but Stevenson runs them very close. "The Pavilion on the Links" is a good example of his powers. The story of the Italians tracking the vile banker to that lonely house on the bleak and desolate seaboard is unique of its kind. There is the usual element of the mysterious and the weird; we are fairly in Stevenson land: there are whiffs of the sea, dark nights, flashing lights, and mysterious voices. Yet once more the figures are mere puppets. Northmour is a doubtful figure with his coarse humors; Cassilis is nothing so much as Stevenson's double; Clara is better and more lifelike; her father is more in Stevenson's best vein—a kind of Master of Ballantrae quoting Scripture and masking his sensual vices under a covering of hypocrisy. "Thrawn Janet," again, is still shorter, but it is a fearsome piece of gruesome *diablerie* told in the lowland dialect and tricked out by the effective use of Scots words, fear-inspiring in sound and meaning alike, yet with all that circumstance of grim humor which is never absent from the stories of the lowlander. To convey its full flavor to the mind, it

should be read alone at the mirk mid-night hour, but with help within call, as the results may be disastrous. "The Merry Men" is homelier, though not wanting in horror. The lonely island with the booming of the sea, the glorying of the Calvinist in his ill-gotten gains mixed with his fears of the sea, his sudden horror at the appearance of the black man, and then the clap of judgment which turns his brain and hustles him on to his death—all this is most admirably told together with that tang of the sea, that vision of Spanish treasure, that appearance of piratical visitors, of which Stevenson was so fond.

In a different vein, full of a subtle pathos, is that sweet sketch, "Will o' the Mill." It has something of the manner of the best German story-tellers; that homely, pensive style, that gentle kind of character-drawing which we find in them. The chief difference is that in this study there is more of the conscious, or it may be self-conscious artist. We are back again in the weird, mysterious region in such stories as "Olalla" and "A Lodging for the Night." The latter, a story of François Villon, reads like a chapter from his biography, so lifelike is the presentation, so well have the horror and the wintry cold struck into it. In his short stories Stevenson seems to occupy a middle place between Hawthorne and Poe. He is neither so moonstruck an idealist as the former, nor so ghastly a realist as the latter. If he does terrify us now and then, the feeling is mixed with delight and wonder at his marvellous skill, his absolute precision in his epithets and phrases, his consummate artistic power.

Stevenson was never one to go with the scorners who, in their writings, with a demoniac art make sin look a pleasant thing. He had been well trained in a stern but upright faith; he knew that morality was the braver path to follow; and his books witness to the worth of the virtues and the religious sentiments. "It is by our evil," says Charles to his uncle in "The Merry Men," "that God leads us into good; we sin, I dare not say by His tempta-

tion, but I must say with His consent; and to any but the brutish man his sins are the beginning of wisdom." No more accurate and sound statement was ever penned outside of a sermon. It is of a piece with the purview of religion and ethics which Stevenson always takes, and one feels thankful that after writing so much he still kept constant to these high ideals. In his own way he was what we might call a lay preacher. His essays are of the stoical cast; he is for no deep renunciations, yet still he sees that life demands many a sacrifice from us, and that its true secret is not to be grasped by the self-seeker. But in certain of his short stories the note of the preacher rings out loudly, as in "Markheim" and "Dr. Jekyll," which, apart from the sombre thoughts they arouse, deserve well of the student of morals. Both are sermons on that strange duality of nature which we find in ourselves, with this difference—that Markheim believes himself the mere creature of circumstances, circumstances which Jekyll courted and played into the hands of, knowing well that he was free to baffle them. St. Paul told us long ago "the evil that I would not, that I do." It is almost as if Stevenson had taken this as his text, and, seeing the vast capabilities, both moral and artistic, lying dormant in it, had preached from it with the tongue of a master.

One other matter in connection with the novels falls to be considered here—the criticism that he has given us no effective heroine. This would be a serious defect if true. But he has done this as well as most; for few men can give much more than a lay-figure when discussing a heroine, just as women's heroes are seldom other than women posing as men. Scott gave us few real women. Dickens none, Thackeray not many. In the regions of the drama it is different; Shakespeare's women are all alive, so are Goethe's. For all that, where were the critic's eyes? One who discoursed so fluently of love and marriage was not likely to leave the subject alone when he ventured afield into the blithe regions of romance. What do they make of Mary in "The Merry

Men," of Olalla, of Catriona, of Miss Grant, of that sportive damsel in "The Story of a Lie," of Alison Graeme? One will not say that he holds a brief for the sex, or that he has succeeded any better than most novelists of his own sex. He is no amourist and would have cut a poor figure as a troubadour; yet he is wise, candid, and once or twice touches a passionate note.

As a novelist Stevenson has been set on a level with Scott, but surely this is but the ignorant enthusiasm of the *claqueur*; and one is sorry for those who believe it. For all that he is characterized by the same qualities as Scott, only lesser in degree. To him, as to Scott, man is the traveller afoot through time, and it is on the broad highway of human sympathies that he sits and tells his tales. But Scott's trumpet tones, his colossal genius, his massive strength, his wide canvas, his numerous interests, he has nothing of. He does share with him his glamour, his vividness, his manliness, his love of a sheer story. He gives us few mere lay-figures; Scott has given us a dozen. As a story-teller he is, perhaps, as clever, but Scott is infinitely greater. Scott is a general marshalling brigades; Stevenson is but a captain with his company. Both do their work, however, with equal vigor and love, and with equal success on their own level. One thing Scott could not do: he could not write essays like Stevenson's nor was he master of such a magic style.

In many ways Stevenson was a unique literary phenomenon. But nothing is so unique as his life in Upolu. Landon lived all his days in Rome; Byron fell in love with Greece and Italy; but Stevenson, combining the functions of barbaric king, story-teller in chief to the islanders, and man of letters, is quite unparalleled. Yet, in that lonely sea-girt isle, he was like nothing so much as Prospero, summoning Ariel and his elves to do his bidding. That exile was for the sake of health, yet, though he was always weak and ill, there is scarce a trace of it in his writings: they are not sad; the beautiful essay, "Ordered South," is

the only one where he poses as the invalid, yet even there he is cheerful. For he was not one to wear his heart on his sleeve, nor does he depict the deeper emotions with much passion. Only the strong man and the wealthy can afford to be pathetic. He has certainly none of that cheap, maudlin sentiment which, adopted from France, delights in making its bow to the reader and saying, "Look how pathetic-I am!" Yet, now and again he speaks a word of real pathos, all the more striking because it is so rare—especially in "Child's Play," "El Dorado," and "Ordered South." To him living and working had their rewards; he kept a bold face and a warm heart to the end, lest by giving way to his pains and weakness he should lose sight of the generous emotions which he loved. He agreed with Browning that a bold start and a great failure are better than whimpering cowardice and paltry aims. And if he expressed his beliefs jestingly, and thought that a good dinner and a bottle of wine are sufficient answers to the brevity and uncertainty of existence, after all he spoke not without truth. For we do not value our good things enough, and we are all apt to listen with an over-grave sincerity to the moaning of the Preacher.

To the end Stevenson's was a fine nature, capable of many thrills, educated to appreciate niceties that others, more gross, would pass by. To the end he was a keen observer of life, a careful, painstaking writer, a master of curious phrases and of style. He was no stoic, yet there was in him the stoic gravity and austerity, the product, shall we say? of climate and race *plus* a grounding in the Shorter Catechism. Nor yet is he an epicurean, though there were few parts of life which he had not made trial of. He has been called a Pyrrhonist, like Montaigne, but it is difficult to see the reason for the title. It is true that now and then his mind is in a state of balance, but, for the most part, he is too certain in his opinions, too dogmatic in stating them, to continue long in a state of suspended judgment. He changed, as age went on, in his thoughts and opinions;

but to pass from one pole to another is a different thing from remaining balanced betwixt the two. To science, writing (as he said) "with the cold finger of a starfish," he was less than just; its methods were too cut and dried for his romantic temperament; it shattered illusions and the *aberglaube* of life. This is all the more curious when we think of his precision in the use of language. He laughed consumedly at Darwin's "hairy an-

cestor, probably arboreal," though the theory of heredity struck him, and is put to a pretty use in one of his best essays. The myth of Pan was more cheering by far to his heart than the message of science. For, in moments when the glow and color and mystery of life prevail, "the mind refuses to be satisfied with evolution, and demands a ruddier presentation of the sum of existence."—*Westminster Review*.

HYMN—IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

O LORD ALMIGHTY, Thou whose hands
Despair and victory give;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of nations live;

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride:

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave;

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
With equal laws unbought;
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve Thee still.

—*Longman's Magazine*.

THE LAW OF NATIONS.

BY J. E. R. STEPHENS.

THERE is no subject in the range of juridical science possessing such intrinsic claims to attention as that of international law. The great nations of antiquity which have contributed most to the civilization of modern Europe have given least to this branch of civilization. The *jus feciale* of the earlier Roman law regulating the formal intercourse between Rome and other nations is, indeed, the germ of what might have been a system of pure international law, but the rise of the Roman Republic to the mastery of the world rendered a *jus inter gentes* unnecessary and impossible. The principles of natural justice to international relations, however imperfectly executed, and though never reduced to a system, were not unknown to the Romans. But of a system of law which conceived of States as the subjects of rights and duties, as members of a community of nations, the polished and elegant jurisprudence of antiquity furnishes hardly a trace. In the same consummate code which still rules the most complex relations of life with a wisdom and justice which modern culture has hardly been able to improve, stand side by side the high morality of a completed system of equity jurisprudence, and the savage doctrine that strangers are enemies, and that with enemies war is eternal. Amid such relations of States there was no place for law. But when from the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man the inevitable corollary of the brotherhood of nations was deduced, a body of law to govern this new community followed as an inevitable consequence. It grew slowly at first, for the age was technical, and dynastic interests long absorbed the cares of statesmen. Scholiasts and commentators denied that there could be a law of nations, for where was the superior authority to enact it? It was difficult for lawyers to conceive of law without a tribunal to enforce it. Princes refused to admit that any rules re-

strained the prerogative for which they claimed divine origin. Mr. Ward (in his "History of the Law of Nations") enumerates five institutions existing about the period of the eleventh century which made a deep impression upon Europe, and contributed in a very essential degree to improve the Law of Nations. These institutions were the feudal system, the concurrence of Europe in one form of religious worship and government, the establishment of chivalry, the negotiations and treaties forming the conventional law of Europe, and the settlement of a scale of political rank and precedence.

When Grotius published his work "De Jure Belli et Pacis," in 1624, the Law of Nations had been rescued to a considerable extent from the cruel usages and practices of the Northern barbarians, and had been restored to some degree of science and civility by the influence of Christianity, the study of Roman law, and the spirit of commerce, but it was still in a state of great disorder, and its principles were little known and less observed. It consisted of a series of undigested precedents without order or authority. The object of Grotius was to correct the false theories and pernicious maxims which then existed, by showing a community of sentiment among the wise and learned of all ages in favor of the natural law of morality. He also endeavored to show that justice was of perpetual obligation, and essential to the well-being of every society, and that the great commonwealth of nations stood in need of law, the observance of faith, and the practice of justice. His idea was to digest in one systematic code the principles of public right, and to supply authorities for almost every case in the conduct of nations. Thus he had the honor of reducing the Law of Nations to a system, and of producing a work which has been resorted to as the standard of authority in every succeeding age. He

is therefore justly entitled to be called the father of the Law of Nations.

Although Grotius is regarded as the father of the Law of Nations, yet he had been preceded by other writers on this subject. Among these were Francis de Victoria of Salamanca, Suarez, Ayala, and Albericus Gentilis, all of whom flourished in the sixteenth century. Of Francis de Victoria, Hall says that his writings, in 1533, mark an era in the history of international ethics. Spain claimed, largely by virtue of Papal grant and warrant, to acquire the territory and the mastery of the semi-civilized races of America. He denied the validity of the Papal titles, he maintained the sovereign rights of the aboriginal races, and he claimed to place international relations upon the basis of equal rights as between communities in actual possession of independence. In other words, he first clearly affirmed the juridical principle of the complete international equality of independent States, however disproportionate their power. Suarez, in his work "*De Legibus et Deo Legislatore*," from the point of view of the Catholic theologian, assumes that the principles of the moral law are capable of complete and authoritative definition, and are supported by the highest spiritual sanction.

Among the jurists who followed Grotius, the classical names are those of Puffendorf, Wolff, Vattel, and Bynkershoek. In England, Sir Leoline Jenkins and Lord Stowell are the most illustrious of those who have made important contributions to international law. In America, Wheaton's "*Elements of International Law*" is the standard modern treatise.

The general desire of mankind that the mutual conduct of nations should be governed, or at least directed, by recognized rules—that there should be some principles to be invoked by the weak, and yielded to without humiliation by the powerful—has produced indeed a literature in international jurisprudence exceeding in magnitude that which has been employed on any other branch of the moral sciences. Many of the writers have been remarkable for

sagacity, and almost all have been men of diligence and learning, and devoted to the subject of their labors.

International law is that collection of rules—customary, conventional and judicial—which are accepted as binding *inter se* by the civilized nations of the world. It lays down rules to be observed in the mutual dealings of nations which are at peace with each other, and of nations which are at war with each other; and it determines the rights and duties of belligerent and neutral nations. But the rules of international law which relate to war are more voluminous and certain than those which govern nations in time of peace. Some jurists consider it improper to speak of these rules as laws, as they are without the sanctioning force which is the distinguishing quality of law proper. Other jurists, however, derive its principles from some transcendental source, such as nature, the Divine will, reason, etc., and these do not hesitate to attribute to its rules an intrinsic authority over all the nations of the world. According to their theory, the usage of nations is evidence of, but not the origin of, the law. It merely expresses the consent of nations to things which are naturally—that is, by the law of God—binding upon them. There is, however, no legislative or judicial authority recognized by all the nations of the world that regulates the reciprocal relations of States, and consequently no express laws, except those which result from the conventions which States may make with one another. So that, however long established or useful any or all of these rules may be, there is but one real remedy for their infraction, and that remedy is the sword. The foundation, therefore, upon which international law rests is the consent of nations.

Among the civilized nations of Christendom, and even to a certain extent among the more advanced peoples of Asia, like the Chinese and the Japanese, there have grown up during the present generation a deep and strong sentiment of common interests, and a powerful public opinion of States

which operate powerfully upon a particular community and its Government, and thus partially perform the functions of an external and supreme authority, wielding an organic and compulsory force. The fact of such a public opinion, and of the effects wrought by its means, cannot be ignored; and due allowance must be made for its action in all schemes of practical rules for the regulation of international relations, and especially for the settlement of international disputes. The rapid development and its growing power in directing the affairs of States have resulted from a number of causes acting in combination. Among the most important are the ease and rapidity of communication between the different portions of the world; the exchange, not only of material products, but of thoughts and opinions written or oral; the great increase in travelling, with the intimate knowledge of countries resulting from it; the extension of railways until they have become true international highways; the introduction of steamship lines, penetrating every ocean, sea, and river; and, above all, the telegraph, bringing all parts of the earth, as it were, within speaking distance of each other. All these modern agencies have done much, and will do more, to break down the barriers of national isolation, and to arouse a sentiment of community among all peoples, however distant and different. In addition to these influences, the process of educating the nations of Europe in the fundamental principles of right, justice, and equity, as applied to their foreign relations, has steadily gone on; notions of civil and political liberty and equality have been diffused more widely; and the effects thus wrought in the opinions of the people have been partially extended through them to their rulers and Governments.

Although nations are, in general, far more deeply influenced and powerfully controlled in their acts and measures of internal or external policy by motives and considerations which are entirely material and economic, rather than by those which are purely moral

or sentimental, and while, therefore, of the above-mentioned causes, those which are directly connected with trade and commerce, and the work of production, and the acquisition of wealth, and which thus promise a material prosperity, have contributed to the greatest extent in developing the universal public opinion of States, which is now so important a factor in the settlement of international relations; yet those other causes, that are purely ethical or intellectual, have also done, and are doing, much in shaping and consolidating the common sentiment of unity which has been so widely diffused.

This public opinion of nations, considered as organic societies of the populations which compose them, must be taken into account at the present day far more than ever before, and due allowance must be made for its operation and effect upon individual States and their Governments in determining their actions under any particular circumstances. It is important, therefore, to apprehend its exact nature, and the part which it actually accomplishes as a social force. That it does not alter the essential conception of the State, nor in the least derogate from the attributes of absolute sovereignty and independence, is shown at once by the simple fact that any nation and Government may entirely disregard and successfully resist its pressure, no matter how powerful and persistent; and there are no regular and efficient means provided for overcoming such resistance, and compelling obedience to the mandates of the common opinion and will. The obedience of a State is always a voluntary act, and may, if its Government sees fit, be refused; and there is for such a case no remedy provided as a part of the constituted order which can be resorted to with success.

When a dispute arises between two nations which they are unwilling to settle by negotiation and compact, they finally throw off the self-imposed yoke of regulations in respect to each other and appeal to force. The decision of the conflict in favor of one or the other

of the belligerents must depend in every case upon the possession of superior strength; the stronger must always win. This national strength, however, includes many different elements, some of which are physical and some purely moral—the advantageous position and conformation of the territory; a numerous population; a great accumulation of wealth; a general condition of material prosperity, with the ability to carry on the ordinary operations of production; a complete military organization, embracing a regular army and navy, and a preparation of the citizens for the performance of active duties in the field; and, which is sometimes the most important element of all, the universal faith of the people in the righteousness of their cause, the feeling of devotion to their own native land, and the spirit of resistance, and the power of long-continued endurance, which have occasionally rendered a weaker community successful in their struggle with an enemy superior in all the resources of mere physical power. Still, it must be conceded that at the present day, as warfare has become so much a matter of science, and as the destructiveness of firearms has been increased so greatly, the result depends almost entirely upon the possession of material energies; in other words, money rather than personal valor is the essential requisite of modern warfare. As the commencement of war is in general a voluntary act of the belligerents, so also is its close. Occasionally one party is completely subjugated, and its separate national existence is destroyed, and its territory and population are incorporated with those of the conqueror, so that the conflict ends, because all resistance has ceased; but these instances are comparatively rare. In the great majority of cases, the contest continues until one of the belligerents deems it expedient to yield; and a peace is then arranged, with such demands on the one side and concessions on the other as the parties respectively agree to make and to grant. This is the true nature of war, stripped of all the illusions of romance. It does not furnish a single

security that the moral rights of one belligerent and duties of the other will be protected and preserved in the result; that the principles and doctrines of international law will be acknowledged and followed, or that justice and equity will be promoted. Even the opportunities, or rather chances, for a weaker State to be successful in a righteous quarrel through the indomitable will, devotion, self-sacrifice, and endurance of its people have been greatly lessened, if not entirely removed, by the vast improvements in all offensive weapons and by the enormous military organizations and preparations made in all the larger countries of Continental Europe; so that now, more than ever before, victory must be on the side of purely military strength.

It is indisputable that from the earliest recorded times, perhaps as long ago as the twelfth century, and certainly from the date of the *Consolato del Mar* and the Black Book of the Admiralty, it was the right and practice of belligerent cruisers at sea to stop and examine the papers of every vessel, “and if anything of suspicion be found in such vessels that the goods therein do belong to the enemies, the said vessels, with their masters and governours, as also the goods in them, shall be brought before the admirall, and if they be found there that they be honest merchants and friends without suspicion of colour, the goods shall be restored to them without damage, otherwise they shall be seized with their goods and ransomed as the maritime law doth will and require.”—(“Black Book of the Admiralty,” edited by Sir Travers Twiss, for the Collection of the Master of the Rolls, vol. 1, p. 29.) For at least four centuries the right to seize enemy’s goods on neutral vessels, and consequently to stop and search neutral vessels for that purpose, was the universal practice of naval warfare, except only in the cases in which the right had been waived by special treaty and privilege.

“I believe it cannot be doubted,” said the President of the United States on the outbreak of the French Revolutionary war, “but that by the general

Law of Nations the goods of a friend found in the vessel of an enemy are free; and the goods of an enemy found in the vessel of a friend are lawful prize." The whole chain of authority in the books establishes this proposition, and it was and is perfectly competent to the Admiralty Courts of any State (not bound by special agreement) to take their stand upon so venerable a tradition. The old traditional law of the sea was unquestionably that to which the Declaration of Paris in 1856 is diametrically opposed.

The Declaration of Paris, signed in April, 1856, by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in congress at Paris, by which it was agreed between the contracting parties as follows:

1. Privateering is and remains abolished.

2. The neutral flag covers enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

3. Neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag.

4. Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective, that is to say, maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that, of all the countries of the world, England has by far the greatest interest in maintaining the independence of her mercantile flag in time of war, and the safety of the property afloat, whether under another flag or her own. England has almost as many merchant vessels trading to every part of the globe as all the other maritime States put together. Her own property *in transitu* on the ocean is enormous. She also carries a very large amount of merchandise for foreign owners. Her colonies are scattered over every part of the globe, and the Colonial trade and navigation is carried on, like that of these islands, under the British flag. It is therefore of paramount importance to us that in the event of war, whether we are neutral or belligerents,

our commerce should be exposed to as little interruption and peril as possible. The modern policy of England is to maintain, as far as possible, a strict neutrality when war breaks out between foreign States, unless her own rights and interests are concerned or attacked. During the wars of the last forty years British neutrality has been successfully maintained. In each of these conflicts it would have been competent to the belligerent Powers, but for the Declaration of Paris, if they had thought proper to exercise the ancient belligerent rights; to arm and commission privateers; to stop and search every British vessel on the seas; to take out of them any enemy's property found on board; to intercept the service of our mail packets all over the world in search of prohibited articles and correspondence, and to inflict on us as neutrals an incredible amount of loss and annoyance.

Count Sclopis, President of the Geneva Arbitration Tribunal, in his address said: "The meeting of this tribunal is in itself an indication that a new direction has been given to the ideas which govern the policy of nations the most advanced on the path of civilization. We have reached an epoch in which a spirit of moderation and a sentiment of equity begin in the elevated sphere of politics to prevail over the tendencies of an ancient routine at once arbitrary and insolent, and over a culpable indifference to the causes that lead to wars and misfortunes. This grand epoch, which places the interests of humanity above those of policy, is the aim toward which every great intelligence and every generous heart turns in times like these with instinctive sympathy. With what joy must one recognize the fulfilment of those wishes so nobly expressed by the Congress of Paris in 1856, that States, between which there existed a serious cause of disagreement, before having recourse to arms, should, as far as circumstances permitted, submit their differences to the friendly offices of neutral Powers. What excellent effects have already resulted from the declaration of the same Congress re-

garding the abolition of practices tending to diminish respect for private property. Finally, we cannot on this spot forget that Convention of Geneva, which has placed under the special protection of international law the generous impulse of charity upon the field of battle."

Among the difficulties which surround the study and impede the utility of international law, especially in its bearing on questions of private commerce, are, in the first place, the unsettled character of many of its doctrines, and next the obstacles which in many cases present themselves in giving practical effect to the decisions of its tribunals, whether they are mixed Commissions or regularly constituted Courts of Prize. The codification of international law has long been felt to be desirable, and among those writers who have given their best studies to this science the desire is the strongest. The Declaration of Paris of 1856 showed the world that on some very important points there can be a general, if not a universal, agreement of Christian States. But suppose the Law of Nations to be codified, and this code to be generally received, can we hope that all the wars of nations will forthwith cease? No sound-minded man can hope so much. Before that consummation shall arrive, the ambitions, resentments, dynastic interests of kings must be held in check by the power of the people who pay taxes and do the fighting; the rivalries, arrogance, mutual hatred of nations must be forgotten, and the peaceful interests of all countries holding commercial relations with one another must become even greater than they are now. Add to this that the codification of international law will, no more than that of municipal law, be so clear as to prevent all ambiguities, and that new points must arise in the progress of society which will require supplemental legislation or new interpretation. Unless, then, with the code there are provisions made for its application and explanation, new quarrels and possibly new wars would grow out of the terms

themselves in which the code is expressed.

In conclusion, let us make a few remarks concerning the present struggle. America and Spain issued their declarations of war, but these declarations do not seem to possess any high importance. Spain had already declared that a state of war followed upon certain diplomatic steps taken by the United States, and the world was aware that the capture of the *Buenaventura*, together with the blockade of Havana by the American fleet, were acts of war which spoke more forcibly than any declaration. The custom of making a declaration of war to the enemy previous to the commencement of hostilities is of great antiquity. But in olden days the declarations were of a very formal nature. Most of the wars of the seventeenth century began without declaration, though in some cases declarations were issued during their continuance. There is, however, nothing in international jurisprudence as now practised to render a formal declaration obligatory, and the present usage entirely dispenses with it.

War was formally declared by England to Russia before the Crimean War in 1854; by Austria to Italy in 1866; by France to Prussia in 1870; by Serbia to Turkey in 1876; and by Turkey to Russia in 1877. It not unfrequently happens that warlike intentions are proclaimed by other preliminaries than manifestoes or declarations, as, for instance, by the recall of ambassadors, by the tender of an ultimatum, or by peremptory language followed by hostile acts. The United States in the present war declared not only that war exists, but that it had existed since April 21, including that day. This retrospective action may furnish some agreeable subjects of argument to the professors of international law, but its immediate and practical effect would seem to be extinction of all hope that the vessels captured before the declaration may be released.

Spain and the United States, although not signatories to the Declaration of Paris of 1856, which prohibits

privateering, yet have declared that they will abide by that Declaration, Spain, however, reserving to herself the right, if she sees fit, to issue letters of marque.

England issued her proclamation of neutrality identical with previous proclamations issued in 1866, in 1870, and in 1877, so far as regards all the main obligations of neutrality. It differed from its predecessors only in making it more clear than before that those obligations were imposed upon all Her Majesty's subjects in the colonies and dependencies of the Empire as well as upon the people of Great Britain. The proclamation made no attempt to define contraband of war, and in particular added nothing to the elucidation of the question whether coal is contraband. Whether coal be contraband or not, the supply of coal to the ships of the belligerents in the ports of the Empire is regulated with great minuteness, in common with all other stores and provisions. "No ship of war of either belligerent shall hereafter be permitted, while in any such port, roadstead, or waters subject to the territorial jurisdiction of Her Majesty, to take in any supplies, except provisions and such other things as may be requisite for the subsistence of her crew, and except so much coal only as may be sufficient to carry such vessel to the nearest port of her own country or to some nearer destination; and no coal shall again be supplied to any such ship of war in the same or any other port, roadstead, or waters, subject to the territorial jurisdiction of Her

Majesty without special permission until after the expiration of three months from the time when such coal may have been last supplied to her within British waters as aforesaid."

Some people are under the impression that neutrals cannot trade with either of the belligerents. This is a mistake. Neutral individuals can, without affecting the neutrality of the State to which they belong, trade just as usual with the enemy, with the one exception of contraband goods. International law does not even prohibit them trading in contraband, but it gives the right to the other belligerent of confiscating the contraband goods on their way to their enemy, if they are able to do so, and in certain cases of seizing the ship of a neutral. A belligerent has the right by the Law of Nations of stopping a neutral ship on the high seas, and searching her to see if she is carrying contraband goods. Since the Declaration of Paris of 1856, enemy's goods on board a neutral ship are free, with the exception of contraband of war, and in like manner neutral goods on board an enemy's ship are free, with the exception, of course, of contraband of war. This alteration in the old maritime law is a marked advance. The maritime law has in many points been greatly improved of recent years by conventions and treaties, and possibly the struggle which is now going on between these nations may, when the war is over, be the cause of still further improvements in the laws of maritime warfare.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE DREAD OF DEATH.

THE dread of death which is experienced by almost all men and women is *per se* a natural and healthy sign. "I am never tired of saying," Dr. Goodhart tell us, "because I am sure it is as true as it is comforting, although in opposition to the general belief, that death has no terrors for the sick man. To the living and healthy man it is quite otherwise, but

the sick man upon whom Death lays his hand pales gently and imperceptibly out of life." The man who is well dreads death so keenly, if he is of a nature to reflect on the matter at all, in obedience to a natural physical instinct. It is the very law of his being to live, and in obedience to that law he resists not only death but the very thought of death. He sets himself against it heart

and soul and recoils from it by a natural impulse. His power of will, inspired by such emotions as love for others, patriotism, the sense of duty or honor, may overcome the dread of death and triumph over the need to live, but the fact that there are plenty of mental impulses too strong for the dread of death does not alter the fact that as long as we are capable of living we desire to live, and desire it intensely. As a rule, when men do not dread death at all, and quietly resign themselves to it, not in obedience to any higher call, but merely because it has not terrors for them, we may be sure that they are doomed. The Marquesas Islanders, for example, meet death halfway. Their talk is, or was when Mr. Stevenson visited them, of burial and the tomb. Their thoughts were turned to the grave. But the race was rapidly dying out. Their willingness to die and the lack of any dislike to death were signs of the fate that was overtaking them. The man who can say, "Though I dread death like other men, I will not fear to undergo it for a great cause," is a hero. He who says truly, "Death may come when it will, I mind it no more than the thought of entering another room," may not be ill in mind, but he can hardly be sane of body.

It may seem at first sight as if this universal dread of death in healthy and normal human beings living under normal conditions involved a certain divine cruelty. Why should men be tortured by the dread of death since death is inevitable? Could not God have spared us that intolerable and purposeless agony? That is a not unnatural questioning of the rebellious spirit. Yet a little reflection will show that it is a very absurd criticism of the ways of God toward man. Granted that it is the will of God that we shall remain on earth and live our appointed lives there, it is essential that mankind should feel the dread of death. Without that dread the world could hardly remain peopled. The dread of death is to the soul what the law of gravity is to the body; it anchors us to the earth. Without that dread to weigh us down

and keep us to the globe, half mankind would be driven by curiosity by the love of change, by the dread of ennui, by what Bacon calls "niceness and satiety," to push open the closed door and see what is beyond. Children and a few very happily and easily pleased people might perhaps say they would not explore further, and that they were perfectly content with things as they are.

"Your chilly stars I can forego.

This kind warm earth is all I know."

That, however, would only be the aspiration of the few; with the mass of mankind it would certainly be otherwise. We know that among the cultivated men and women of the later Roman Empire suicide became a sort of moral epidemic. The fashionable Stoic doctrines, acting on a race which had begun to degenerate and decline, and to lose its grip on life, killed the dread of death, and men left the world for a whim, "only on the thought to do the same thing over and over again." The Christian doctrine that self-slaughter is a sin did not affect them, and the notion that there is something base in quitting one's post was not yet born. Dryden in one of his dramas contrasts finely the feeling about suicide of the ancient and the modern world. The Romans, he says, might "discharge their souls" and give them leave to enter the other world—

"But we like sentries are compelled to stand
'Neath starless skies and wait the appointed
hour."

The present writer quotes from memory and may have unwittingly injured the pomp and majesty of Dryden's matchless rhythm, but that is the sense of the passage. The Christian feeling about suicide is, in truth, only the translation into the moral law of the behest which is imposed by the physical law of our being. It, as it were, explains and emphasizes the teaching of our instincts. And it was necessary so to emphasize the meaning of the dread of death, for Christianity is perpetually enjoining on us the need for overcoming the animal self, and teaching us how to subdue the bodily instincts. Had we not also been warned

not to carry the consequences of victory to all their logical conclusions, we might have felt free to leave the earth at will. But as we have said, we must, if we are not materialists, grant that he who placed us here meant us to remain. In thus explaining, and as it were defending, the dread of death, we must not fall into the error of appearing to favor cowardice at the expense of courage. In truth, courage is not the opposite or antithesis of fear. The brave man as often as not dreads death as much as his fellows. He is brave not because he is without their feelings, but because he possesses a higher power, which completely masters and controls the dread of death. Those, indeed, who cannot bring themselves to believe in the existence of danger, and there are a few such men, are certainly not so brave as the men who, realizing and feeling the danger, meet it unflinchingly. In spite of the fact that the dread of death is natural, and in a sense necessary, it is incumbent on all men to learn how to subdue the dread of death not so much by eradicating it as by cultivating stronger and nobler feelings, and feelings capable of holding it, if needful, in check. Impressed by the Christian prohibition of suicide, they will not use the victory over the dread of death to leave their posts, but at the same time they will be able to face the fear of death in order to do their duty. The dread of death is a natural passion, and one which the good citizen will, like other natural passions, hold in check and curb rather than attempt to utterly root up and destroy.

Possibly it will be said that we have made too much of the dread of death, and have treated as universal something which thousands condemn and despise by their very calling. How

could there be armies and wars if all men went in the fear of death? Surely there is a fallacy here. The dread of death is, we take it, present in armies as in bodies of civilians. What the men who fight have conquered is not the dread of death, but the dread of the special risks of war. War is not an occupation in which death is certain, but only one in which the percentage of risk is greatly raised. We dread death, yet when we cross a crowded thoroughfare we voluntarily multiply our risks a hundred per cent. The soldier does the same, only on a larger scale. The dread of death in an army is apparent enough when men are asked to do something which is certain death. As long as death is only a risk men do not mind, even though the risk is very high. When death is a certainty they must be great heroes and great patriots to take it. That is the fact viewed in the abstract. In practice, however, soldiers who have become accustomed to going into battle and coming out alive and well get unable to believe in the certainty of death, and hold that though the thing looks impossible, they will come out alive. Nor must we forget the sense of duty, which more quickly and effectively than anything else kills the dread of death. The fact that a soldier is ordered to charge subdues the dread of death, and banishes it until the order has been executed. In truth, the soldier would not merit half the praise and honor he receives if he did not feel the dread of death. It is because he triumphs over it at the call of duty, and not because he does not feel it, that he gains our gratitude and admiration. The man who would as soon be killed as not has sacrificed little to his country in storming the ridge or leading the forlorn hope.—*Spectator*.

THE MICROBE IN AGRICULTURE.

BY C. M. AIKMAN.

AMONG the sciences astronomy might formerly have been regarded as the one which most strikingly appealed to the imagination of the public; it may be doubted, however, whether astronomy is still first favorite. It has, at any rate, a formidable rival in bacteriology—the science of that infinitely minute life which, as recent research has shown, is everywhere so abundant. Astronomy, it is true, may impress our minds in a more profound manner by the conception it presents of the vastness of the universe; yet the marvels and mysteries of the micro-organic life of our globe are certainly little less impressive. That in an area not larger than a penny-piece we may have a minute world as densely populated as Europe itself, with its three hundred and fifty millions, is surely no less calculated to excite our wonder than the conception of the enormous dimensions of those vast worlds, so far removed from our planet, which it is the province of astronomy to describe.

The extreme minuteness of bacteria, their ubiquity, the rapidity with which they reproduce themselves, the enormous importance of the functions they perform, and their rôle as propagators of many of the deadly diseases which afflict humanity, all serve to invest them with the deepest interest. There is, for the human mind, an intense fascination in the study of these “invisible friends and foes,” which are present, in their teeming millions, in the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, and in the soil beneath our feet; and on whose action our comfort, our health, and even our very existence itself may be said to depend.

The strides which our knowledge of bacteriology has made within recent years are well known to all. Not merely has the ubiquitous microbe been shown to be a potent agent in the propagation of disease; it is being demonstrated, more and more every year, to

be implicated in many industrial processes of the most diverse nature. Bacteriology has already done much to revolutionize not a few of our large industries, and it bids fair to revolutionize many more. Among processes in which microbes play an important part may be mentioned the fermentative industries, so widespread in extent and involving such an enormous amount of capital. Any one who has even the most elementary knowledge of brewing knows of what assistance a knowledge of bacteriology has proved to the brewer. Alcohol, in whatever form it occurs, is the product of minute life; hence the light which the study of the nature and habits of alcohol-producing microbes is able to throw on its manufacture is great. Again, such a widely used article as vinegar is another product of microbe life; while in such industries as tobacco, linen, jute, hemp, leather, citric acid, opium, indigo, and many others, bacterial life is more or less implicated. There are also certain processes in Nature—of such importance that the continuity of vegetable and animal life may be said to be dependent on them—that are caused by the agency of germ life. Such are the processes of the decomposition and putrefaction of organic matter. Few people, probably, ever reflect on the significance of such processes in Nature's economy, or realize that these processes are the chief agencies at work in effecting that vast circulation of matter which is constantly going on. To grasp the true significance of this great law, it must be remembered that the total amount of matter on the earth's surface available for the formation of fresh animal and vegetable life is limited. Modern science has taught us that matter is not destroyed; all that can happen to it is change of form. It goes through a great variety of changes, it is true, but the sum total always remains the same. In effecting this great

cycle of change bacteria are every day being recognized to a greater extent as the most potent agents.

It is only just, therefore, to the much-maligned microbe to emphasize this highly beneficent rôle it performs, since in the popular mind it is chiefly associated with disease. Such a view is really most unfair to the useful microbe, which, after all, is ten thousand times more abundant than his pathogenic (or disease-producing) brother. Even with regard to disease-producing microbes it must be remembered that while they produce disease they have also furnished man, in the so-called *anti-toxines* they give rise to, with a means of defence against the very diseases they cause.

In this paper we purpose to attempt to show briefly how beneficent their action is in the greatest as well as the oldest of all human industries, agriculture. The article has been suggested by the announcement, which has recently been made, of a highly interesting development of agricultural bacteriology—viz., a further application of the practice of soil inoculation—a practice which was first introduced some two years ago.

Before, however, describing this latest development of agricultural bacteriology, reference may be made to some of the functions which the microbe has already been shown to perform in agriculture.

In the first place, it must be stated that the action of bacteria in agriculture is chiefly, if not almost wholly, beneficent. No doubt there are certain terrible diseases, affecting the live stock of the farm, which are due to germ life; but, on the other hand, the important services which they render in other departments of farming—more especially in what may be termed agriculture proper, *i.e.* the tillage of the soil and the growth of crops—must be held to far outweigh their inimical action.

Till recently the soil was wont to be regarded as exclusively composed of dead, inert matter; now we know better. Much of it, it is true, is composed of such matter; yet so intimately and

so inextricably is this inert matter permeated with microbic life that the soil can no longer be regarded as so much dead material. The truth of this may be illustrated by the statement that the abundance of this micro-organic life is such that it has to be reckoned in hundreds of millions per ounce of soil. What the various functions of this teeming microscopic life are we do not fully know as yet. Many of these minute denizens of the soil, however, have been proved to be the active agents in the putrefaction and decomposition of that organic matter which all soils contain in greater or less abundance, and for the original formation of which bacteria, as it has recently been shown, are probably responsible. To them the fertility of the soil is originally due: on their continued action the maintenance of that fertility also depends, since they elaborate, in a variety of ways, the food materials of the plant, converting it into forms suitable for assimilation.

As we have said, the soil is, in a sense, the product of their action through long ages. Till recently it was believed that a necessary condition of their development was the presence of organic matter. According, however, to an interesting discovery, made within the last few years, certain soil organisms, it has been shown, are able to subsist on a purely mineral diet. This latter class are of very wide occurrence, and are found even on bare rock surfaces.

The microbic inhabitants of the soil may be divided into different classes according to the nature of the products they give rise to. While many of them exercise an oxidizing action—some actually producing oxygen itself—by assimilating the organic matter and giving rise to carbonic acid and water, others exercise a reducing action. The former are beneficial to the processes of agriculture; the influence of the latter is distinctly inimical, as they cause a loss to the soil of that highly valuable fertilizing ingredient, nitrogen. We have, however, every reason to believe that the influence of this latter class is more than neutralized by the work

of a recently discovered type of microbe, whose function it is to enrich the soil by "fixing"—as it is technically called—the free nitrogen gas in the air, and thus render it available for the requirements of the plant.

Although we know as yet but little of the exact methods in which the decomposition of the material of the soil is effected, we have reason to believe that it is due to a highly interesting system of co-operation on the part of these minute soil workers. Wholesome are instrumental in initiating the first stages of decomposition, others carry on its development through successive stages.

The abundance of this minute life is, as has already been indicated, very great. It is, however, almost entirely limited to the surface portion of the soil, and its occurrence in abundance may be said to be confined to the first eighteen inches of soil, although bacteria have been found at much greater depths than that indicated. There are other factors which influence the development of microbic life in the soil, among them being its temperature, the amount of its moisture, and its physical and chemical condition.

A short description of some of these bacteria may now be given.

Those most abundant belong to the first class, viz. those exercising an oxidizing influence, and which give rise to such products as carbonic acid and water. The functions which such bacteria perform are very important, and their influence on plant growth cannot be well over-estimated. Carbonic acid is the most important solvent of the mineral matter of the soil, and by its help the roots of plants are enabled to absorb their food in suitable form. Owing to a variety of considerations, which it is impossible here to enter into, the supply of what is termed "available" (i.e. for the plant's needs) nitrogen in a soil is the factor which most largely determines its fertility; accordingly it is the organisms which have to do with the elaboration or fixation of this highly valuable plant food that possess most interest for the agriculturist.

Among these nitrogen bacteria a large and important class are implicated in the process known as nitrification.

Nitrogen occurs in the soil in different forms. It has for a number of years been held that it is only, however, when it is converted into nitric acid—or, more strictly speaking, nitrates—that it is available as a food for green-leaved plants. As by far the largest proportion of it exists in other forms, it is obvious that a process of conversion of these other forms into nitrates must go on in the soil. This process is known as *nitrification*. For long it was believed to be a purely chemical act; but in the year 1877 the important discovery was made that it was really the result of micro-organic action. Since then it has been made the subject of much research, with the result that we now know that the process takes place in several stages. Nitrogen in the organic form is first converted into ammonia compounds; these, in their turn, are converted into nitrites, a less highly oxidized form; while these last are finally converted into nitrates. All three stages in the process are effected by separate classes of bacteria, their joint action furnishing an excellent example of the principle of co-operation.

That such a process as nitrification takes place has long been known; indeed, considerable information had been collected regarding the conditions favorable to its development long before its connection with organic life had been surmised. The process had been used in the manufacture of that important constituent of gunpowder saltpetre.* Since, however, the discovery of its true nature has been made, the conditions favorable to its development have been studied much more closely; and as the outcome of this re-

* The most striking example of nitrification on a large scale is furnished by the Nitrate Fielos of Chili, which consist of gigantic deposits of impure nitrate of soda (*caliche*). The discovery of the true nature of the process of nitrification has thrown an interesting light on the question of the origin of these deposits. The present writer has discussed the question in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1892.

search great light has been thrown on the value of tillage operations in promoting soil fertility.

The nitrification bacteria belong to the oxidizing class. The first stage is effected by bacteria which are abundant in the air, in rain-water, and in the surface of the soil, and which flourish best at temperatures between 80 and 90 degrees Fahr. "To spherical corpuscles—the larger of which barely reach a diameter the thousandth of a millimetre, and the smaller ones being so minute as to be hardly discernible in photographs, although shown there with a surface one million times greater than their own"—is due the second stage in the process, the conversion of ammonia into nitrites. The third and final stage is effected by ferments on an average four times as minute as those effecting the second stage. A peculiar interest attaches to the two last-mentioned classes of bacteria—which have been respectively called *nitrosomonas* and *nitrobaeter*—inasmuch as they differ from all hitherto discovered bacteria. For the purposes of isolating them it was found necessary to cultivate them in a purely *mineral* medium. This statement derives its significance from the fact that it is subversive of what has hitherto been regarded as a fundamental law of vegetable physiology, viz. that the power of deriving carbon from a purely mineral source is alone possessed by green-leaved plants.

Space does not permit of the description of the various conditions which influence this interesting and, from the economic point of view, highly important process. It must suffice here to say that temperature and moisture are among the most important. The process takes place most rapidly in warm weather, a fact which may be held to explain partly the superior fertility of the soil in tropical countries. Rarely in such a climate as our own are the heat conditions at their maximum favorable point. Whenever the temperature approaches freezing-point the process ceases. Moisture is also a most important factor—the absence of water in the soil or an excess of it being equally

unfavorable. The limitation of their occurrence to the superficial layers of the soil is due to the fact that the bacteria effecting the process require for their abundant development a plentiful supply of air. It is on this account that they are not found in water-logged soils. Their susceptibility to poisonous substances, such as certain compounds of iron (compounds which are apt to be produced when the soil is not properly aerated), and to sulphur compounds, serves to explain more clearly than was previously realized the inimical action of such a body as gas-lime.

And here a very interesting practical question presents itself. Since the fertility of a soil may be said to depend, to no small extent, on the abundance of these nitrifying ferments, is it possible, it may be asked, in the case of a soil which from some cause or another may have had its valuable microbial life killed out, to re-seed the soil? To this it may be answered that numerous experiments have demonstrated in a striking manner the value of inoculating a sterile soil with nitrifying bacteria. This has been effected by strewing over the soil material—such as an old garden soil—rich in nitrifying ferments. Indeed, there can be little doubt that the value of farm-yard manure, to a certain extent, may be ascribed to the fact that it supplies the soil with abundance of such organisms. But the principle of soil inoculation has been more systematically worked out in the case of other classes of organisms, viz. those which fix the free nitrogen of the air.

The discovery of this type of microbial life in certain excrescences or nodules on the roots of leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, etc., was made in the year 1886; and it has since been discovered that quite a number of different kinds of organisms are implicated in the process. Indeed, it seems highly probable that each different kind of leguminous plant has its own special kind of ferment. These invade the roots from the soil, giving rise to the formation of nodules, where they multiply with great rapidity and

stimulate the growth of the plant cell. Three stages in the process may be defined. The first is that during which the bacteria live as parasites at the expense of the plant cell. Gradually, however, the struggle for existence becoming very intense, they are converted into a passive state, and the cells are filled with bacterium-like bodies. The plant then absorbs the contents of the nodules. We know comparatively little, as yet, of the exact mode in which the nitrogen is fixed. That the process is the result of the joint action of the bacterium and the plant, and is an example of what is technically known as *symbiosis*, is, however, clear.

We have said that the significance of this discovery is great. For one thing, it points to a very important method of economically enriching our soils with nitrogen. It has also thrown great light on the reason of the beneficial results of certain practices long in vogue among agriculturists, such as the rotation of crops, and more especially the long-observed extraordinary capacity of certain leguminous crops, such as clover, for obtaining nitrogen—a fact which had been noticed as early as the time of the Romans. But what, from the economical point of view, is even more important is, that it suggests to the future agriculturist a mode of enriching the soil in nitrogen which possesses many advantages over the present custom of using expensive nitrogenous fertilizers. This consists in the inoculation of the soil with pure cultures of nitrogen-fixing bacteria. Already two important steps have been taken in the development of this method or of inoculation on a practical scale. Two years ago Professors Nobbe of Tharand, a distinguished authority on plant physiology, as the result of lengthened researches on the subject, took out a patent for the preparation of pure cultures of the different nitrogen-fixing bacteria of leguminous crops; and such pure cultures, known under the name of *nitragin*, have been during that period manufactured on a commercial scale by a large German chemical firm. These pure cultures are sent out in little vials, each vial containing suf-

ficient of the pure culture for the inoculation of an acre of soil. Evidence is yet wanting to show how far such inoculation on a practical scale has been accompanied with success. Many small experiments, however, have demonstrated its value in a striking manner.

Within the last month or two a further development has been witnessed in the introduction by Herr Caron of Ellenbach, a German landed proprietor, of another bacterial culture in similar form and prepared by the same German firm. This new preparation is known as *alinite*, and is designed for inoculating the soil with another class of nitrogen-fixing bacteria, and is recommended for use in connection with the other great class of agricultural crops, viz. grain crops; so that we have now pure cultures suitable for use in the case of all the common agricultural crops. From researches carried out by Dr. Stocklasa of Prague, it would appear that *alinite* consists of a pure culture of the *bacillus megatherium*.

The mode in which these pure cultures are applied to the soil is simplicity itself. It consists either in inoculating the seed of the crop, which is to be sown, with the culture by immersing it in a watery solution of the culture; or in inoculating the soil, which may be most conveniently done by mixing a quantity of sifted dry soil with the pure culture and spreading this over the fields. When we reflect that in a vial barely a couple of inches in length and less than a quarter of an inch in diameter there may be contained the means of enriching an acre of ground in its most valuable of all fertilizing constituents we realize the great advantage such a process possesses over the more costly and troublesome mode of strewing large quantities of artificial manure. It must not, however, be concluded that this interesting application of bacteriological methods in agricultural practice is beyond its experimental stage. The evidence in support of the practical value of *alinite* is almost nil, while that in favor of *nitragin* is still of a very

meagre order. An obvious criticism, and one which has been already urged with considerable show of reason regarding such artificial inoculation, is to be found in the following consideration: The occurrence of nitrogen-fixing bacteria in the soil may be taken for granted to be universal. In soils where such bacteria do not freely develop there must be certain unfavorable conditions present. This being so, it may be doubted whether the simple introduction of pure cultures of such bacteria will have the desired effect. If the naturally occurring nitrogen-fixing bacteria do not develop in such a case, why should those artificially introduced have a better fate? It may, therefore, be suggested that perhaps

greater practical benefits may result from a study of the conditions favorable for the development of such nitrogen-fixing organisms, with a view of inducing such conditions in the soil, than from their application in the above-described manner. Whatever the value of this practical application of bacteriological methods to soil cultivation may turn out to be, the mere fact of such a development marks an epoch in agricultural science, and cannot fail to possess the highest interest for all intelligent agriculturists.

The discussion of the question of the functions of the microbe in dairying would require more space than is available, and must be postponed to a future article.—*Nineteenth Century*.

FORTUITOUS DISCOVERY.

THE accepted principle of necessity being the mother of invention is, like man another maxim, misleading, and would be more accurately rendered by substituting for invention the word contrivance or device. The true meaning of the Latin *invenire* is to come or stumble upon by chance, and in this sense accident alone can claim legal parentage over any fortuitous discovery. Many things of the greatest service to the world in general owe their origin entirely to chance. The rubbing of a piece of amber "evoked," to use Faraday's words, "an invisible agent which has done for mankind far more wonderful things than the genie of Aladdin did or could have done for him;" the upforcing of the lid of a cooking vessel discovered the marvelous power of steam, and the falling of an apple from its parent stem demonstrated the law of natural attraction. The simple swinging to and fro of a suspended lamp gave birth to the application of the pendulum, to which the precision of modern astronomy owes so much; while the finding of the natural magnet loadstone "did more," said the grave philosopher John Locke, "for the supplying and increase of so-

cial commodities than those who built workhouses."

The manufacture of gunpowder, according to Sainte Foix, was thus revealed. An Augustinian monk, Berthold Schwartz, having put a composition of sulphur and saltpetre in a mortar, it took fire, and the stone that covered it was blown off with great violence, which accident led the chemist to think it might be used to much advantage in attacking fortified places. He accordingly added to it a quantity of charcoal to render it more apt to take fire and increase combustion.

Lead shot are attributed to a Bristol plumber, who, one night about the year 1783, "had a dream which was not all a dream," that he was out in a shower of molten lead, which fell in the form of spherical drops. His curiosity being aroused, he went next day to the top of a church and poured some melted lead into a vessel of water lying below. To his great delight, he found that the lead had gathered into beautifully formed globular balls, and he at once took out a patent.

The inference that glass was discovered by accident is strengthened by the fact that it is scarcely possible to

excite a fire to sufficient heat for metallurgical operations without vitrifying parts of the bricks or stones of the furnace.

A Nuremberg glasscutter happened to let some aquafortis fall upon his spectacles, and noticed that the glass was corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. Taking the hint, he made a liquid, then drew some figures upon a piece of glass, covered them with varnish, applied his corroding fluid, and cut away the glass round his drawing. When he removed the varnish the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground; and etching upon glass was added to the ornamental arts.

According to common report, mezzotinto engraving was suggested by a soldier being observed one morning to rub off the barrel of his musket the rust it had contracted from exposure to the previous night's dew. The observer—whether Prince Rupert or not is one of the doubts of history—perceived on examination that the dew had left on the surface of the steel a number of very minute holes, giving the appearance of a dark engraving, part of which had been here and there already rubbed away by the soldier. He therefore conceived the idea that it would be practicable to find a way of covering a plate of copper with little holes, which, being inked and laid upon paper, would undoubtedly produce a black impression; while, by scraping away in different degrees such parts of the surface as might be required, the paper would be left white where there were no holes. Pursuing this thought, after various experiments, he invented a kind of steel roller covered with teeth, which, being pressed against the copper plate, indented it in the desired manner. The roughness thus occasioned had only to be scraped down where necessary in order to produce any gradation of shade.

One day nearly three hundred years ago, a poor optician was working in his shop in the town of Middelburg, in the Netherlands, his children helping him or amusing themselves with the tools and objects lying about, when suddenly his little girl exclaimed: "Oh papa, see how near the steeple comes!"

Anxious to learn the cause of the child's amazement, he turned toward her, and saw that she was looking through two lenses, one held close to her eye, the other at arm's length; and calling her to his side, he noticed that the eye lens was plano-concave, while the other was plano-convex. Taking the two glasses, he repeated his daughter's experiment, and soon discovered that she had chanced to hold the lenses apart at the proper focus, thus producing the wonderful effect that she observed. His quick wit saw in this a wonderful discovery, and he at once set about making use of his new knowledge of lenses. Ere long he had fashioned a tube of pasteboard, in which he set the glasses at their proper focus, and so the telescope was invented.

The following year, 1609, Galileo, while in Venice, heard of the discovery; and, being greatly struck with the importance of such an instrument, soon discovered the principle of lenses in a shifting tube, and made a telescope for his own use. To having been the first astronomer in whose hands so valuable a gift was placed, Galileo owed both his reputation and persecution.

Among the many traditions concerning William Lee and the stocking-frame is one that he was expelled from the university for marrying, and that, being very poor, his wife was obliged to contribute toward the housekeeping by knitting. It was while watching the motion of her fingers that he conceived how to imitate those movements by a machine.

Arkwright accidentally derived the idea of spinning by rollers from seeing a red-hot bar elongated by being passed between two rollers.

The ordinary practice of taking a bath solved for Archimedes the question of how to test the purity of the gold in Hiero's crown. He observed that when he stepped into a full bath the quantity of water which overflowed was equal to the bulk of his body, and it occurred to him that the worth of the crown might be tested by such means. He thereupon made two masses of the same weight as the crown, one

of gold, the other of silver, and immersed them separately in a vessel filled to the brim, measuring exactly the quantity of water that overflowed in each case. Having found by this means what measure of the fluid answered to the quantity of each metal, less in the case of the gold than of the silver—the bulk of the former being less, weight for weight—he next immersed the crown itself, and found that it caused more water to overflow than the gold, but less than the silver. Having found the difference between the two masses of pure gold and silver, in certain known proportions, he was able to compute the real quantity of each metal in the crown, and thus discovered the fraud that had been practised on the king, to whom he hurried, exclaiming, “Eureka! Eureka!” (“I have found it! I have found it!”), an exclamation that has ever since been used to express exultation over a discovery.

Coming down now to our own time, the account of the discovery of saccharine, one of the numerous by-products of the gas-maker's refuse, whose sweetness is three hundred times more intense than that of cane-sugar, reads almost like a romance.

Dr. Fahlberg had entered the Johns Hopkins University in America in order to devote himself exclusively to a study of the chemistry of coal-tar derivatives. Some months had passed, when one evening at tea-time he detected an intensely sweet flavor upon his bread and butter. He traced the sweetness to his fingers, to his hands, and to his coat-sleeves; and it dawned upon him that it must have been derived from one of the new compounds which he had that day succeeded in producing. He promptly returned to his laboratory and tasted the contents of every vessel with which he had been working. His idea was correct. One of his beakers contained the sweet material.

Those who are conversant with the fascinating philosophy of Bishop Berkeley may remember the following passage in his “Siris,” which, read by the light of present knowledge and the imposing list of valuable substances—oils,

dyes, perfumes, flavorings, febrifuges, etc.—now obtained in the process of coal-tar distillation, is almost prophetic: “The virtues of tar-water flowing, like the Nile, from a secret and occult source, brancheth into innumerable channels, conveying health and relief wherever it is applied.”

Professor Röntgen came upon his marvelous X-rays—which have opened out new fields of research in physical science, besides being of far-reaching practical utility in surgery and other departments—quite by chance. He was experimenting in the dark with a Crookes vacuum tube, which was covered with some sort of cloth. A strong electric current was passed through it, while close by was some prepared photographic paper, but no camera. Next day he noticed several lines on this paper for which he could not account. By restoring everything to exactly the same condition as on the preceding day, he was able to ascertain the real origin of these mysterious marks. It is curious that Shakespeare should have written in “Hamlet:”

“Sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.”
ACT III., SC. 4.

There is a pathetic story, perhaps not generally known, concerning one who anticipated Daguerre, Fox Talbot, and all other experimenters in solving the problem of fixing the fleeting image of the camera. While half the Academy of Sciences in Paris were struggling with the difficulty, a poorly-clad, half-famished-looking lad left a plate at the shop of Chevalier, the optician, on the Quai de l'Horloge, which proved that he had succeeded where all others had failed. He promised to return next day and show how the victory had been obtained. But from that hour to this he was never seen. Probably he fell sick and was buried in a pauper's grave, and the world will never know the name of the first professor of sun-picturing, or the details of its earliest romance.

“I was singing,” says Mr. Edison, “to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibration of the voice sent the

fine steel point into my finger. That set me thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward, I saw no reason why the thing should not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words 'Halloa! halloa!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Halloa! halloa!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what

I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

Though the examples here given by no means exhaust the roll of accidental revelation, they suffice to show that invention—to use the word in its now generally accepted sense—must be preceded by discovery, in the same way as production is a *sine quâ non* of manufacture. In each case nature provides the material, leaving the execution to the genius, art, and subtlety of man.—*Chambers's Journal*.

POETRY, POETS, AND POETICAL POWERS.

BY JUDIUS.

"POET" is a word which naturally reminds us of the names of Kalidas and Bhababhuti, Shakespeare and Milton, Goethe and Schiller, names dearer to us than anything we have ever known. Each one of these names instils in us a feeling of unalloyed love and affection for the great masters of poetry. We forget the thousands of miles that lie between our birthplace and theirs. We forget the centuries that stand in the way of our direct and palpable touch with them. No traces are to be found of the ages when these dear children of God came to us with their divine messages—for God's message comes to the world only through two sources, the pen of the poet and the mouth of the prophet—all have been submerged in the span of that great enemy of man called Time which divides us from them; but their names are a living memory; they stand before us delivering their heavenly message. Why is all this? That is a question which comes naturally to the mind of every lover of art, poetry, and literature. None of us have seen these great masters, the most perfect specimens of human genius. We should all give anything to see them. But how many of us should care to see that Kalidas who was striking with his axe on the root of that branch upon which he was sit-

ting, or that Shakespeare whose early genius was discerned in his skill as a deer-stealer? It is not that Kalidas, neither is it that Shakespeare, of whom we are enamored. The Kalidas who stealthily saw the first bloom of love in the heart of the lovely, simple-hearted girl Sakuntala; who made Sakuntala establish a relationship with a roe by adopting it as her child; who witnessed her take the dust off the eyes of her future lord with her lips; who in the thick of the forest saw and felt for the love pangs of young Sakuntala's heart, and gave her his sympathy—it is that Kalidas whom we long to see. It is that Shakespeare, to see whom we should give all our possessions of this mundane world, who bore witness to the sufferings of disappointment of young Hamlet—a prince indeed, and a prince of men; who witnessed the cruel assassination of guileless and loving Desdemona by Othello; who amply congratulated himself on having been able to mete out a condign punishment to the unfaithful, treacherous Lady Macbeth; who made Miranda confess that her ambition was humble because she had loved Ferdinand, the third person "she ever saw, and the first one she sighed for."

Speaking plainly, it is his poetry

that makes the name of the poet a dear one to us. If I am asked the question, What is poetry? I should say, "Tell me what is not poetry, and I will tell you what it is." It is easier to tell what poetry is when we know what it is not.

I will now attempt to make out what is not poetry. Byron has told us,

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won,"

and it is truly said that genuine poetical powers are discernible in these three lines. The question will be asked, What is that in these three lines which is poetry? They have rhyme; it is clear that the poet thinks slavery to be an undesirable bondage—a curse; the poet's love of freedom is also plain. Which one of the three things that we see in the lines is poetry? If a verse, simply for the sake of its rhyme and melody, comes to be recognized as poetry, I am afraid our great masters, Shakespeare and Milton, would have to rest contented with the appellation of mere versifiers or poetasters, and would have to retire from the contest to make room for some divine Muse like our present Poet-Laureate or the poet of Asia and of the World. We often call these advertisements, in perhaps unblemished rhyme, poetry, and more often their writers poets. Even sublime thoughts only are not poetry. If they were so, certainly Bacon and Spenser, Voltaire and Rousseau, Carlyle and Emerson should be among the great poets of the world, or the following lines of J. Q. Adams should make him a great poet:

"This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in Freedom's hallowed shade."

Adams's appreciation of freedom does not fall far short of Byron's, but that is a very poor reason why the former's four lines must be deemed as highly poetic as the three of the latter. It is difficult to establish a man's poetic powers even when in his verses there is a remarkable combination of perfect

rhyme, melodious versification, high thoughts, and regular figures. Many of my readers will disagree with me, and call it a fine piece of poetry where they find the presence of all these characteristics. I do not venture to say that the presence of these features is not material to the making up of poetry, but that we always lose sight of the chief essence of poetry, preferring the less essential ones, and this chief essence is what we call "emotions or passions." I shall be asked why is it that I prefer to call Byron's lines real poetry, and not those of Adams? What is present in Byron's three lines which is absent in the lines of Adams? There is rhyme in both. But there is one feature—a grand transcendental feature—in Byron's which we fail to find in Adams's. And that is Byron's emotion, his love of freedom. This love of freedom is not his opinion; it is not a scientifically proven truth to him; it is not a discovery; it is his passion. The strength of this passion is a clear evidence of his high poetic powers. Without this passion his lines are dry and insipid, anything but poetry. Every one of us has noticed on various occasions that the awakening of passionate eloquence of a true orator simultaneously awakens the emotions and passions in the minds of his audience. John Stuart Mill, that great connoisseur of human character, observed this very clearly. The great scholars and critics of ancient Sanskrit literature have also said that this passion is the real test of poetry. "*Bākyaṃ Rasātmakam Kāvyam*" (Passionate words are poetry). Poetry is a combination of thought with emotion. Poetry has, indeed, nothing to do beyond what I call emotion or passion. It is no business of poetry to lead us to a new system of thought; let science and philosophy do that; poetry undertakes to kindle in us new sentiments and new emotions as well as the dormant passions.

When we keep these characteristics of poetry clearly before us, to single out true and genuine poetry becomes easier. A study of what does not awaken in us a feeling of emotion is no

more poetry than Euclid's definition of a point or of an acute angle. The elegiac verse that fails to inspire in us a sense of affection and a feeling of deep sorrow is a poetry not worth the name. The lyric that cannot make us offer our deepest sympathy to the individual emotions of the poet is nothing short of versification. We have not unfrequently heard many a man of culture talk glibly about an author of some prose work being the happy possessor of poetic gifts, simply because, as it happens, it is impossible to make any improvement upon the beauty of his narrative. I have a serious quarrel with them. I fail to see why poetic powers must be necessary for arranging a story in prose or perfecting a narrative! Intelligence and imagination are all that is needful. Novels of this description are not poetry because they are mere narrative compositions, and as such are no part of what I call the emotions or passions of poetry. John Stuart Mill has told us that the period of our life, childhood, when the eagerness to hear stories and fables is most keen, is the period when our faculty to appreciate poetry is least developed. "Aesop's Fables," "Tales from the Arabian Nights," "Fairy Tales," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Adventures of Don Quixote" are the poetry of our childhood. Then we appreciate them more than Milton's "Lycidas" or Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Shelley's "Skylark" or Gray's "Elegy."

There is a popular belief that it is in childhood that we can study poetry with the greatest profit, because, as is said, it is then that we receive impressions quickest; and a study cannot fail to leave a deep and lasting impression upon us even though we may not appreciate it—as a matter of fact we do not. This is a wholly contradictory and erroneous belief. It seems difficult to understand how a study that has not been enjoyed because not appreciated can leave an impression upon any person. Impression without appreciation is a contradiction. It is erroneous also, because in childhood the first bud of those feelings and emotions upon which

alone poetry plays is yet unborn, much less taken shape. There are others who believe that a true poet must be gifted with the power of studying human nature, manners and customs, closely and accurately. This appears to be hardly anything like the qualification or a gift which the true poet must possess. Professor Edward was an admittedly great philosopher even though he could not tell his own horse from those of his friends. In like manner, it is perfectly reasonable that one completely ignorant of human nature, manners and customs, can be a poet too. Indeed, when I recall the fact that most poets have been utterly indifferent to human nature, human manners, and human desires, if not complete ascetics in regard to them, I might say without fear of contradiction that the exactly opposite view is nearer the truth. A knowledge of human nature is a qualification needful for the novelist, whose real art it is to paint truly human character, act and deed, whose real skill is in being able to describe graphically the feelings of others. Very different is the function of the poet. The novelist gives us a true picture of others besides himself, whereas the poet presents us with a picture of the waves and emotions of his own heart. For lack of incidents, which in his hands take the shape of a plot, the novelist is resourceless. But the poet cares no more for those indispensable materials of the novelist than he does for opinions opposed to the dictates of his imagination. He takes a handful of sawdust and makes a present of it to us a lump of gold. A formidably dark and gloomy night, an uninhabited desert or a thick forest, a solitary dilapidated castle or a superb palace, in them an exquisitely beautiful woman with all the charms and virtues that is in the power of the Almighty to bestow upon a dear child of His, these are some of the materials without which the novelist is ill at ease, without which his imagination cannot play, without which the sentimental feelings of the novel reader cannot be awakened. But the mere sight of the new cloud was the cause of an overflow of sentiments and

passionate emotions of Kalidas such as the world has never seen before or since. As a ploughman when tilling the land, the mere destruction of an ant-hill drove Burns mad with rambling thoughts, and these are what richly adorn some of the pages of true poetry. The mere sight of a lark caused Shelley to give us what all the novelists put together could not give. Descriptive verse is truly poetry when surcharged with emotions. The mere fact of a description being put in verse has perhaps the poorest claim to be poetry.

There are, again, some who believe that drama is poetry and the dramatist is a poet. It is difficult to believe that this is so. There must be an equipoise of narration and emotion in a drama. Mill said that the presence of a consummate narrative skill with an abundance of heart's feelings and passions in his dramas is what has made Shakespeare a most perfect poet, what has made us value his works so highly, is what has made them so dear to us. Take any of Shakespeare's great tragedies, and you see how the narrative becomes thicker and thicker as you read scene after scene and act after act, until it comes to that when every event sends a thrill in your heart, when its awakening influence is felt to be so powerful that our emotions cannot remain any longer dormant; and our awakened passions now make us weep with sorrow and sympathy, and now rage with passionate fury.

The question—Why should not an orator be regarded as a poet in the light of the test of the true poet and manifestations of poetry laid down here?—is not an unnatural one, looking to the fact that he too expresses the emotions, waves, and thoughts of his own mind, and what is more, kindles the passions and awakens the emotional thoughts of his hundreds and thousands of audience. What may then be the distinction between poetry and oratory? Nobody has ever uttered a truer word about poetry than John Stuart Mill, when he said that "oratory is heard, but poetry is overheard." The meaning suggested in this sentence is clear.

When the orator speaks, he begins with a consciousness of the presence of others before him, with a consciousness that he is speaking to them; but the poet, when beginning to write, is oblivious of the existence of any one in this world other than himself, he forgets that this world is peopled by anybody else. The orator takes pains to awaken and kindle the feelings in others by his eloquence, while the poet is anxious how best to express the thoughts of his own heart, to do which he starts with the idea that they do not concern anybody save himself. The first thought in the mind of the made poet, or one who falsifies the adage "A poet is born, not made," with his pen in his hand, is—how to write, what word to use that would be pleasing to the ear of man, delicious to his taste, enjoyable and delightful? and hence goes in quest of choice and suitable words, with the result that he partly succeeds in making his rhyme a soft and a tender one, but nothing more. The true poet is above all these troubles and exertions. He has no patience for it. All he attempts to do is to compose in that style and to use those words which in his opinion would delineate the truest picture of his own heart, by style and diction to make a mirror in which to see the clearest shadow of his own thoughts. Not unfrequently poverty of language prevents his passions from finding their fullest expression. But the thought which is distinct, which is clear, gives us a clue to the sublimity of a whole series of them that are not properly expressed. This is one of the many reasons why the composition of the true poet is more life-giving and exquisite, because he is able to express some of his thoughts clearly, and with regard to the rest is incapable of doing more than throwing a hint for us to find out what the whole is, just as a few strokes of the brush of the great artist give us an idea of how lovely and natural the picture would look when finished.

I have in the foregoing pages attempted to ascertain what poetry is. Now we shall try to find out who the poet is. This does not appear to be

a task at all difficult. The test of poetry is to all intents and purposes the test of the poet. If emotional words are poetry, undeniably then the composer, or one who is capable of composing those emotional words, is the poet. That is to say, one whose composition is pregnant with ardent and intense feelings of the heart, and a study of whose composition awakens in the reader all his stagnant and motionless passions, is the poet. It is difficult to disagree with Mill when he says that a poet, the study of whose poetry leaves us in doubt whether or not he is a true poet, is in all probability not one.

It is a common belief that God has endowed certain persons with certain powers are commonly called "poetic pose really good poetry. Nobody seems to have ever inquired into what these powers are or how they work. These powers are commonly called "poetic powers." It is said, "A poet is born, and no power on earth can deprive him of his gifts: one who is not a poet is not born so, and no amount of exertion can make him one." This is a very serious question. Those who do not admit the possibility of acquiring a second nature by habituating one's self to something, may ask that, placed under similar circumstances and training, why should it not be possible for every one of us to be a Shakespeare or a Kalidas? In a later part of this paper I shall make an attempt to decide the question. At present I shall draw the attention of the reader to two things. We have known persons eager for a poetic fame. Their one and only subject of conversation is poetry, poetic powers, merits and demerits of a poet, and so on; their delight is to compose poems, and, if favored by fortune's smiles, they do not hesitate at all to publish their poems in book form. It is indeed a pity that none save themselves are found to appreciate their writings, and the real genius of their own powers is discerned by themselves only. Again, we have known persons who write poems occasionally, very occasionally, and sometimes it is a most annoying task to make them write one,

and these have never been known to have given anything but the most blissful delight to their readers. The excellence of their thoughts and the beauty of their rhyme could not have failed to impress upon them. This certainly tends to support the theory that a "poet is born." On the other hand, we have known persons who at one period of their life showed no poetic powers so called, but have done so at a later one, and that of a perfect type. Kalidas is a glorious illustration of this latter theory. It is certainly past the imagination of man that the hand that wrote "Ritusamhara," "Vikramorvasi," or "Malavikagni," was capable of composing "Sakuntala," "Meghduta," or "Kumâra." They are as unlikely the compositions of the same hand as "Malatimadhava," or "Viracharita" as compared to "Uttararama-charita" are those of Bhababhuti's. Both Milton and Cowper stand arm in arm with Kalidas and Bhababhuti. Of Milton it is said by one of his critics that he "was not a genius, 'a boy poet' of the type of Chatterton and Shelley." Another critic of Milton tells us that "he had not even produced school exercises of unusual merit." There is an astounding and an unbelievable difference in style, in thought, in true poetic genius, between what they wrote when they were a few years over their teens and what they composed twenty years later. As will appear, this supports the latter view. I am aware some of the readers of this paper will hold the former opinion and others the latter. My own opinion is that both the theories have a great deal of truth in them, and both are reasonable, inasmuch as there truly is to be found a gift which we call "poetic gift," and that circumstances, and training too, have much to do with the development or curtailment of that gift.

I have tried to prove before that without emotions of the heart it is not poetry, and that without them poetic powers are absent in the writer of verse. Some may ask whether the mother of a dead child, when she wails and weeps over her loss—when there is

no paucity of emotions or lack of feelings of the heart in her, when her troubles not only excite the deepest sympathy with her of all those who hear about it, but make them feel the loss as keenly as the mother herself—whether that mother is a poet and her wailings and her troubles that foment our passions are poetry? I am disposed to say they are not poetry, neither is she a poet, since the cause of her sorrow is utterly devoid of any imagination, and is only a palpable event and a loss, though the most serious one that human being can suffer from. It is a loss which is equally grievous to every one of us. Her sorrows and troubles are exactly what we should feel when placed in a similar situation. But the poet's imagination, tempered by his individual passions and thoughts, is otherwise. It is his imagination that creates the beauty of his poetry. The conclusion, therefore, that merely passions or emotions of the heart are not poetic powers cannot be helped. Imagination is undoubtedly one of the chief features of poetic gifts; and not only imagination, but in the inmost depth of the poet's heart we find another feature so powerfully predominant that it cannot be ignored. It is the association of ideas. As various dreamy sights pass away before the eyes of a delirious patient, so it is by the miraculously divine power of the association of ideas that the poet in an instant sees before his mind's eye various events and feels multifarious emotion and a medley of thoughts. In the true genuine poet are visible the three most powerful characteristics—emotions, imagination, and association of ideas. To put it in order, at the idea of a certain thing inspiration dawns upon the poet, his imagination then clothes his inspiration with fashion of his own choice. The poet then forgets himself, he loses his self-consciousness, and is nothing but a lump of inspiration and imagination. If it is the deed of a hero that arrests his attention or commands his admiration, he becomes the hero himself, unconscious of his own individuality, unconscious of all things around him. Some-

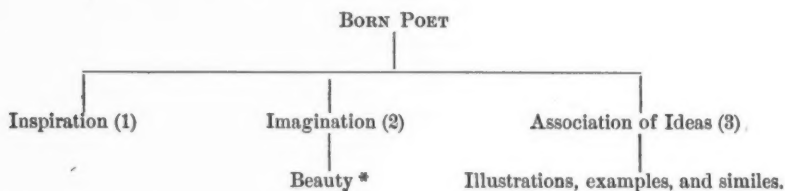
times he marches on with his hero, at others he takes the tragic leave of her whom he considers to be nearer than the dearest thing could be, whom he holds dearer than even his own life. Thus his imagination sometimes becomes so overpowering, so vivid, that he can almost follow each footstep of his hero. With the brush of inspiration and the color of imagination he paints a most faithful picture of the passions of his heart and the association of his ideas. His new ideas are associated by old ones. He does not think of them. They come to him of themselves with magic precision and faithfulness. This faculty or power is the association of ideas which enriches the poet's composition with similes that add force and strength to his own emotions.

Thus, when inspiration, imagination, and association of ideas come to him, the poet takes himself away from the ordinary vocations, bustles, and anxieties of life, and he holds his pen. Now he tries to choose his words—choose only those words which he thinks would be exactly expressive of what he means and would accurately represent the passions of his heart. His ability to do it calls forth our admiration of his choice of words. When he has done this he invites his faculty of harmony to help him to spinning these his chosen words into rhyme. Finally, if the poet is a man of refined tastes he is able to sort out emotional feelings from inspired thoughts and puts them in their proper place to prevent a hopeless *abracadabra* marring the beauty and excellence of true poetry. All these faculties are certainly the natural possessions of a born poet, and the presence and co-existence of all of them in a person is what we call "poetic powers." One, the trend of whose mental constitution is not toward these, can no more be a poet than Shelley could be a physicist. They are better known as prosaic men—men whose emotions are domineered over by their reason and imaginations subordinated by facts.

There are two classes of poets even among those who are admitted on all hands to be poets, in most of whom we

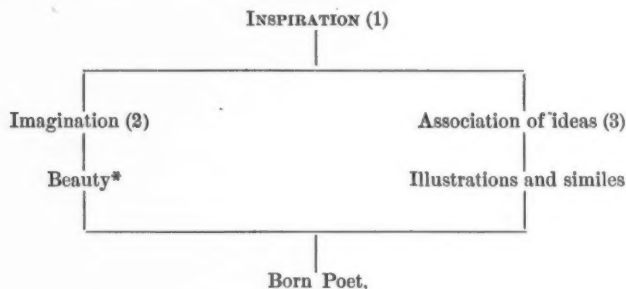
find all the faculties I have mentioned present, and whose works are acknowledged as true poetry. One is natural or born poet, the other is made poet. All the difference that there is between them is that inspiration comes first to the born poet and imagination and association of ideas next, only to thicken

his inspiration; whereas the made poet inspires himself with the help of imagination and association. I shall attempt to show what I mean by a genealogical tree. If we take the cause to be origin of true poetry, the tree may be drawn as follows:



When we take the effect to be cause of true poetry, the tree is slightly altered

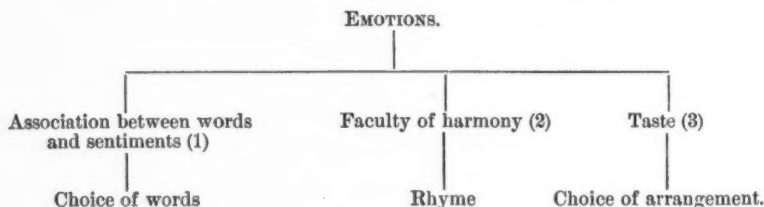
in manner, but in matter it remains the same:



As regards his diction and rhyme, too, I shall attempt to draw another tree to

make myself clearly understood.

It is thus that we have chaste and



animating diction and faultless rhyme in the born poet:

In the made poet the order would be very much different from the born:

1. Imagination.
2. Association of ideas.
3. Inspiration.

Regarding diction and rhyme, the made poet can very well say to the born

that his method is not dissimilar to his, and in that he stands on a par with him. To put it more explicitly and in fewer words, it might be that the born poet loses his individuality in inspiration, while the made poet has got to invoke inspiration. One might say it is quite possible for the made poet to lose like the born poet his individuality

* Creation of beauty and brilliancy of description.

in the inspiration after invocation. Verily so. But inspiration is the domineering mistress of the natural or born poet—she fascinates the poet simultaneously with the awakening of his emotions, and who, as an unwilling guest of the made poet, cannot have that influence over him which she always has over her dearer lord. In the case of the former, his cup of passion is always warm and full to overflowing; in that of the latter, he has got to warm it full to the brim. The verse of the one is thoughtful emotions, that of the other is emotional thoughts; or rather, as Mill has said, that one sees and describes in poetry, the other sees in prose and describes in poetry. One has a natural irrepressible fountain of emotion; the other has, with the aid of a pressure below, to show that his is a fountain too. The one makes use of the figures, similes, or thoughts that come across his emotions at the moment, else he loses sight of them; he has no time, neither patience nor inclination, to go in quest of any of them; the other is always, at every step, on the look-out for them, and invites them. His anxiety is to see his figures regular, his illustrations consistent, his feelings accepted as true.

Persons who are commonly called poets are certainly divided into two classes I have described. Of modern English poets, I take Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne to be natural or born poets, and Wordsworth, Southey, and Tennyson to be made poets. By way of illustration, I have classified the modern poets in a way which, I am afraid, might be taken serious objection to by many of my readers, who, I dare say, have a different opinion of them from what I have. So long as there is emotion, so long as there is passion, there is feeling of heart in the natural poet, there is that simplicity of his diction, that brilliancy of his description and regularity of his figures. It is on this account that he is seldom successful in describing a subject covering a very long period. As a rule, he is a much more brilliant success when he writes short pieces on solitary subjects; here

his composition is excellent, his performance glorious and life-giving. The made poet may be able to write poems at request, or, to put it in a more expressive but undignified phrase may be able to compose poems to order, and there is a possibility, even probability, of their being very good; but the born poet is a huge failure when trying to make poems to order. He has to wait for inspiration to dawn upon him.

I might notice here that men with not more than two or three of the six qualities I have mentioned (inspiration, imagination, association of ideas, association between words and sentiments, faculty of harmony, and taste) have been reckoned among the poets. Men utterly devoid of the first three qualities, but richly possessing the last three, are commonly and widely known to be poets. I should be slow to call them by so supreme an appellation.

There is another question, an attempt to decide which might be made before I conclude: Whether circumstances and training help in the amelioration or in the deterioration of poetic powers? I cannot think of a more appropriate answer to the question than that when the poet's powers have only to do with his emotions they must suffer, either for better or for worse, according as the warmth or chilliness of the passions of his heart. In every-day life we see domestic troubles and anxieties, physical malady, painful sorrows, and various other causes have an irresistible effect upon the feelings or emotions of a man. If the poet passes through all these stages of severe mental agitation, it is no wonder, nay, it is only natural, that his poetic abilities should suffer because of the decrepitude which these ailments cannot fail to bring upon the emotional side of his nature. There is, again, an improvement in his poetical abilities when his mental constitution becomes healthier, and there is a marked deterioration in his powers with the weakening of the same constitution. Materialism, or the materialistic ideas of the age, are the deadliest enemy to poetry, poets, and their gifts. Materialism arrogantly and audaciously puts

down emotions and sentimentalism as a sign of weakness utterly unworthy of man. To love deeply, to be devotedly fond and affectionate of a person is, say the materialists, the sign of a fevered and delirious brain, and not that of the man of reason. To shed tears for the sorrows of others becomes, they say, a woman, not a man. To feel sympathy for the suffering humanity ill suits a man of the world—a man of action, who, according to Goethe, “is conscienceless,” as Mr. John Morley beautifully puts it in his recent Romanes lecture. This michievous theory of materialism is not only injurious but damaging to the art and literature of poetry, and therefore to the finer nature of man. It is a deplorable fact that even those who are gifted by nature with poetic abilities, with a heart full of love, sympathy, and passionate emotions, are disgracefully trying their very best to suppress these feelings, to be carried away by them under the magic influence of materialism. Auguste Comte exhausted his unparalleled argumentative faculty and his vocabulary to put a check to the growth of this dangerous theory of materialism. It is undeniable that that theory which belittles the qualities of the heart and magnifies those of the brain is a dangerous one. Where on earth do we find a sweet repose from the turmoils, anguish, sorrow, and pains of life? Is it the head or the heart? Who can deny that it is the heart—that heart is the place of that blissful repose? Make man heartless, he is no other than a brute. John S. Mill, after serious thought, came to the conclusion that this material world is nothing but a “permanent possibility of sensation.” But is that any reason why man—the young man—should bid adieu to the noble goddess of his affectionate fondness, the goddess of the feelings of his heart, as the “permanent possibility of sensation?” With Campbell he will in an unmistakable voice say:

“I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.”

There are two ways by which poetical

powers could be improved. One is to study abundantly, over and over again, the writings of natural and born poets. This has a doubly beneficial effect upon us. First, the various feelings of our heart are awakened, dormant passions become fresher, and new emotions are infused. Secondly, that most important faculty of the choice of words is developed, with a large vocabulary at our command, simultaneously with the growth of the faculty of harmony (rhyme), and refinement of taste becomes distinctly visible. The other way is the association of women. To many, I am sure, this is a novel suggestion. Especially at this stage of our civilization, and looking to the lamentable state of our relationship with intelligent women, it is difficult to put as innocent a construction upon it as I mean. Some may ridicule the bare possibility, for the close connection of the pure heart of woman with that of the pure man is what this generation of mankind cannot yet realize. Commonly speaking, intelligent feminine company means something unspeakable, something unholy; but let my meaning be clearly understood. What it is to love a pure woman as a friend and to have that love reciprocated is past the description of human intellect—nay, past all conception of human imagination. Perhaps, of all persons, Shelley was the one, and only one, destined to realize it when addressing to Emily Viviani:

“Would we two had been twins of the same mother.

* * * * *
We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar?”

This is a feeling transcendental indeed. Auguste Comte realized that feeling, and that is why he devoted his whole intellect, energy, and life toward placing the woman on the highest pedestal—a pedestal even higher than the one which his God must occupy. The ancient Hindus deified the woman. Their Goddess of Fortune, Goddess of Learning, in fact, all their most powerful deities, were women. This is symbolical of a significant idea. Comte,

following the Hindus, tried to deify the woman. A distinguished professor of Cambridge on one occasion spoke about the woman as "the princess." "She is the sleeping princess; the prince will have to come and wake her up." This is an exquisite idea. That the mere look in the most innocent sense of the woman inspires us with poetic thoughts cannot be denied, and this the ancient sages of the Hindus and of the Greeks saw vividly. This is exactly the re-echo of my sentiments

about women. Those who are incapable of looking at the face of the woman with pure eyes are frivolous. One can only pity and commiserate them. To advise them would be a sheer waste of energy. My remarks are only meant for those who are capable of looking upon the woman as their goddess in life and those who are capable of seeing the holy sanctified halo round her face.—*Westminster Review*.

WILD BEASTS' SKINS IN COMMERCE.

THE last few years have seen a marked disappearance from the leather industry of a form of supply which should never have reached the dimensions it attained—the hides of countless wild beasts. No one grudges to the purposes of trade the hides of the alligator or the shark, still less those of domesticated animals or of big game killed for food. But for more than twenty years there have come to the markets of America and Europe hundreds of thousands of hides, destined for the commonest commercial uses, stripped from wild animals which have been killed for the value of the hide alone. Whole species have been butchered to the last individual to make shoe-leather. To say which country has been the greatest offender would be difficult. There is not much room for distinction between the "skin-hunters" of North America, South Africa, or Australia. But in the former country at least the State Governments are adopting vigorous measures to stop this repulsive industry, and by limiting the number of deer which may be killed by individuals, prevent such destructive waste of animal life. We wish that these laws could be extended to all British Colonies and dependencies. Wherever big game has entirely disappeared from districts where it formerly abounded, and wherever whole species have been exterminated, the mischief has in nearly every case been done not

to procure food, but solely to obtain the creatures' skins. It is not the big-game hunter, or the savage, or even the agriculturist, who destroys the creatures, but the "skin-hunter." In every "new country" this wasteful and relentless enemy of animal life has always appeared with the regularity of some recurring plague, and made it his business to destroy every creature larger than a hare. The advent of the skin-hunters takes place at a particular period of development in recent settlements. He is never among the early pioneers, but is a kind of parasite in half-occupied territories, often intensely disliked by the resident squatters, as he destroys the game on which they partly depend, though he sometimes succeeds in converting these to his own evil ways. In South Africa, for instance, the early Boer settlers, like the early pioneers of North America, killed the antelopes for meat, and used their skins for clothing. They ate the venison, and from the hides they made suits of leather—"shamoyed," not tanned—supple, soft, and comfortable garments, well suited for the life on the veldt. The number of animals killed was limited by their own personal needs and those of their families. About 1850, the Boers learned that the myriads of antelope, quagga, and zebra which wandered over the plains had a marketable value other than as food or supplying leather hunting-shirts. The

skin-hunters taught them that though the bodies of the creatures might be left to rot on the veldt, the hides, not tanned or dressed, but merely stripped from the body, were marketable, to supply the European demand for leather. The country was just sufficiently opened up to have arrived at the stage at which the business of the skin-hunter pays. Freight is high, but not too high, and though hides of countless cattle and sheep may be had for little enough in the settled districts, the skins of the wild animals cost nothing at all, except the value of powder and shot. Even this was economized in South Africa. "The Boers of the pastoral Republic became perfect adepts at skin-hunting," writes Mr. Bryden. "They put in just sufficient powder to drive the missile home, and carefully cut out their bullets for use on future occasions. So lately as 1876, when I first wandered in Cape Colony, I well remember the wagon coming down from the Free State and Transvaal loaded up with nothing but the skins of blesbok, wildebeest, and springbok. This miserable system of skin-hunting has been, and still is where any game remains, pursued in all native States of South Africa. Between 1850 and 1875 it is certain that some millions of these animals must have been destroyed in the Transvaal and Orange Free State." The slaughter was so prodigious, and the variety of wild animals so great, in these wild regions of South Africa, that the result made a sensible difference in the leather industry of Europe. The markets were filled with skins which, when tanned, gave leather of a quality and excellence never known before, but the origin of which, as the material was still sold under old names, purchasers never suspected. Hides of the zebra and quagga arrived in tens of thousands; and good as horsehide is for the uppers of first-class boots, these were even better. Smart Englishmen for years wore boots the uppers of which were made of zebra and quagga skin, or from the hides of elands, onyx, and gemsbok disguised under the names of "calf" or patent leathers.

These South African game skins became a commercial article, relied upon for many years as part of the regular supply. It is amusing to note that quagga-skins are still quoted as part of this, the fact being that the last of the quaggas was killed years ago to fill the skin-hunter's pocket. In Mashonaland and Central Africa the tradestill flourishes, though only the poorest of the Boers follow it, and they have to trek north of the Limpopo. The hides of the larger bucks, such as the sable antelope, the roan antelope, the hartebeest, or of any of the zebras, are worth eight shillings or nine shillings each, and there is now something to be made by selling heads and horns as curiosities. Leather made from the skins of these big antelopes is still in common use in high-class bootmaking. No one knows exactly what animal may not have supplied the uppers or soles of his foot-gear, and the possibilities range from the porpoise and the Arctic hair-seal to the blesbok or the koodoo. Three other African animals' skins are in commercial demand for curiously different purposes. The giraffes, as every one knows, are killed so that their skins may be made into sandals for natives and sjambok whips for colonists. In the Soudan they are also killed for the sake of their hides, which are made into shields. Many of the Dervish shields captured during their attempt to invade Egypt under the Emir Njumi were made of this material. The elephant and rhinoceros skins go to Sheffield. There they are used to face the wheels used in polishing steel cutlery. No other material is equally satisfactory, and it would be most difficult to find a substitute. The rhinoceros-skin used was formerly that of the white rhinoceros. Now that this species is extinct the black rhinoceros of Central Africa is killed for the purpose. Much of this immensely thick skin, which is not tanned but used in the raw state, never leaves Africa. It is in great demand for making the round shields used by the Arabs and Abyssinians. A black rhinoceros's hide yields eight large squares, each of which will make a round shield two feet in

diameter, and each of these squares, even in the Soudan, is worth two dollars. The skin when scraped and polished is semi-transparent, like hard gelatine, and takes a high polish. Giraffe-skin is even more valued as material for shields, as it is equally hard and lighter. Thus, while the South African giraffes are killed off to supply whips, those of North Central Africa are hunted to provide the Mahdi's Arabs with shields.

In North America skin-hunting is a business entirely apart from that of the trapper who only seeks furs. It destroyed the bison, and would now exterminate the deer were it not that the Government has checked the trade by stringent laws enforcing a close time. It was for their hides or "robes" that the buffalo herds were destroyed—not for their meat. This was perhaps the most notable achievement in all the history of this wasteful and selfish trade. In 1869 the Union Pacific Railway was completed, and divided the bison in two great hordes. Between 1872 and 1874 the southern horde was practically exterminated by the skin-hunters. In summer the hides were stripped for leather, while those taken in winter were sold to be dressed for buffalo robes. The leather was no better than that of ordinary cattle. The "robes" had a considerable value as winter wraps. The deer were less easily killed off, but for years an enormous trade was done in American deer-skins. These were mainly those of the black-tailed deer. The skin-hunter on his trained pony went out into the spruce forests of the Rocky Mountains, killed his five or six deer every day, skinned them, and leaving the carcasses to rot, took the hides back to his camp. When one district was "shot out" he moved on to another, and having secured as many skins as his pack-horses could carry, took them to the nearest point on the railway, and sent them to

New York. Side by side with the illicit skin-hunting, and its resultant trade in skins for tanning, there is a genuine demand in Canada for deer-skins for garments. Its main use is for leggings and moccasins to be worn with snow-shoes, or without snow-shoes in winter. These moccasins are sold in great numbers, and nothing quite so comfortable has yet been devised as foot-gear in the dry Canadian snows. Their softness prevents the straps of the snow-shoes from galling the feet, and the leather is both porous and warm. It is not tanned but "shamoyed," the process which all races, civilized or savage, use when preparing wild beasts' skins for use as clothes other than boots. But the finest of all these soft leathers are the deer-skins used for gloves. Nothing is quite equal to this material for the purpose, and when genuine it is the most expensive of any. Reindeer-skin, fallow-deer skin, and that of the fawns of many of the American species are used. "Elk" gloves are not deer-skin at all, but an imitation. Much of the deer-skin is made into "white leather" in the same way that parchment, sheep-skin, and vellum are prepared for special purposes. The white buckskin is used for leather breeches and military gloves, all military tailoring being of the most expensive material. Camel-skin, which used to be the favorite material for covering the trunks used in Indian travel sixty years ago, is now never employed for this purpose. Block-tin boxes are found more durable for all climates, but the old trunks may still be seen in Anglo-Indian houses, and the skin is often sound though the wooden frame has decayed. The skins of large snakes are imported for making trinkets, while those of sharks are valuable to cover the "grips" of sword-hilts. Even the cobra's skin is an article of commerce, being used by the Chinese to cover their one-stringed fiddles.—*Spectator*.

MRS. FENIMORE.

BY J. W. SHERER.

I.

BEHIND the voyagers, eastward, lay the straits of Bonifacio. The weather had been most pleasant since Ceylon: first, the haleyon calm of the Indian Sea in spring; and then, after Egypt, strong sunshine, with breezes that woke the waves to joyousness and dancing, but scarcely touched their manes with white.

The lady seated on a deck-chair and looking toward the west turned round in the direction of Corsica, when her attention was called to the changing evening by a young man who occupied a camp-stool by her side. At sunset, the blood-red ball had sunk into a pit of clouds; the sudden lessening of the light seemed ominous, and the water deepened in color, with a ruffling of its surface fancy might have called a shudder. The island, which when passed was basking in the bright rays, had turned gray and sombre, and Monte Rotondo stood against the horizon like a gloomy donjon.

"Our luck is leaving us, I fear, Mrs. Fenimore. But it is too much, perhaps, to expect the Gulf of the Lion to put on mill-pond airs for our especial benefit."

"I hope we shall be able to have our usual walk."

"I hope so, indeed; if a storm is coming, it may require time to collect its forces."

"Did the Count take your remonstrance quietly? I thought afterward I ought not to have imposed such a task on your good nature."

"I am not only proud, but happy to stand by you in a difficulty. The Count does not seem a bad fellow, but vain, certainly. He was annoyed, I dare say, but not seriously angry. One must hope the affair is settled now."

Herbert Rose was in the Indian Civil Service, and had earned a short furlough. Having been at Oxford, he had begun his Eastern profession

rather late; and as seven years had elapsed since he left England, he was now within measurable distance of thirty. He had been great friends, on the voyage, with the lady by whom he was sitting; and yet, strange to say, though they hoped to land next day, he knew very little about her. She appeared in the list of passengers as Mrs. Fenimore, and being a fine, well-grown woman, endowed, as Rose had finally decided, by nature and not by art, with golden hair in profusion, dark eyebrows, and a rich complexion, he might have set her down as one of those fast married ladies who appear in small numbers in India, and in large numbers in stories written about that country, had she not demeaned herself with a remarkable mixture of modest self-respect and determined, but not aggressive, courage.

She came on board at Garden Reach in Calcutta, without any friends, and Rose, out of mere civility, had seen after her luggage—all marked "E. F.," but without labels. Hence, from the first day, he had brought himself to her notice. And ever since he had been very attentive—had arranged her chair for her on deck, sat next to her at the cuddy-table, and walked with her in the evenings. They came down the Bay in the Messageries steamer to Point de Galle, had joined the French-China mail, and were now bound for Marseilles. There was, perhaps, a dozen of English on the ship, and among them Queen's officers going on leave, some of whom Rose knew slightly, and of one—Beauvais, a cavalry captain—he was indeed the friend. A little raillery was to be expected from these frolic spirits at shaving durbar (everything was durbar with them—smoking durbar, bathing durbar, etc.); and allusions were made to "carrying on," "making way," and the like; not without hints that Fenimore was as jealous as Othello, and understood to be a dead shot into the bargain. This

badinage was distasteful to Rose, but he felt nothing would be gained by losing temper, and so kept calm, consoling himself with the recollection that neither he nor his friends knew in the least who Fenimore was—whether he was alive or dead, gentle, quarrelsome, or indifferent. The real secret of the attraction the lady exercised over her companion lay in the fact that he was going home to be married to a cousin, and that having incidentally mentioned this to Mrs. Fenimore, she showed such a sympathetic interest in his story that he was quite touched. And as we all know that a man in Rose's position is exceedingly fond of talking about it, the intimate conversations, so much envied, consisted chiefly of elaborate answers to welcome inquiries after his family, his prospects, his *fiancée*, and all the delightful details of a successful passion. There are no sweeter confidences than those concerning our love-dreams, especially when they are entrusted to appreciative female ears. To lessen the appearance of egotistical absorption, Rose naturally endeavored, from time to time, to induce Mrs. Fenimore to talk about herself, her antecedents, the position of her husband, and the object with which she was making the present voyage; but whenever such subjects turned up, she invariably started a new one of a different character. She would speak freely of her tastes, her riding, her tennis, her music; but of her husband, or of where she had come from, or of whither she was going, or of who her people were—never a word. It was all the more interesting, therefore, when the termination of their intimacy was so near at hand, that she should, entirely of her own motion, have engaged to disclose, in their usual evening walk, what affairs were bringing her to Europe. Side issues would be doubtless involved, and these might unravel themselves when confession had once set in.

The affair with the Count, alluded to by Mrs. Fenimore, must be explained. There was on board a Frenchman, who called himself the Count de Sainte-Foy. He was understood to hail

from the Wynaad district of the Decan, and to have followed the calling of a planter there. He had not the look of a man of birth, but he was handsome, and in age, perhaps, nearly forty. It was not easy to guess with confidence, however, how old he might be, because he was closely shaven except on the upper lip, and his ample auburn hair betrayed some suspicion of the artificial. A pleasant fellow enough in conversation, but giving the impression of having assumed an irresistible demeanor he was scarcely fitted to sustain. He had attempted more than once to insinuate himself into Mrs. Fenimore's good graces, and up to a certain point she was amused; for his English, though fluent, was often incorrect, and led to whimsical expressions; but if at all encouraged he became too demonstrative. Generally speaking, the lady was quite equal to taking care of herself, but this afternoon the Count, seeing Mrs. Fenimore alone, seated himself next to her, and poured forth a tirade of flattering nonsense, which he seemingly intended for a declaration. She got up and moved to another place; but, feeling considerably nettled, when Rose presently came by she mentioned in her irritation what had occurred, and begged her friend to tell the Count that she was displeased, and that he must not address her again. The voyage was so nearly over that remonstrance of the kind seemed scarcely necessary; but it was not for Rose to say so, and he could only promise that he would at once protect her by speaking to her too forward admirer. And seeing him shortly afterward leaning over the bulwarks, the civilian went up and engaged him in conversation. He gradually introduced the subject of English ladies, and remarked that they were very carefully brought up, and though he did not think them open to the charge, he knew it was held in some quarters that when they were married they were too prudish. However that might be, they obviously had the right to prescribe how they were to be addressed; and he had been asked to bring to the Count's notice that Mrs. Fenimore was not

pleased with the manner in which he had spoken to her that afternoon. Perhaps the Count had let his high spirits run away with him, but Rose hoped he might assure the lady that there was no intention of causing her any annoyance. The rebuke—for it was that certainly—was administered with great calmness and good temper, and Sainte-Foy, though taken aback, seemed disposed to receive the remarks without anger; smiled at what he called the sanctified grimaces of British females, but declared he had not desire to give offence, and it was unlikely that he should exchange another word, good or bad, with the lady in question. He went off, however, rather abruptly, saying, as a final observation, that Rose was a strange person to have been chosen champion, who had himself set the whole ship talking by his assiduous attentions to the coquette now posing as an indignant matron.

Among the many men of many nations travelling by this China mail there was an ecclesiastic whom Rose had heard addressed as the Abbé Zago. He was middle-aged, and of rather a remarkable countenance, with sharp features and large restless eyes. His beard seemed to indicate missionary employment, and though he only came on board at Port Sayud, Rose set him down as a Lazarist, and supposed him to have delayed in Egypt on a voyage home from the East.

He was very quiet in manner, but fond of talking, and though he always spoke French, Rose took it into his head he knew English. At tea-time in the early morning the civilian and the priest often fraternized, and indeed had a friendly smoke together. As soon as the Count rather hastily left the bulwarks this gentleman, who had apparently witnessed the interview, came up to Rose, and drawing him aside, said:

"You will forgive me if I am wrong for suspecting that your conversation with the Count Sainte-Foy just now was not altogether of an amicable nature. My profession creates me a peacemaker, and if you would like to confide the circumstances to me, you

may rely on my good offices to prevent any misunderstanding."

Rose thanked the abbé warmly for his kind intentions, and promised that if any emergency occurred in which his aid might be of advantage, he would frankly tell him. But the promiser secretly determined that no circumstances should be considered grave enough to warrant such a resort. With the self-possession, however, of a man of the world, the abbé at once dropped the subject, and, in easy conversation on trivial matters, he entirely concealed all interest in the relations between Rose and the Count—if indeed, which was not quite clear, he had ever really felt it.

II.

When Mrs. Fenimore rose to go to her cabin, it was on the understanding that the important walk should come off at a later hour. That walk, however, was not to take place. For as Rose called to a little African boy to bring a light for his cigar, he was surprised to observe with what rapid strides a storm was advancing. He overheard the captain—an officer of the navy—giving orders to make things, as we say, snug; and, in answer to a question, one of the quarter-masters remarked:

"I expect the mistral will soon be upon us."

In an hour's time, the S.S. *Le Sphinx* was fiercely battling with the northwest wind, which, descending from mountain passes, is so well known in the south of France. The rolling of the vessel became more and more marked, and as restless spirits moved about with some difficulty, in each quarter signs were visible of preparation for a wild time. Hatches were closed up, tarpauling was spread over the skylights, loose chairs were heaped up and tied together, the laboring engines strained, and gusts of steam were puffed out of the funnel. There was a sound of thumping waves; after a thump would come a hissing splash, and then streams poured into corners where they were not wanted or expected, and shouts of surprise ensued, turning to loud laughter. Ladies

stood in the doors of their cabins and asked if it was going to be worse. Some children were afraid, and some amused. The doctor and the mail officers gathered together, bent on playing cards and taking no notice of the weather. Rose could not find Mrs. Fenimore; she had sought female society to talk over the look of affairs. A noisy and cheerless night followed, breaking up all social arrangements, thinning the attendance in the saloon, and driving ladies to sleepless bunks; indeed, dire discomfort beset even those who were indifferent to the motion of the ship. And the weary hours seemed to drag, but toward morning the Sphinx made way more easily, and when Herbert Rose set foot on deck, he found that the captain had struck up north in the night, and brought his vessel within sight of the isles of Hyères. And as the day advanced, Toulon was seen afar, and La Ciotat passed; and when a channel had been entered between an island and the shore, and a cape smartly rounded, the beautiful bay of Marseilles burst on the view—a scene which owes much to nature, and something surely to the fancy of the elder Dumas. Mrs. Fenimore, who was a good sailor, had also been on deck, but with a rattling wind and the excitement of the interesting coast, the time was quite unpropitious for the disclosures which had been promised. There was a great deal of confusion on board on reaching harbor, but as soon as communication with the quay was established, Rose was much surprised to see a stoutish young man descend the gangway, and move hurriedly toward Mrs. Fenimore, taking her at last in his arms and kissing her with affection. Her civilian shipmate was, however, though curious, by no means at his ease; he thought it not unlikely that the Count, on reflection, would consider his honor touched, and that there would be a disturbance of some kind, and he felt sure that if Mrs. Fenimore saw anything of it, she would divine it had arisen on her account, and would be greatly agitated. Therefore he stole off quietly to a smaller hotel than the one to which passengers generally resorted, and kept

to himself. The start for Paris was to take place by the evening mail; and sure enough, an hour or two before the time of the train, a Frenchman, giving the name of Leroux, called upon Rose, concerning what had taken place between him and the Count. The civilian spoke intelligible French, and told this man that on the eve of departure it was not possible for him to find a friend, but if, as he concluded, Sainte-Foy was going to Paris, and Leroux (who had been a fellow-passenger) was accompanying him, every necessary attention should be paid to the affair, if the latter would call at the *Hôtel des Deux Mondes*. This arrangement was accepted and further proceedings for the time postponed. But no sooner had the gentleman left than, curiously enough, the Abbé Zago turned up, and seemed very anxious to know the object of M. Leroux's visit and what had come of the interview. Rose, however, was not willing to say more than that the subject under consideration would be adjusted in Paris, whither all concerned were going. But he half suspected that the cleric knew more about the Count and his friend than he cared to say, and he credited the peacemaker with the desire of preventing an Englishman being drawn into any unworthy adventure.

And so matters stood, Rose studiously avoiding Mrs. Fenimore and her escort at the railway station, and doing the same both at Lyons and when they reached Paris. It was necessary, however, that a friend should be found, and Beauvais was naturally the first person to occur. Henri de Beauvais, though an English officer, and English on his mother's side, was still the son of a French gentleman, and if especially suited by his perfect knowledge of the language and usages of French society to advise in an emergency such as had occurred, had still imbibed those notions of honor and its vindication in which our neighbors stand almost alone in their retention of the habitudes of the middle ages. However, during a few minutes' delay at a small station, Rose got hold of the cavalry captain, and when he had told

his story and asked for assistance was, of course, bound to abide by the judgment of his friend. Beauvais settled to put up at the *Hôtel des Deux Mondes*, so that if M. Leroux called he might be on the spot to attend to him.

He duly came, and was referred at once by Rose to the captain. It turned out that Sainte-Foy had excited himself into the persuasion that he had been insulted by being asked not to molest Mrs. Fenimore: that it was a great impertinence on the civilian's part to have interfered at all, and it was necessary that he should give a written apology for having thought of doing so. Rose was quite determined; he told Beauvais that having been requested by a lady to protect her, he would make no sort of apology, written or unwritten; that this resolution was his ultimatum, and he was prepared to take all the consequences of his attitude. The cavalry captain had therefore to carry this answer back to where Sainte-Foy and Leroux were staying; he had accompanied Leroux home in the first instance, to learn more precisely, by reference to the Count himself, what the alleged grievance was. All this had happened on the evening of the day on which the passengers had arrived from Marseilles; and Rose was anxiously awaiting Beauvais's return when a Mr. Fanshaw was announced. This proved to be the stout young man who had met Mrs. Fenimore at the quay. He was a very talkative character, easily moved to laughter, jabbering a profusion of outrageous French, vague and misapprehensive, taking life as comedy of quite a light nature, and content to "float unconcerned down the stream of phenomena." He was under the impression that Rose was perfectly acquainted with the story of the lady, and much confusion might have ensued; but it was so desirable that this visitor should go away before the captain came back that the mistake was left unrectified. Mr. Fanshaw said he was under great obligations to the civilian for his kindness to an unprotected female travelling alone, and he hoped he would come to their hotel, as Emily was herself desirous of thank-

ing him. Then he ran on as if he was addressing a person quite acquainted with the details of her adventures.

"It was a bold thing of Emily to do, but I think she was quite right to leave him, don't you? There is behavior which cannot be stood. Very few know anything about the matter, and it will be soon forgotten. Sinclair is coming to-morrow, and as the escapade was for his sake he must help to make things smooth. The old nine-days' wonder is reduced to, say, two. It is not an age, you know, for caring much about anything. Now you will come to us the first thing to-morrow, won't you?" He gave the name and the street of the hotel. "It is a small place," he added, "but quite French; very good cookery; and I have got a nice room for Emily. I told the landlord the lady was very particular. I have the lingo. I said: '*Voilà, mon ami, madame est très particulière.*'"

Rose replied at once he would do himself the pleasure of calling after breakfast. The words stuck a little in his throat, but he remembered on reflection that every engagement is made subject to the proviso that the person engaging is alive at the stipulated time. The young man then took leave, but, to Rose's chagrin, returned from the head of the stairs for a few autobiographical details.

"I am a barrister, you know. Oh, yes! of the Middle Temple. No briefs yet. I don't think they are wanted at first. I have no especial fancy, moreover, for juries. I look more to the Government. The Tories are in, and my father always votes for them. This gives me a kind of claim. And I believe if the chairmanship of anything was going—Inland Revenue, or what not—I should have a fair chance; I mean, of course, in due season. One of the swells would say, 'There's Augustus Fanshaw, he can't be overlooked. He is just the man.' The Bar, my dear sir, is a status. There you are—Fanshaw, of the Middle Temple. It does not seem odd that a barrister should get things. And when you have once got a thing you can snap your fingers at the frowzy press. Bah! the press

wants snubbing in my opinion. Good-night." And the barrister disappeared, but positively to return once more. "I say Mister—I forget your name—but I gave you our address, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, thank you—Hôtel Lamartine."

"All right; good cookery. Nice room for Emily. Once more, good-night."

And the fribble really went this time.

III.

When Captain Beauvais came, it was, as may be supposed, to announce that a duel must take place. Leroux, on the Count's part, urged that promptitude and secrecy were necessary, as interruption might be attempted if the affair got wind. The captain had arranged for a carriage, and they were to join the other two and the surgeon in the suburb of Courbevoie, and the vehicles would travel together to St. Germain, the railway being purposely avoided.

If Rose retired to rest but not to sleep, it was not any lack of spirit that caused his wakefulness. But when the heat of self-assertion had a little subsided, the extreme folly of the situation was oppressively obvious. Nothing could be further from his wish than to take the life of a man who seemed to him vain and vulgar, indeed, but of no serious importance. And then if fortune should cast another die, what end more futile than to fall by the hand of a stranger who was clearly in the wrong, and only desirous of concealing discomfiture by bravado? Beauvais, misled by that phantom of honor familiar to him in his early life, had never taken the high hand, or attempted to show the Count's friend how preposterous his demands were, or questioned—which he might easily have done—the Count's right as an apparent adventurer to what is called the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Poor Rose was in that pitiful condition awaiting a man who is doing what his reason tells him has no grounds whatever for its justification. However, the hour of action was not long delayed.

It was a lovely night of May, and when the town of St. Germain was reached, a route was at once taken into the forest, the carriages left at a certain point, and an open glade arrived at on foot. Nothing could be more delicate than the innocent morning as it broke in this sylvan solitude. All else seemed an unhealthy dream. The weapons were produced, which Beauvais had chosen to be pistols, as his friend had not been accustomed to the sword. The ground was measured and the men placed. But suddenly there was a crashing of the underwood in the skirt of the opening, and a body of police rushed forward, headed by the Abbé Zago, who, dressed in the uniform of the corps, made for the Count and arrested him off-hand. Sainte-Foy once secured, all eagerness on the part of the officials seemed to cease. Leroux and the doctor had run away, but were not pursued. The abbé, whom Rose had at once recognized, though divested of his beard and all clerical equipments, came up civilly enough, speaking tolerable English, and urging immediate departure.

"We shall not trouble about the duel," he said; "we have got our man. He is Victor Josse, who fled long ago from prosecution for a plot against the Emperor Napoleon III. He has been a considerable time in India, conducting by correspondence an anarchist society. He was well supplied with money, and assumed the airs of a man of rank and pleasure to divert suspicion. But we have watched him throughout, and have now evidence which will condemn him. I heard of his leaving the Wynaad, and went to Egypt to meet him. I am the Corsican Balbi; you may have heard of me."

They both of them said that his name was familiar to them.

"Then good-morning, gentlemen; fly off to your excellent Albion; we have no wish to detain you."

When the civilian was walking after breakfast toward Mrs. Fenimore's hotel, and felt himself alone, he dared to think for the first time after many anxious hours of his family, of the girl he was to marry, and of his happy

country home. And then flashed across him all he had gathered from Mr. Fanshaw's ramblings about his ship companion. He sincerely hoped that what he held a delightful acquaintance was not about to prove an illusion. But what could be the lady's adventures? Whom had she left? Who was Sinclair? What did it all mean? The hotel once reached, Mrs. Fenimore was found seated in an apartment not with one man but with two, Mr. Fanshaw and another, a fine athletic young fellow whose dress betokened a clergyman, but of the muscular persuasion. The lady retained her pleasant, open manner, her serene self-confidence; and Rose felt enabled to believe that everything about her could be satisfactorily explained.

"You know my brother," she said, pointing to Fanshaw, "and this is Mr. Sinclair."

Almost the first thing she then asked was, "How about the Count? He has not given trouble? I have been in great anxiety about him—or rather about you."

Rose thought the tale would be sure to ooze out somehow sooner or later, and that he had better be brusque and dramatic and get it over.

"The Count," he exclaimed, "is in jail. He was to have shot me this morning in the forest of St. Germain, but he had not leisure or opportunity. He was obliged to depart with his mission unfulfilled. He is an anarchist, and has been in prison before, so that the place has not for him even the charm of novelty." And Rose, as briefly as he could, related exactly what had occurred from first to last.

Mrs. Fenimore was overcome with emotion; she took Rose's hand, and was profuse in her acknowledgments—though blaming herself with bitterness for having thoughtlessly imposed upon him a task leading to such sorry incidents. She used one expression which brought the blood to Herbert Rose's cheeks. "Fancy!" she cried, "after all your kindness to me, my only return being to bring upon you such frightful humiliation."

Humiliation! It was an ugly word,

but not misapplied. The real aspect of the affair stood before the civilian in its true light: a crime, if it had been carried out; a farce, since it was interrupted. The element of ridicule was pre-eminent; no gunpowder even discharged, not the hair of a head injured; the knightly foe a convict, the *deus ex machina*—a constable. If anything will kill the barbarian custom it is ridicule. What Louis, the King-Sun, could not abolish, it is not probable a modern President will interfere with. But ridicule is fatal to a Parisian. The startling pheasant in the woodlands near Canterbury ended our last English duel in general laughter. And single combat may be extinguished one day in France by an epigram or a caricature.

Rose had to intimate presently that he proposed following the advice of M. Balbi, to leave Paris; and, indeed, that he and Beauvais had arranged to start by the day mail next morning. His own people were at Dover, and he had telegraphed his intentions to them.

"Then we will all travel together," cried Mrs. Fenimore. "I long for England, and we," she added in an undertone to Sinclair, "can renew our acquaintance with the City of Light on another tour."

"It is pleasant to me to stay, it is pleasant to me to jog," said Fanshaw. "Merely a matter for the stage carpenters. This is rather a grimy scene. Ah! of course—London. Change it. Why, the cathedral is Notre Dame! We are in Paris. Someone says, 'I have seen that distinguished-looking man before.' Have you? He is Fanshaw of the Middle Temple. The Government have got their eye on him. Perhaps Trinidad; or, better still, Madras. But I must tell the landlord we are going."

Sinclair declared that he too would put his things together, and he should then be free for afternoon walking. Rose and Mrs. Fenimore were left by themselves.

"I am going to be married to Mr. Sinclair," she commenced, quite simply. "He has got a living which removes the financial difficulty."

The other, quite taken aback, stam-

mered out, "But how about Mister or Captain Fenimore?"

"He is a myth, dear friend," replied the lady laughing. "My name is Emily Fanshaw. My father, Colonel Fanshaw, commands at Patna. We have had a quarrel. Faults, I dare say, on both sides. I went out to him, engaged to a curate, and dared not tell him. My father insisted, after a time, that I ought to marry a certain major, a good fellow enough in his way, but not in my way; scarcely a contemporary for one thing, and, moreover, too late! 'Barkis was willing,' but I was not, you see. High words ensued. I said I would go home and live with my aunt, who would be delighted to have me; and the colonel remarked that I might go to disagreeable places for what he cared—Jericho will serve as a sample. These colonels, as perhaps you know, are a little peremptory. I started off by myself in a huff, a kind old lady, mother of a planter in the station, having lent me money; and on the way to Calcutta it occurred to me that I should travel with less embarrassment and more comfort as a married woman. I was reading 'The Last of the Mohicans' in the train, and I determined to rob its author—Cooper—of his Fenimore. The 'F' was convenient for me. Not a soul knew me in the metropolis, and I chose the French steamer to avoid English people, a desire which I am glad to add

was not fulfilled. You have heard my story."

Rose said, in all sincerity, that he hoped he had gained a friend for life, and the two shook hands with the greatest amity.

"I ought to tell you," she remarked after a pause, "that I have strictly charged my two men to preserve entire silence about the duel or no duel. Augustus is the more difficult to muzzle, but still he is quite satisfied to talk about himself."

A party of five started together from Paris at the same hour, and kept together on the steamer when Calais was reached. Herbert Rose was somewhat silent and subdued. He was ashamed, in truth, of his escapade. Some people, however, would find no fault with humility in a rising young man from India.

The loved white cliffs soon appeared, and then the Castle on the heights. At last the Admiralty pier was so close that the persons waiting on it could be clearly distinguished.

"I am sure," said Emily Fanshaw to Rose, "that upright figure is the old squire?"

"It is."

"Then she next him must be your cousin Isabel?"

"You are right."

"What a handsome girl!"—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE SELFISHNESS OF ENGLISHMEN.

THE German newspapers have been talking about the habitual selfishness of England, and denouncing the selfish policy which she always pursues. No doubt, rightly or wrongly, those who think evil of us on the Continent regard us as a specially selfish Power. The fact that we are the only Power which gives the foreigner absolute equality of treatment wherever our flag flies, counts apparently for nothing in their eyes. It is valueless against the international contention that we are

a selfish Power. To argue with such a convention would be simply waste of breath. Besides, when regarded as entities or artificial persons all States seem selfish. As a rule, they are obliged to consider their own interests. We shall not, then, make any attempt to consider whether the accusations so freely brought against us as a nation are or are not well founded. It is, however, worth while to ask whether, as a rule, individual Englishmen are apt to be specially selfish—whether,

that is, selfishness is a national characteristic. It would seem natural to begin the discussion of such a problem as this by an attempt at a definition of selfishness, for, as Coleridge said, "in morals, politics, and philosophy no useful discussion can be entered upon unless we begin by understanding the terms we employ." Yet in spite of this incontrovertible proposition, we shall make no attempt to produce a definition of selfishness, for in this case, at any rate, a helpful definition is impossible. The best way of arriving at an understanding of selfishness is not to define, but, as it were, to observe. Though we cannot lay down in set terms what selfishness is, we all know a selfish man when we see him. We can best get to a true understanding of selfishness by observing what are the fruits of selfishness, and what conditions forbid the existence of the quality.

Unquestionably, selfishness and good manners cannot keep house together. The selfish man never has really good manners. No doubt good manners, in the dancing-master's sense, are not in the least incompatible with selfishness. A man may be hat in hand to every one he meets, may never say a rude or a churlish thing, may make the most exquisite bows and appear to spare everybody's feelings, and yet be the most detestably egotistical creature alive. If, however, a man has good manners in the best sense, there is little room for selfishness. You cannot have perfect self-control, be helpful to those in distress or difficulty, patient and kind to people who are troublesome and aggressive, unwilling to take offence and ready to sacrifice your own comfort and convenience, without having the essentials of good manners and without also being unselfish in a high degree. But certainly the average Englishman in all classes compares very favorably with the men of other races in the exhibition of these essential parts of good manners. Contrast what follows when a street accident occurs abroad with a similar incident in London. When a horse and cab come to grief in London four or five men are certain to appear,

and to take an enormous amount of trouble to help the cabman out of his difficulties. Some one is instantly found offering to sit on the horse's head, and when the right moment comes three or four more will seize the body of the hansom and heave it up quite regardless of the trouble and labor. They get nothing whatever, as a rule, for doing this, and will quite as readily do it for a cabman whose cab was empty at the time of the accident as for one who had a fare who might possibly "stand drinks." As soon as the horse is up and started again, the men who have put themselves to very considerable trouble, and run some risk of getting a hand or foot crushed, disappear without even waiting to be thanked. They regard it as the right and natural thing to help a man out of a "tight place." On the Continent no such obligation to help seems to be felt by the crowd. They stand by and either stare with stupid eyes or else make sarcastic remarks. The present writer remembers seeing an accident to a Paris cab, when no assistance whatever was offered to the cabman by the bystanders. There were plenty of jeers, however; and when the horse in his struggles finally sat down on his haunches after the manner of Mr. Briggs's horse in Leech's immortal picture, the wag of the party suggested with great gusto that the horse was "*uncheval d'Hippodrome*," and was, no doubt, about to perform. Again, it is notorious that though a Frenchman, or an Italian, or a German will be formally very polite to a lady in a railway-carriage, and will raise his hat many times, it will seldom occur to him to render any help if anything disagreeable happens. His duty stops at politeness. An Englishman, on the other hand, will look as awkward as may be, and will keep his hat jammed over his forehead and his newspaper in front of his eyes while a lady is getting into the carriage. If, however, there is any need for real assistance he will, as a rule, give it most readily. As a rule, too, Englishmen do not show panic so easily as foreigners. But is not this to a great extent because they are less,

not more, selfish? The selfish man thinks so entirely of himself that at the moment of danger he acts as if he were the sole person in peril. But when a couple of hundred or a couple of thousand men are in danger, and all thinking only of how to avoid it, we obtain the results which we call panic. When a panic does not take place it is in a large measure due to the fact that each individual has looked a little beyond himself, and considered the interests of the whole body of people. "I could bolt now; it will be all right for me personally; but my bolting will be followed by an ugly rush, and very likely a big disaster." Therefore he remains. It is when and because men speak like that to themselves that panics are prevented. Another proof that Englishmen are not selfish is, we think, to be found in the fact that their *amour propre* is not easily wounded. When people are thinking chiefly of themselves they are almost sure to be very sensitive about their personal dignity and personal feelings. The selfish, and so self-centred man sees offence in things which a man of better nature passes without notice. But it is notorious that Englishmen do not have their *amour propre* wounded half so easily as do most other races. Again, the English are not as a race suspicious. But suspicion and selfishness almost invariably go together. The selfish man is so intent upon himself and his own interests, and so determined, somewhat may, to get the best for himself, that he is always inclined to believe that some one is attacking him, or is going to get from him what he so ardently desires for himself.

Granted that, on the whole, the English are not a selfish race, it is interesting to inquire what classes of the community show specially the quality of unselfishness. We have no hesitation in saying that, taken as a whole, the poor in England are more unselfish than the rich. As our readers know, we often regard with great regret the ill-judged disputes between employers and employed, and specially deplore the pertinacity with which the men will

misjudge their own true interests, and try rather to injure the masters than help themselves. But though we cannot say that the right and power to strike is as a rule wisely and judiciously used, we cannot but admit the splendid loyalty and unselfishness shown by the men. Take the late strike. The men were, we hold, doing an impossible and foolish thing, but that does not blind us to fact that it was a very unselfish thing as it appeared to them. Practically, they were trying to insist that the work should be made to go round as far as possible, and that the good workman should not get more than the bad one. As no man thinks himself inefficient, that care for the less able was distinctly unselfish. And here again we may find proof that the English are not a selfish race. Nowhere else in the world do workmen hold so loyally together, and are so careful of a common interest. Elsewhere strikes collapse from what is in reality the selfishness of the workmen. In truth, the way in which Englishmen throughout life will combine, and combine loyally, is a proof of unselfishness. It is the same in play as in work. The very essence of good play in cricket and in football is unselfishness. The man who is known to play "jealous," to play, that is, for his own hand, and so not to "play the game," never wins the full meed of praise either on the football or the cricket field. But though we think that the verdict, "No bill," will be given when the English race is arraigned for selfishness, we do not wish to talk as if the ordinary Englishman were an unfledged angel. He is anything but that. He is unamiable, morose, melancholy, contradictory, difficult to live with, a worshipper of success, dull of intellect, and obstinate. He has, in fact, plenty of bad national characteristics which are specially his own. The more frankly these are acknowledged, however, the more necessary it is to defend the ordinary Briton from the accusation of selfishness, which does not of right belong to him.

—*Spectator*.

"SPLENDID ISOLATION" OR WHAT?

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

THE uncovering of the fierce dragon mask of the Chinese Empire by Japan has exposed the trembling and effeminate youth that hid behind it. We all know now that it was only a big voice that kept the white barbarians so long at a respectful distance from the puny Celestial's treasures. In the reaction that has come from the discovery we begin to perceive a great danger to the peace of the world. Great Powers, whose aspirations were until lately vague and ill-formed, have suddenly given them shape, and are on fire to realize them.

Some few weeks ago I was tempted to speak in my constituency on foreign politics, and knowing how anxious people were in regard to them, I spoke about China and West Africa, and concluded my remarks by declaring somewhat imprudently that our "Splendid Isolation" had been proved to be nothing more than "Splendid Dotage."

At the Society of Arts last week I took up the other alternative, and suggested that the time had come for us to respond to gratuitous insolence and unjustifiable provocation with something more than mannerly protests and an ever-forgiving temper. The suggestion was ill received—the speakers who followed denounced it as "aggressive," that I was making too much ado about a "swamp." It has of late become a custom to speak of any African territory that may be in dispute as a swamp. We must not, however, be indifferent to the fact, that in principle an acre of swamp is as important as a realm.

Being permitted by the editor of this Review to give my opinions more at large, the object of this article will be to discuss which of two alternatives we ought to adopt for the preservation of our rights, our dignity, and our prestige. If we cling to our isolation, we assume that we are self-sufficient, and there should be no hesitation to

prove that we are able to hold our own. But so far, though our rights have been invaded, our dignity questioned, and our prestige lowered, we have done nothing to vindicate them; and the mere suggestion that we should demonstrate to those who have offended us that we are well able to do so evoked strong expressions of dissent. I am, therefore, forced to conclude from these that there is a disposition to shirk the obligations imposed upon us by our isolation, and that it is preferable to make no resistance to aggression. As this craven fear of resisting an invader may involve very soon larger and larger surrenders, we must constrain ourselves to examine the second alternative, which is to make an Alliance, offensive and defensive, with some Power, or combination of Powers. For, as I understand it, peace is preferable to the expense and the horrors of war, and at the same time we must have security for our rights and liberty to trade in all countries; but to my mind it does not seem possible that peace with security could be enjoyed without joining either the Dual or the Triple Alliance.

The murmurs at the Society of Arts confirmed me in my suspicion that the "splendid isolation" was a gaudy air-bladder, and as it is liable to be pricked at any moment by a French sword, and our people do not want to fight, why should we cling to the conceit that we are self-sufficient, and remain aloof from the other Powers? From the moment we broached the idea of isolation we became suspected by the Alliances. As we were not of them, and might rise against one of them, or both, upon some question or other, suspicion became dislike, and the two European combinations, as the fancy possessed them, were able to thwart every policy we favored upon the ground that it was mischievous or detrimental to their own. Two combinations of equal strength may exist—though opposed

in some matters of general policy—on fairly peaceful terms, but for a third—supposed to be uncertain in its favors, ready to take one side to-day and shift to the other to-morrow—there is no place. Such a party is a source of irritation because of the doubt it engenders; it is incalculable, and therefore a danger.

Take any recent question—Armenia, Turkey, Crete or Greece—and note the effect of our isolation. We succeeded in nothing that concerned either of them. The massacres of Armenia continued in spite of our protests and Guildhall warnings. Turkey was encouraged and upheld in its contumacy. King George persevered in his foolish enterprise despite friendly advice. The Cretan Question is not yet settled. The Dual Alliance professed to see a selfish design in all that we proposed; the Triple Alliance assumed the indifferent *rôle* and said: "the whole Eastern Question was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian Grenadier." The threat of Russia to meet coercive measures toward Turkey with force paralyzed us, for behind Russia was France. We were indeed "splendidly isolated."

The late events in China have still more demonstrated the inconveniences and the perils of isolation, as well as the futility of attempting single-handed to check any of the disturbing forces. Being disinterested and only seeking the general good of commercial nations, we see that the violent partition of China must end in a general upheaval and disintegration of nations. England's aloofness will only hasten the catastrophe. The most earnest pleading for the open door is unheeded. Russia, conscious of the support of France, has marched on and annexed the whole of Manchuria, and Port Arthur and Talienwan in a few months will be the Sevastopols of the Far East. France, in her turn, supported by Russia, is drawing closer to the Upper Yangtse Valley, and will make as short work with the Yunnanese as she did with the people of Tonking. As this is not what our diplomacy strove for, we have again failed. It is not

the fault of our Foreign Office, as the Opposition leaders wish to make out; it is our "splendid isolation" that causes us to be disregarded.

We know what will be the result in China of this action of the Dual Alliance; but while alone what can we do to avert the danger? Germany, the head of the Triple Alliance, has no need to be uneasy just yet. Any interference with her in China from France and Russia would send her precipitately to our side. Besides, is she not justified in looking after her own interests? She knows as well as we do that her commercial interests would be best served by keeping the gates of the interior of China open; but as we have not chosen to range ourselves on her side, she dare not stand, as we do, unprofitably waiting for the Millennium, lest there will be nothing left for her. Besides, she is not the object of envy and spite as we are. Her colonial possessions are as yet lean and immature, and hard knocks rather than material advantages are sure to be the result of meddling with them. Her military strength, an Imperial Commander of high spirit, with not fat colonies to excite cupidity, put Germany in a position impervious to fear and weakness; while, on the other hand, her objections to Franco-Russian policy may be overruled by substantial considerations.

Dismal as the outlook is for us, our Government is apparently not without hopes. Let us analyze these hopes. It is said that we declined to stir while Port Arthur and Talienwan might have been seized, for the reason that behind them lay the strength of the Russian Empire. It was accepted as a good and sufficient reason, for we are too practical to undertake to defend the Liao-tong Peninsula with a few thousands against the hundreds of thousands Russia could bring to bear against us. Therefore we selected Wei-hai-wei as a point of vantage. But, in my humble opinion, by settling down at Wei-hai-wei we have gained nothing permanent; we have only deferred the evil day by a few years. Mukden is almost as near to Peking as

it is to Port Arthur. Of what use can Wei-hai-wei be to the defence of Peking when Peking is to be a terminus of the Russo-Siberian Railway? Once at Peking, may not the railway be continued to the South as far as the Yangtse Kiang without let or hindrance from the fleet away off at Wei-hai-wei? The Russian Empire follows the railhead, which may be shoved across the Yangtse Kiang—aye, as far as the neighborhood of Hong Kong, for all we can do to stop it. We may batter down the walls of Port Arthur, Talienwan and Vladivostock, but until we devise some means of floating our ironclads in front of the railhead, it passes my comprehension how our fleet can put a limit to Russia's advance.

I regard Russia's acquisition of the main bulk of China as beyond our power—in our splendid isolation—to prevent, and have no doubt that France, who is to-day as near to the Upper Yangtse as Shinking is to Peking, will acquire the possession of the Upper Valley of the Great River. When Russia will have made the Celestials subservient to her in the manner she has made the Tartars of the Eastern and Western Steppes, and has by their help reached her southerly goal and united her forces with those of France, what will happen to the China bordering on the Eastern and Yellow Seas? I think Germany should be as interested in this question as we are.

Well now, what has brought affairs to the pass that our influence in the Far East, as in the near East, has thus been reduced to zero? I would answer, that it was due to the change in the Constitution of Europe, by which five individual states of the first rank were formed into two great military confederations, one of which possesses 133 sea-going warships and 5,000,000 soldiers, and the other 104 warships and 6,500,000 soldiers. Against these mighty fleets and hosts we have 161 sea-going warships and less than half a million of men. It must be obvious that, standing alone, we have been reduced to a position of great inferiority, and made ourselves liable to

"snubs and humiliations." Nay, it should be clear to every thinking man that if we doubled our fleet and possessed 1,000,000 soldiers our position would not be much bettered, for even then we would be exposed to the danger of these two powerful combinations uniting to crush us, which they could easily do. Yet to double our Navy and Army would cost us 140,000,000*l.*, and 100,000,000*l.* a year to maintain these forces of sea and land. It must be equally obvious that if we joined our fleet and army to either Alliance we could make it of such preponderant strength that it would be unassailable.

Before proceeding further I should furnish my reasons why every one in Great Britain should be opposed to the military occupation of China by Russia. First of all, because it means the absorption of China within the Russian Empire, and the transformation of the Chinese myriads into Russian soldiers. Secondly, it would mean as a natural consequence the absorption of all Asia. Not in ten years, nor in twenty years—but why think of a decade or two in the life of a nation? Ultimately it would be inevitable, for no Power, or scarcely a combination of Powers, could oppose the drilled myriads. Was it not the late Mr. Pearson who spoke of the Yellow Terror? He never imagined the strongest Power in Europe directing the Yellow Terror, and emptying all Asia for the Conquest of Europe. Of course, long before this period we shall have been expelled from India and Burmah, and will be eating the bread of humble contentment, perforce, within our own tight little island. But what of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy? They are the nearest neighbors to overgrown Russia, who is lord of Asian millions, and must bide the brunt of her restless armies, and then France, who will have done for Europe what Roderic the Goth did to Spain, who will have been the cause of the destruction of Europe, she also must perish, and after her it will be our turn. But, thank Heaven, there is a pretty broad ditch between us and Europe, and it

may be that it will be decided in the Channel whether the whole of the old world shall become Russian—or England, the hated of Europe, shall avenge dead Europe?

Is this picture far-fetched? He who dares say so betrays his ignorance of the rate of Russian progress over Asia. Twenty-eight years ago she had just effected a landing on the eastern shore of the Caspian. During this short interval she has stridden across the continent, and is now at Port Arthur preparing for the locomotive from St. Petersburg. Every day her army is increasing by hundreds—every hour her destiny is being made more visible to every observer. One railway terminus is within easy reach of Herat—in 1900 the whistles of her locomotives will be heard at Port Arthur, the next year they will be heard in Peking. From Peking to Hong Kong is much shorter than from Lake Baikal to Port Arthur, a mere 2,000 miles. To a Power flushed with the achievement of the Siberian Railway, it will appear as nothing.

It will not be denied that any arrangement of the Powers which would reduce England to the rank of a third-rate Power would inevitably hasten the catastrophe above sketched. For she is the one Power whose strength cast in favor of the Triple Alliance could alone dissipate the dreams of such a world-empire. She is the one Power which, acting as Europe's scout, has detected the movement, foreseen the danger, and uttered the warning. It is as certain also that only an arrangement of Powers which shall include her can prevent the catastrophe. The retirement of England from China would soon render Germany's tenure of Kiaochau precarious, for it will be evident that on the linking of Peking with Petersburg Germany would be in the same untenable position as England would have been at Port Arthur, or if the struggle between the two Alliances for possessions in China must be decided in Europe, without England's assistance, the issue would be doubtful, and sure to be exhausting. And then? Well, England, assisted by her colonial

children and kinsmen, becomes resurrected for vengeance and retribution.

It will be inferred from what I have written, with which of the two European Alliances Great Britain should join her strength. I regard the Triple Alliance as a security for peace; the object for which it was formed was peace; it is through it alone that Europe has enjoyed repose, and attained its present commercial prosperity. The Dual Alliance, though at first supposed to be a just equipoise to the other Alliance, is now seen to be disturbing and dangerous. Russia's ambitions, fanned by the hot breath of France, have become limitless. It is not the acquisition of icebound wastes, or parched Steppes thinly populated by Tartar shepherds, as we thought, that has been her aim. She covets China, India, Persia, and Ottoman Asia. The other partner to it, perceiving that England, ranging at will and independent of European policies, could always derange her designs, has apparently postponed her revenge on Germany, in order to remove a possible antagonist. Her methods have been artful, and her diplomatists deserve considerable praise for the patience and cunning they have displayed in the long-drawn game. They have used the pride and other national characteristics of Germans with sometimes admirable effect, they have weakened Italy, they have been strenuous and untiring and skilful and deft, with every opportunity that happened on the Continent; it is only with the handling and management of affairs immediately affecting us that they have been somewhat awkward and clumsy. A tyro in diplomacy might have taught French diplomatists that when through vacillation France had permitted England to enter upon the task of reconstructing Egypt, brow-beating, scolding, and threatening England were not the proper weapons to use to cause her withdrawal. In process of time France has found that she must resort to other means, and these have shown that when she is opposed to England she loses her nerve and that fine touch she exhibits when dealing with the German,

Russian, and Austrian Chancelleries. Her every move has been clumsy and always with the desire to annoy, but never to placate. She has thrust herself into our business, insouciant, and reckless, planted herself without right or logical reason directly in our path, jostled us pertinaciously, and with an insistence that even John Bull, stodgy and short-sighted though he be, thought was "deuced cheeky." She has broken her pledges in Tunis and in Siam; she occupied Madagascar, proclaiming loudly that she was doing it with a view some day of destroying our Indian commerce. She has instigated Abyssinia to encroach upon our East African territory; from Obok she proposes to make a railway to the Nile, and she has sent Marchand and Bonchamp to Fashoda on the White Nile to occupy what will be the terminus; she has drawn a line across Africa—which the British will be forbidden to approach; she has gone behind our African coast possessions, and annexed everything, shooting some of our officers and soldiers at Waima, and then darted off at tangents into Sokoto on one side, and Boussa on the other; she boasts that she will hold the counting-houses of Gambia, Sierra Leone, and Lagos in her hands, and where she will poach next, goodness knows; it may be Morocco, Tripoli, or the Canaries. It appears to me as if the spirit of France was near that pitch of violence when we might hear at any moment that delirious cry of *A Londres!* The curious thing about French aggressions is that whether they are accidental or purposeful "honor always forbids France to withdraw or apologize," and the culture of words is so perfect in France that somehow she succeeds in persuading a large section of the world that she is innocent, while the aggression has come from us.

Well now, it is obvious that if we propose to remain contented with our isolation, it will rest on us to accept any challenge given to us in the spirit with which it is given, or, if our unwarlike habits have made us averse from this alternative because of the

consequences, we must abandon that which has led us to the brink of war on more than one occasion, and seek some more peaceful and as effective means of safety—viz., join the Triple Alliance and unreservedly accept its obligations.

If we object to the partition of China, to being excluded from the commerce which might be ours by keeping the gates of China open, to being perpetually nagged and abused, to the invasion of our territory, to the incessant poaching upon our spheres of influence, we must certainly accept one or the other alternative. If we have not arrived at the conviction that either is necessary, must we forever remain quiescent under all this tormenting and humiliating, and let France ride roughshod over our possessions and Russia do what she will with China and all Asia? These are questions worth earnest consideration.

We have often said, indeed times without number, that we hate war, and especially dislike war with the gifted French people; but if perpetual reiterations of this will not avail with the French Government, and have no effect on that of Russia, if they are always governed by wishes which too harshly clash with our own, what are we to do? Our wishes are very simple. We wish equal rights of trade, and our possessions and interests respected; but they, while glad enough to enjoy the perfect equality granted in our possessions, not only seek now to absorb the populous Empire of China, and fence it round with notices of "No thoroughfare," but one of the Powers, morally supported by the other, coolly walks toward the centre of one of our West African possessions, goes a thousand miles out of its proper way to the Upper Nile, and at another place instigates a barbarous people to make encroachments upon our East African territory. If all these are not enough to make us aware of the danger of isolation, nothing can make us aware of it until the French have uncovered the leonine mask of Britain and pricked the dastard cowering beneath it.

Mr. Chamberlain hinted at Birmingham at the possibility of an Anglo-Saxon Alliance. Though there is, and always will be, I am thinking, a moral alliance between the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, it will take many years of strenuous striving to make it a real one. Our own people are not unanimous upon it, and our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic are far from being assured of its necessity, or its wisdom. In China we have done America some service, in the war in which she is engaged we are doing her another, and we are certain to be at all times sympathetic, and do our utmost to impress on her the knowledge of our sincere friendship, whatever purblind and dense individuals may say to the contrary; but a nation of such magnitude, possessed of such power to pervert right reason, make kindly offices and friendly feelings appear selfish and interested, labors under the disadvantage of not being able to discern the true from the false; so that though we may persevere hard to enlighten our kinsmen, ages may elapse before our ideal of inseparable brotherhood with America can become a solid and enduring reality. Circumstances may hasten the consolidation of the present floating sympathies and inclinations, and the alliance now dreamed of may suddenly take form and substance; but of one thing I am sure: it will never take place unless we are true to ourselves and prove worthy of it. One step, if a wrong one, will make it impossible; and one step, if the right one, will have more quickening effect than a century of professions. The little sentence which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach uttered at Bristol "about keeping the open door even at the risk of war" wiped almost clean from American memories the bitterness caused by the Venezuelan Question. If those few words wrought such a change in American feeling, what might not one earnest deed for the world's freedom of commerce do?

Meantime, however, as I discovered at the Society of Arts the other day, the word "aggressive"—which people give nowadays to what is purely De-

fensive—makes men shiver with horror, and the earnest deed appears to have no chance of being tried. Let us see therefore what may be said in favor of joining the Triple Alliance.

We must remember in the first place that the Triple Alliance was formed through the necessity of preserving the countries which composed it from the perils of the revenge which France was nourishing—and that the Treaty was framed with the sole object of providing against attack. If carefully read and studied, it will be seen that the position of Germany was similar to what ours is to-day, except that we have given no cause of offence to France or to Russia.

Art. I. If contrary to the hope and sincere wish of both the high contracting parties, one of the two empires (Germany and Austria-Hungary) should be *attacked* by Russia, then the high contracting parties bind themselves to assist each other with the entire military power of their empires, and accordingly, only to conclude peace by common agreement.

Art. II. Should one of the high contracting parties be *attacked* by another power, then the other high contracting party hereby binds itself not only not to assist the assailant of its high ally, but also at least to observe an attitude of benevolent neutrality toward its high co-party.

But if, nevertheless, in such an event the *attacking* Power should be supported by Russia, whether in the form of active co-operation or by military measures involving menace to the *attacked*, then the obligation of mutual assistance with full military power stipulated for in Art. I. of the Treaty, shall in this case immediately come into force, and then, also, the military operations of both the high contracting parties shall be conducted in common, until they conclude a peace in common.

The third article is unnecessary for my purpose. The italics are mine.

No one will refuse to admit that the peace of Europe has been due to this treaty, and that the treaty was a necessity caused by the *rapprochement* of Russia with France. Well, then, in view of the fact that the Alliance has been so instrumental in the preservation of peace, and was only to come into force in case of attack, the marvel is that our Foreign Office did not long ago sue to become a partner in the Triple Alliance, in order to ensure the lasting continuance of the peace of

Europe. The treaty was signed in 1879, and it has remained to this day intact. There has been no sign of the Powers seeking a pretext to abuse its terms, no symptom of using their strength against the weak, or of extension of their boundaries; their mutual animosities have been forgotten, each Power has scrupulously avoided provocation, and only at the intercession of other Powers have they intervened in affairs outside of the Alliance. But the same cannot be said of the Franco-Russian Alliance. From the capture of Hanoi in April, 1882, to the occupation of Boussa last year, French aggressions have been innumerable, while those of Russia have been no less continuous, sometimes toward Afghanistan, then in Abyssinia and, lastly, in China.

Toward ourselves Germany has been greatly forbearing, though we have now and then been unnecessarily flurried by mistaking her intentions. But the proof of her straightforward conduct may be found in the absence of contentious questions in Africa. She is our neighbor in South Africa, in Nyassaland and in the Victorian Lake region, and yet nothing has arisen to hinder our peaceful relations, or excite suspicion all these years. Our officers in Uganda write in the highest terms of the German administrators, and though on the Nyassa Lake German and British steamers ply in the same waters, I hear of nothing but courtesies exchanged. But whenever we neighbor French territory there springs up question after question, at

Waima, at Nikki, Boussa, Sokoto, British East Africa, Fashoda, etc.

Therefore it comes to this, that loving peace as we do, we must consider whether our diplomacy does not need to be refashioned, directed to something more than temporary expedients, to policies that will ensure, so far as is humanly possible, the permanent welfare of other nations as well as our own. The Triple Alliance, supported by the military and naval strength of Great Britain, backed by the moral support of the United States, and by the military and naval forces of Japan, appears to me the only way by which the peace of the world can be secured, this nightmare of war dispelled, and this eternal agitation effectually stopped. Naturally concessions must be made for the privilege of joining the Alliance, but we have much that may be given to it in return which will redound to the advantage of Germany. What these concessions shall be lies within the special province of diplomacy to determine. My object has only been to prove that our "splendid isolation," being wholly inadequate and powerless to preserve good relations with the European Powers, ought to be abandoned as a delusion and a snare.

If the Fates forbid our joining the Triple Alliance, the alternatives before us then are either an active and obstinate resistance to the Dual Alliance or a grovelling quiescence with curtailment of empire and decline of power.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE ETHICS OF THE TRAMP.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

THE existence of an army of tramps spread impartially over the whole kingdom is, of course, perfectly obvious and well known, and this fact may account for the manner in which certain remarkable characteristics of these nomad legions are, as a rule, completely ignored. Generally speaking, tramps

are simply looked upon as the refuse of our population—an unsightly feature of our social condition, and an unpleasant anomaly in our boasted civilization. Now in contradiction to these conclusions, we affirm emphatically that the tramps are a most mysterious and distinctive race—wholly

unlike all other portions of the community, and possessing mental and moral peculiarities of a very singular description.

The circumstances under which the writer has come into close personal contact with individual units of the race, have been of a nature to unveil the mysteries of their organization to an extent which could not otherwise have been attained. When they are met (and generally carefully avoided) on the road or in any of the unsavory localities which they temporarily haunt in towns—these unlettered nomads are always engaged in a sensational drama, illustrative of their supposed circumstances, which is their undeviating stock in trade for the purpose of conjuring certain coins of the realm out of the pockets of benevolent persons who may come across them. To parody a well-known line, "They have no language but a lie"—as well hope to get the truth out of a crocodile as out of a tramp as to his real condition or anything else, when he is under the free airs of heaven, and in full enjoyment of the liberty which is a great deal more precious to him than life itself. But it does sometimes happen that the tramp over-reaches himself, and by some awkward mistake in his general disreputability comes under the grasp of the law, and finds himself enclosed in what is to him the hell of four stone walls—a roof over his head shutting out the sky—and locked doors, against which he may beat himself till he is well-nigh stunned to death, without being able to escape into the open air for which he pants with a maddening thirst.

In prison the tramp is a transformed being—the dramatic outward personality falls from him like the skin cast from a snake, and he stands revealed in his naked moral deformity. Within that uncompromising receptacle which, in their phraseology, figures as the stone jug, tramps, male and female, have been interviewed by the writer, and have, unconsciously to themselves, submitted to a dissection of their mental organization which has resulted in

some decidedly curious discoveries. One of the most remarkable of these revelations is the absolute sameness of tastes, habits, and ethics which prevades the whole of this population of the road, without their ever having met at any period of their lives, or had from first to last the smallest connection one with another. The prevailing hue—so to speak—of their internal economy is as uniformly identical in all cases as the color of the black man's skin wherever the negro race may be met; and yet, while this singular identity of character and temperament gives us a right to designate them psychologically as a distinctive race, they are simply, each in their separate individuality, offspring of the ordinary population of our towns and villages; only marked out, even from the members of their own families, by certain distinguishing qualities and inclinations which ally them one to the other by an invisible bond, and set them apart in a unity of tastes as completely as if they sprang from some unique and common origin. The dominating characteristic of the tramps, their very *raison d'être*, is their abhorrence of any settled home—any habitation whatever which would enclose them within walls, and place a roof between them and the wind and rain, no less than the air and sunshine of the open heaven. They have no affinity of any kind with the gipsy race, yet stronger even than the gipsy's love of freedom and hatred of limitations is the craving for a wholly lawless and unfettered life which makes the tramp what he is. The gipsies have their tents and their associated camp life, but the tramp chooses to have no home at all save the road; and no occupation but that of perpetual wandering from place to place, without a definite aim of any sort whatever. The sole interest and excitement of his life from day to day consists in the various stratagems by which he endeavors to procure sufficient food to maintain himself in existence, while the luxury of getting drunk—being only rarely attainable—figures in his unwritten memories such as a state banquet in a royal palace

might appear in those of aspiring persons not often accustomed to associate with princes.

There can be no question that this indomitable craving for a life wholly distinct from the ordinary conditions of civilized humanity is most mysterious, because of the perpetual suffering which is inseparable from its gratification, and to which they submit consciously and willingly from their neglected childhood to their untended death, rather than forego their cherished independence. The great majority of these tramps, both men and women, could secure a more or less comfortable existence for themselves under the ordinary conditions of labor in towns or country places, but work of any kind is abhorrent to them, not so much perhaps from their innate idleness, as from the restrictions of liberty and space necessarily pertaining to it. Rather than submit to these, they give themselves up to a life which, in the winter-time especially, must be one of hideous pain and wretchedness. There they are on the road—half clad, hungry, footsore—with the storm beating upon them, the rain drenching them, the snow lying thick upon the corner of the field where alone they can make their bed—yet urge them to give up their wandering life for a settled home where they may gain an honest living by ordinary work, and they will refuse it with the most absolute determination. Here is an instance, which is strictly true in all its details, having occurred under the writer's own observation. An old woman, aged eighty-four, who had been a tramp almost from her birth, got thrown into prison for no very flagrant misdemeanor, and passed the time of her sojourn there panting for her release. That was to take place on one of the early days in the month of November. The weather was already very cold and wet, and there were strong prognostics of a severe winter. The idea of this aged woman going out to spend the whole of these dark months amid snow, and frost, and bitter winds—on the open road night and day—seemed unendurable, and ar-

rangements were made, by the payment of a suitable sum, which secured for her the shelter and comfort of a home where food and clothing would be provided for her, with kind care in the event of illness, or of the death which at her age could not be far distant. But when the offer of all these luxuries was made to the old tramp, she laughed them to scorn. Live within four walls! go to bed at night in a closed room! obliged to submit to fixed hours for her meals—to have her actions watched by others living in the same place! not she, indeed!

"I am going on the road, as I have done all my life, and will do to the end of it. No settled home for me! nobody shall look after me—I can take care of myself! You let me out of this hateful place, and I'll be off on my own two feet—no one is to trouble about me!"

All this she said with her dim old eyes flashing fire, and her cracked high-pitched voice rising to a shriek. All representations of the risk she would run were quite in vain, and when, as a last resource, it was said to her crudely and plainly that it was almost certain she would be found dead in some wayside ditch before the winter was over, she replied to that remark by cutting a caper, and snapping her fingers in the air with a cheerful declaration that such an end would be quite as good as any other. She meant to live and die on the road, and the sooner she was there, well away from the stone jug, the better pleased she should be, and to the road she went. The only concession which could be obtained from her was her acceptance of some warm clothing, which probably found its way to the pawnshop very speedily, as she was never seen or heard of again. It is probable that she made her exit from this world—before the genial summer came—in the manner that had been predicted for her with unavailing bluntness of speech.

Apart from this rooted abhorrence of settled habitations or a residence for more than a few hours in any one place, which is the unfailing charac-

teristic of all tramps, the ethical view of their manner of being is in other respects singular enough. Many of these wanderers make their entrance into this troublesome world under the friendly shelter of a railway arch or a convenient hedge, from whence, after the briefest possible interval of a more or less quiescent nature to accommodate their unwilling mothers, they start on the aimless journeying which is only to cease with life itself; it will be understood therefore that the national schemes for the compulsory education of the people do not affect them in the smallest degree. As they grow up—little barefooted urchins trotting after the temporary guardians who may or may not be their real parents—they are never long enough in one place to be caught by the School Board in any shape or way, while the Ecclesiastical system which pervades these realms is an equally unknown quantity to them. They pass many churches and chapels, of course, as they roam to and fro; but, since these cannot be utilized as sleeping places, except by involuntary slumberers under the spell of long-drawn-out sermons, it never for a single moment occurs to the tramp to attempt an entrance into any of these structures.

The writer once asked a venerable tramp, who had experienced under the open heaven all possible varieties of bad weather for more winters than he could count, whether he had ever been inside a church or chapel, and he answered—Only once in the whole course of his long life, and that was when the woman he had taken as a companion (not a wife, *bien entendu*) had fallen dead by the wayside, and, having been conveyed by the police to the mortuary, was buried at the expense of the parish—he had hung about the place during the four-and-twenty hours which had elapsed between her death and burial to see, as he expressed it, “how they were going to finish up the old ’ooman,” and followed her into the church, where—to use his own words—“a chap in a white smock read some gibberish out of a book, and I was glad to scuttle out of such a deadly dull

place as quick as I could. I just waited long enough to see ’em put the old ’ooman in the ground, and then I was off on the road; and I’d not go again into such a dark stifling hole for all the old ’oomenas ever was hatched.” The amount of theology which these gentry can pick up in conversation with the frequenters of public-houses, which an occasional sixpence flung to them may enable them to visit, does not generally amount to any revelation of a future state or a Supreme Being to whom they may be accountable for their actions; and their mental horizon is bounded absolutely, therefore, by this visible world, while the motive power of their existence therein is simply to fashion it as may be most agreeable to themselves for the passing moment. The ordinary laws of morality have naturally no place in their social arrangements. Male tramps without exception prefer to be accompanied in their journeys by a female companion in no legal sense connected with them, and that for a quite indefinite period—dependent on the length of time which may elapse before occasional outbursts of temper assume suddenly an aggravated form, and there is a stand-up fight which results in a separation. Very often, however, the temporary union is dissolved in a more amicable fashion, by a simple interchange of partners with some passing traveller on the road.

“I say, old chap, I likes your ’ooman better nor mine here, let’s swop. I’ll throw in a bit o’ bacey with my wench as yours is a bit younger.”

“All right, I’m willing. I am sick of my ’ooman’s tantrums. I’ll try it on with yours;” and the transfer is made with the utmost ease, the ladies making no sort of objection. Variety is always pleasing to the feminine mind, and the newly arranged couples go on their respective ways after a friendly parting. Be it understood, however, that these persons have figured as man and wife in the dramatic representation as to their circumstances, which they go through for the benefit of any charitable persons they may meet on the road. It is a singu-

lar fact that tramps are, as a rule, very rarely professional thieves. Since it is impossible to suppose that this is the result of any adherence on their part to the requirements of the Eighth Commandment, it is to be inferred that the dread of a compulsory residence in the stone jug is the sole cause of their unwilling honesty. Occasionally, however, an unexpected opportunity occurs of possessing themselves of their neighbors' goods without apparent risk, and then they do not hesitate to avail themselves of it, and to defend the proceeding in the most logical manner. An extremely sharp-witted old lady tramp, who had been captured by a specially energetic constable as she emerged from the open window of an unguarded house laden with spoil, justified her action while conversing with the writer in the most easy and cheerful manner imaginable. "Why, of course, when I saw the window open and the farmer and his folk all out in the hayfield, I thought, hurrah, here's a jolly chance for me, so I nipped in and got hold of all I could find as quick as you like. Why should I not? They had everything and I had nothing; it was all right and fair that I should get what I could, and it was real mean to send me to jail for it. Why are they to have all and me nothing?"

Amid much that is clearly regrettable in the ethics of the tramp, it must be admitted that a really admirable *esprit de corps* exists among them; they will shield and defend one another by

every device in their power, and that not on any ground of personal friendship, for they will often take up the quarrel of perfect strangers to their own serious disadvantage, but simply from a mysterious sense of fraternity with all who are of the same type as themselves, dwellers on the road, and a race unique alike in their habits and their tastes.

Thus, after the fashion which we have faintly shadowed forth, the vast army of tramps in this enlightened country journey from birth to death, and vanish into the unknown, to be succeeded by generation after generation of precisely the same stamp.

The question remains—it seems to us for somewhat serious consideration—as to whether the nation at large is to continue doing absolutely nothing to rescue this huge body of wanderers from their eminently unsatisfactory existence. It must be admitted in all honesty that no one who understands the subject in any efficient degree, can hope that measures even of the wisest description could prove available with adult members of this nomad race; but surely it might be possible to organize some legislative scheme for the rescue of the children—at a sufficiently early age to prevent their having acquired any individual taste for the life to which they are destined—so that at least the next century might see our land relieved from a standing evil, which is strangely inconsistent with our boasted civilization and culture.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING.

BY ELIZABETH LECKY.

"THE present defect of English education, from the top of the scale to the bottom, is our neglect of the cultivation of the modern languages of the nations of the world."

These words from one of Sir William Harcourt's latest speeches should be taken to heart by all who are interested in the education and progress

of our people. Why is it that our progressive country, which in most things leads the vanguard of civilization, should be so behindhand in speaking and understanding the languages of other nations? In the first place, as has been justly pointed out, the English language is spoken all over the world, and we think we can get on

without troubling to learn other languages. In the second place, the greatness of our country makes us self-sufficient. We mind but little what the foreigner says; we treat his criticisms with contempt. We are lacking in sympathy for other nations; we do not try to understand them, and we are the losers by it. Other languages often express shades of thought and feeling which are unrepresented in our own because they hold but little place in our lives, and yet which might with advantage be cultivated. We know, for instance, what comfort is, but do we understand the German *gemütlichkeit*, which is independent of the luxuries of life? We are not wanting in thoroughness, but is there much of that high element of *Innigkeit* in the rush of our existences? The presence or absence of a word in a language sometimes marks a characteristic national difference. The words "home," *heim*, have no exact equivalent among the nations who lead chiefly an outdoor life. Home sickness and *heimweh* are rendered in French by *le mal du pays*, showing that the native village or locality supersedes the more restricted idea of the house. On the other hand, there is a sentimental ring about the German *Vaterland* and the French *Patrie* which is wanting in the English word "country." And as each nation, as Mr. Chamberlain once said, has given the feeling of patriotism a distinctive national character, the difference may perhaps indicate that British patriotism, intense though it be, is more transcendental and less connected with an exclusive attachment to the native soil. It is a fact that the Englishman, who would die for his country, very frequently prefers living out of it. When not bound by duty he makes his home wherever he finds existence easiest, and he is but little tormented with that nostalgia that makes the Swiss long for his mountains and the Breton for his native village.

There is no language from which expressions might not be quoted that are only approximately translatable, hence the study of each language opens

up a fresh horizon, and the "*humani nihil a me alienum puto*" is best realized by the man who knows many tongues.

The chief cause of our ignorance is the method which has been hitherto generally employed for teaching modern languages. They have been taught far too much as if they were dead languages. The teachers have been mostly people who had only a theoretical knowledge of the language, who were unable to speak it, and whose object was that their pupils should satisfy the requirements of the examinations, which are but little in touch with the needs of practical life.

A reaction has now set in, and there is a movement to teach even classical languages in a more vivid and less conventional way. But it takes a long time to overcome prejudices, to leave the beaten track and start on a new line, to remodel the whole teaching of a particular subject; and yet the way to do it is so simple and obvious that the wonder is it has not been tried before.

The general complaint is that the school curricula are crowded with subjects, all of which are more or less important; and the problem is how to give them all their due place and to attain the best results at the least expenditure of time and of strain upon teacher and pupil. It is desirable that the instruction should be so divided over the school years as to meet the powers of learning of a child—that is to say, that particular subjects should be taught at a period in a child's life when its capacities are most ready to assimilate them. This is really the secret of all education, and too much stress cannot be laid on it. At an age when children cannot yet grapple with the difficulties of Latin grammar or grasp the problems of mathematics or physical science, they are not only perfectly fit to learn to speak a modern language, but the learning of it comes easiest. "We observe," says Dr. Jowett, the late Master of Balliol, "that while the powers of the mind usually strengthen as years advance, at least until the end of middle life, the

faculty of learning a new language decays almost in an inverse ratio. The short period of six months is said to be enough to perfect a clever child in a new language; and a child very rarely confuses different languages: if the weight becomes too great for his memory one language drives out the other. They are learned as a whole and forgotten as a whole. Modern languages, then, should be learned in childhood, and they should be learned from native teachers."

The experience of foreign countries, such as Holland and Hungary, where the oral as well as grammatical knowledge of three or four modern languages is considered essential to a good education, illustrates the theory. The children there are taught to speak them from infancy by natives from the different countries. They learn them without effort while at play. The Swiss, French, or English nursery governess forms part of almost every well-to-do household, and foreign languages are rightly made the starting-point of education. In England the number of parents who give their children these advantages are comparatively few, because they do not see how important would be the results for their children in after years. Until we can rouse their interest in the matter our schools must do the best they can to supply the deficiency. We must try and convince the heads of schools of the urgent need there is to begin to teach a foreign language in the preparatory departments. There is nothing so difficult as to get people out of a certain groove of ideas. It is astonishing, but it is a fact, that there still lingers among a certain number of teachers an actual prejudice against beginning education with a foreign language. If teachers would only realize that if children were accustomed to hear idiomatic French spoken from the Kindergarten upward it would facilitate the whole school course afterward, that it would put an end to, or at any rate minimize the language grinding for examinations, there is no doubt that every one of them would fall in with our views. But the system is not believed in be-

cause it has never been seriously tried. It is true that in a certain number of schools French is taught in the Kindergarten, but the lessons are too short and far between, and the children only learn a certain number of words. To derive any real benefit from the teaching the children should be taught from the first orally every day, and it would be best if French could be for a great part of the time the medium of Kindergarten teaching. But here we are met with a difficulty. From inquiries I have made I find that the Froebel method is not followed in France; that it is not recognized by the French State; that there are no normal schools where future Kindergarten teachers can be trained, but that some imperfect Kindergarten teaching goes on in private schools. It seems to me, however, that intelligent French teachers could easily master the method, especially if they were acquainted with the Gouin method, which proceeds on the same lines, namely, by gradual development. Games and nursery rhymes would soon make the foreign language popular among children, and we know how keen children are about anything they take a fancy to. In fact, a headmistress gave me an instance of the pleasure children take in learning a new language. A mother had told her that her little girl was teaching the baby French phrases, and she had heard of a father and mother being much amused by being taught French early in the morning by a Kindergarten child. The reason I lay stress on French is that, though we may not all agree with the dictum of the poet Bornier, "*Chacun a deux pays, le sien et puis la France*," there is yet a universal consensus of opinion that French should be the first foreign language taught, and it certainly has on every ground the best claim.

The teaching of oral French in the Kindergarten will not only prove an inestimable advantage to our girls, but it may help our boys, whose education in modern languages has been hitherto so lamentably deficient. At a meeting of the Modern Language Association some time ago, Sir John Lubbock

pointed out that, in a country like England, which has commercial relations all over the world, the knowledge of foreign languages is of the greatest use to young men in business, and how they were often hampered without it. Sir William Harcourt showed, in the speech already quoted, that we suffer from the competition of other nations, not because our goods are not the best that can be made, but because we have not a sufficient number of agents who are familiar with the languages of the different countries to send out in order to push the trade as Germany and other nations do.

Not long ago a military man, who spoke with the experience of "an old soldier who has taken special interest in the education and training of our young officers," strongly urged, in the *Times*, the necessity of the study of modern languages, the knowledge of which, he said, was all important for the military profession; and it is superfluous to add that, for a diplomatic and political career, such knowledge is simply indispensable.

Therefore, if in the Kindergarten boys were given a first start, at least in French, it would be conferring a benefit on them also. In schools where there is no Kindergarten, as much time as possible should be given to French in the preparatory department of the first form—an hour at least every day—and the teaching should be given exclusively in French and, if possible, by natives. I have heard it remarked that foreign languages should be taught at first chiefly by English teachers, while at a later stage natives from the country might be useful. I venture wholly to dissent from this, and should like to reverse it. To quote Jowett once more, "The true and living voice of a language, the expression, the intonation, the manner, the inspiration of it, can only be communicated by a teacher to whom it is native and inherited." All the early teaching of French and German should therefore be given, wherever it is possible, by natives. Having once acquired a good pronunciation, children are likely to

retain it. They would learn it with difficulty at a later stage, if they had been taught with a British accent in the beginning. Far be it from me to disparage the teaching of those English masters or mistresses who have studied French in France, and who have a thorough command of the language, but, as a general rule, we will all admit that, if we aim at a pure accent, we must acquire it first hand. I cannot illustrate better what I mean than by quoting what a French woman said to me once, when she was giving elocution lessons here: "I have been fifteen times in England, and yet you will be surprised to hear that I do not know English—but I have not learnt it in order not to lose my French." That shows what delicate tests French people themselves bring to bear on their knowledge of their mother tongue. This does not apply with equal severity to German, a somewhat rougher language, which can better resist the wear and tear of foreign contact. That is partly the reason why it is so important to begin French first. The standard of style too is higher in France than in Germany: the essential characteristic of a good French style being its conciseness and lucidity, while long involved sentences are unfortunately somewhat characteristic of German erudition. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff tells us in his *Diary* that "Mommsen called Renan a true savant, *in spite of his beautiful style.*"

The introduction of the Gouin method has done excellent service by drawing attention to the fact that modern languages can only be learned well by oral practice. The so-called dead, or classical, languages are taught for literary and archæological purposes, but the essence of living language teaching is to enable pupils to express themselves fluently in them, both in speaking and writing, and the Gouin system aims at this. It is based on the natural process by which every infant begins to speak—that is, by learning the sounds through the ear before it knows how to read and write—and it makes the verb the pivot of the teaching. The child is taught to

describe in accurate words and in their natural sequence the actions and events of every-day life that are within its sphere of comprehension. Besides giving him a correct vocabulary, instead of the slipshod one that children and even grown-up people too often use, it puts order into his thoughts by making him learn a series of connected sentences, instead of the desultory, unconnected and unmeaning ones of the old exercises. It has, however, its drawbacks: one being that, if taught pure and simple throughout the school course, it would not satisfy the requirements of the examinations. It is therefore best adapted to teaching the lower forms. Another objection is that it is often a strain on the teachers, and I believe that in some schools it was given up on that account. The method seems a first-rate tool in the hands of those who have a perfect mastery over it, and who handle it freely, but those to whom it does not appeal and who teach it mechanically, without putting any life of their own in it, will fail to obtain satisfactory results. The children will learn a certain number of phrases like parrots without acquiring any power of expression. It requires therefore intelligent teachers, who have a certain amount of originality and imagination, and who do not consider themselves tied to the series lessons of Mr. Gouin, but are capable of framing new ones to suit the circumstances, so that the method should retain its freshness and vitality, and that the interest of the pupils should not flag.

It has been effectually combined with drawing and brushwork, which gives it an additional interest, and it may be adapted to the elementary teaching of almost any subject, but this implies that the teacher should have a great deal of general and accurate knowledge.

By suiting the action to the word, children learn to associate the words with the objects and ideas and not with English words—the only way by which they will be taught to think in the new language. Therefore translations and exercises

are condemned by the new method for beginners at all ages, and a complete emancipation from the mother tongue is required. At a later stage translating from one language into another will be learnt with all the more ease.

A head master at the Hague, who has introduced the system with excellent results, both for French and German, into his school, said to me when I visited it last year: "It does not matter so much by what method you teach, as long as you speak the language with the pupils." That is the crucial point. "To speak the language that is taught," says Professor Bierbaum, "is as essential a part of the school teaching as practising the piano is of the music lesson, or doing gymnastics of the drilling lesson."

I have heard it stated by teachers that though French lessons are begun orally in the lower forms, it is necessary on account of the examinations to resort later on to the old methods of using English as the medium of teaching, but "that the interest when a language is learned according to the new methods is doubled, and that there is undoubtedly a greater facility in grappling with the difficulties of composition when first attempted through the previous conversational practice." My comment on this would be, in the first place, that if the pupils were made thoroughly familiar with the language from the Kindergarten or the preparatory department upward—that is, if most of the time at an early stage were given to oral language teaching—it would not be necessary to resort to English afterward. In the second place, the old methods have proved wanting.

All the trouble taken for the examinations frequently fails for want of that very oral practice which is set aside. While the pupils can answer difficult questions in French grammar, they often do not know how to apply the rules, and have trouble to turn easy sentences into French. No doubt the fault lies partly with the examinations. One of the writers in the French paper *Le Temps* expressed his astonishment some time ago at the

questions put by the London University examiner to candidates for a French teacher's certificate. He says that though he prides himself on knowing French well, he would be at a loss to answer them; and he sums up: "An examination like that of the London University proves nothing. A candidate who can answer all those questions does not yet know French; he only knows the curiosities of the language. He knows all the exceptions without being able to apply the rules." The Oxford and Cambridge examination papers sometimes err in the same direction, but the examiner's criticisms are on the right tack by giving paramount importance to oral practice.

I cannot help thinking that if we left the examinations more to take care of themselves, and concentrated our whole attention at first on the best way of making a pupil acquire, as a language authority suggests, "a thorough command of a limited number of words"—those required for the general purposes of life are estimated at two or three thousand—the results even of the examinations would gain. At any rate, we must remember that the examinations are a means, not an end. Those schools which do best in French composition are also those where the teaching is given in French throughout the school course. This fact speaks for itself.

I do not wish it to be supposed for a single moment that I want to discourage the study of grammar. I have heard people boast that they could write French perfectly without knowing the grammar, but I defy any one to write their past participles correctly without having learned the rules. At first only the simplest rules should be taught, not in an abstract way, but as they arise in connection with the oral exercises. In that way the grammar will be far more instructive and attractive than if taught as dry matter by itself.

Archbishop Whately gives some excellent advice with regard to the learning of grammar which I should like to quote: "Take care of the easy things," he says, "and the hard ones will take

care of themselves; or treat the easy parts as if they were hard, and the hard parts will become easy. I have formerly remarked, I believe, that the way to make out a difficulty is not to puzzle at it, but to familiarize yourself with those parts which you do understand till they gradually throw light on the more obscure. This is particularly evident in the learning of languages. If men could but be persuaded to read easy books with very great care and attention, they would acquire such a knowledge of the language as they might apply with the greatest advantage when they came to harder ones; but unfortunately they generally will be satisfied with making out (or fancying they make out) the meaning; and when they can do this with ease, they are for proceeding to a harder book; and when they are stopped by its difficulties, they have to learn and apply at once those rules which they should have been already familiar with. My rule will apply also very well to the right method of learning grammar." This advice of the archbishop's completely agrees with one of the fundamental principles of the new method—that of graduated teaching.

It is interesting to see how everywhere attempts are made to get rid of the old methods. Professor Viotor, at Marburg, one of the promoters of the *Neuphilologen-verein*, informs me that though the Gouin method is not followed in German public schools, yet language teaching is undergoing a reform which is recognized by the Prussian Code, and that reading and speaking have now precedence over grammar and written exercises. The same principles have been adopted by the Association *Phonétique*, which promotes the improvement of language teaching in France, as the *Neuphilologen-verein* does in Germany.

When foreign languages can be acquired by such simple methods as those that have been suggested, it would seem that the plan of teaching beginners by means of a phonetic alphabet, which is now exercising the minds of some, is nothing but a delusion and a snare. Many sounds in one language

cannot be adequately rendered in another, and cannot therefore be represented by common signs. As for writing phonetically, we all know that we learn spelling mechanically, and sometimes when we think of the spelling of a word we are apt to spell it wrong, even though we usually spell it right. To learn, therefore, first the phonetic and afterward the correct orthography must add to the difficulties and complications of language learning and teaching, and take time and trouble which might well be bestowed on other subjects.

The study of phonetics is as yet only in its infancy, and to the student of philology it is no doubt of great importance. It may be of use also to the teacher, for he may thereby acquire a more subtle perception, a more delicately attuned ear to detect faults of pronunciation which are now frequently passed over. The study should, however, be limited to the specialist, who should give the benefit of his acquirements to the pupils without embarrassing them with phonetic alphabets, which will only waste their time and confuse them in the end.

With regard to the sequence in which foreign languages should be taught, some good language authorities agree that Latin might be taken with advantage before German, because an acquaintance with Latin must necessarily facilitate the study of German syntax, but that it is all the same desirable to begin German early, as "those who have begun later never gain the same security as to grammar in writing or speaking unless they spend longer in the country than most can do." I gather that pupils learn German more easily than French, and it seems the greater pity that in some schools Latin and German should be alternative subjects, as German is indispensable for archaeology and other sciences, not to speak of its literature and of its educational value in developing those qualities of the mind which are apt to get stifled in our matter-of-fact atmosphere. The study of that great teacher of mankind, Goethe, is alone worth learning

German for. "The German language," says Carlyle, "it is presumable thou knowest; if not, shouldst thou undertake the study thereof for that sole end, it were well worth thy while." To drop one language for another seems in any case undesirable, for it is easy to unlearn and so much time would have been wasted. It is well to remember that the knowledge of a language is as much a means as an end. It is the golden key that opens the treasure house of the life and thought and literature of a people. "Foreign language teaching," says Professor Wendt, of Hamburg, "should emancipate itself from the methods which are chiefly or exclusively directed to the form and do not do justice to the substance." "The philologist should study all the expressions of life and the political evolution of the foreign nation; and having assimilated them in a systematic and scientific way, he should interpret them to his pupils. To the science of language no branch of the foreign national existence should be indifferent." This applies to university teaching, but may it not on a smaller scale be carried out in our secondary schools? The ideal plan would be, as a head mistress suggests, "if a sufficient knowledge of a language could be acquired, to allow the mistress to teach the geography, history, literature, of France and Germany in their own language." And if the history and literature of the same period could be taken in conjunction, this would give a broader view of both and make the pupils remember them better. Of course a native of the country could best carry out such a plan. When the pupils have mastered the language sufficiently to understand and appreciate what they read, they should be introduced to the masterpieces of literature; but if these are used as vehicles for learning the language, they too often leave tedious recollections on the mind, instead of creating, as they should, a love for the authors. Tennyson complained that he had had Horace so thoroughly drummed into him that he disliked him in proportion. He would lament, "They use me

as a lesson book at school and they will call me that horrible Tennyson. It was not till many years after boyhood that I could like Horace. Byron expressed what I felt, 'Then farewell Horace whom I hated so.' Indeed I was so overdosed with Horace that I hardly do him justice even now that I am old." The selection of books for reading should, according to the new method, be made on a systematic principle. "The books selected for school reading," says Professor Müller of Heidelberg, "must serve especially to give the pupils an appreciation of the superior intellects of the nation by making them acquainted with the best and noblest which the people have produced in literature and art, handicraft and industry, and with their most important achievements in peace and in war, in politics and in social life, as far as the exposition of these facts does not surpass the intelligence of the scholar or is not out of place for school treatment." Learning masterpieces of poetry by heart is laying up an invaluable treasure for after years.

It were much to be wished for the sake of women and men both that the status of modern languages at the Universities could be raised. In Germany the Neuphilologen-verein is making great efforts to improve it by encouraging training in the new methods, prolonged visits by teachers to foreign countries, and *viva voce* examinations. In England the Modern Language Association is working in the same direction. It seems an anomaly that honors can be obtained in modern languages at Oxford without a *viva voce* test, and that for the Cambridge tripos

viva voce also is optional and that the results do not affect the class. Moreover, the examination for honors in modern languages at Oxford is for women only, and I am told on good authority that unless this is changed the opening of the degree to women would discourage the study of modern languages among them, especially that of German. Those who consider the knowledge of modern languages a necessary part of a good education should combine to put pressure on the University authorities to get this state of things altered.

No one can look at the map of our great empire without feeling how important it is that we should be in close touch, morally as well as materially, with the nations of the world, and that we should defeat envy and distrust by large and generous sympathies. It is not too much to say that this can best be brought about by the study of modern languages.

"We should like," as Professor Wendt says, "to arouse in the young the appreciation of other civilized nations and imbue them with a love of the foreign language, as the chief reflection of the foreign character; the better, the more lastingly, the more systematically and scientifically we initiate them into the understanding of foreign conditions, the more we shall foster the love of home, the more we shall make them value by comparison the inalienable treasure they possess in their own country, while we shall preserve them at the same time from chauvinism and jingoism, the caricatures of true patriotism."—*Longman's Magazine*.

SPAIN AND THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BY JOHN FOREMAN.

THE existing hostilities between Spain and the United States of America have suddenly brought into singular prominence the colony geographically known as the Philippine Islands. I say "geographically" ad-

visedly, for, owing chiefly to its jealously exclusive administration under Spanish dominion, it has become neither a resort for globe-trotters nor a place of call *en route* elsewhere for steamers of regular lines. The bulk of

the export and import trade is in the hands of half a dozen British firms and a few other foreign houses, and not many years ago if one talked to a man of average general information about the Philippine Islands his knowledge of them went very little beyond the fact that the archipelago was somewhere in the vicinity of China, and that its capital Manila was a place whence cigars were imported. Literature too respecting the Islands has been very scant. The last comprehensive work descriptive of the Colony was published in 1891, and prior to that no book pretending to give even a partial account of the Colony was written since 1859. The most northerly island is (excepting a few islets of no importance) Luzon, situated at about 200 miles due south of Formosa Islands. Manila, the capital—on Luzon Island—is some 630 miles from Hong Kong, or say sixty hours steam in the vessels which regularly ply between these ports. The run from Singapore to Manila in the regular (Spanish) mail is about five days and a half. In normal times there is the monthly Spanish mail from Europe (the *Compañía Transatlántica*) calling at Singapore both ways; an intermediate steamer also runs between Manila and Singapore; and one may also count on a Hong Kong steamer about every five days.

The archipelago consists of an undefined number of islands and islets, usually estimated at about 600, extending over approximately 12 degrees of latitude, including the Protectorate (in the extreme south) of the Sultanate of Sulu. The islands of commercial importance, whence the supplies of produce are collected for reshipment from the ports open to foreign trade, number about twenty-five, the chief of which are Luzon, Panay, Negros, Sámar, Leyte, Cebú, and Mindanao. Besides Manila there are three other ports open to foreign trade, all under very vexatious and restrictive regulations, namely, Yloilo in the Island of Panay, Cebú in the Island of the same name, and Zamboanga in Mindanao. This last port, however, is rarely visited

by a foreign ship on account of the prohibitive dues. There are no foreign capitalists present or represented there, and the Spaniards being in virtual possession of only the coast of this second largest island of the group, while the hinterland is held by unsubdued natives, there is almost no traffic with Zamboanga. The archipelago may be regarded as ethnologically divided into three parts, namely, Luzon and the northern islands, constituting broadly the Tagálog sphere, the southern islands the Visaya sphere, and the extreme southern islands, or Sulu Sultanate, the semi-independent Mussulman division. Between these three groups there exists great racial antipathy. By far the most civilized and amenable are the Tagálogs, whose ancestors are supposed to have emanated from the Malay Peninsula centuries ago. They are hospitable to a degree which can hardly be realized by any one who has never left Europe. The Visayas are hospitable only for mercenary motives, callous, uncouth, and of brutal instincts, excepting only the Cebuanos, who are the most docile of all, and who, in hospitality, somewhat approach the Tagálog. Excepting Cebú people, the Visayas are supposed to be an offshoot of the northern emigrants to a great extent amalgamated with the Mussulman occupants of the extreme south. The lowlands of Negros (the largest sugar-producing island) are well known to have been peopled by generations of criminals who fled from civilized jurisdiction in Luzon and the adjacent islands. Indeed, up to forty years ago the Negros people were a lawless crowd. In the old capital town of Jimamaylan they defied European authority and murdered the Governor. The Sultanate of Sulu is, nominally, only the Island of Sulu (called by the Spaniards Toló), but, as a matter of fact, the tribes of Mindanao and Basilan Islands and the Tagbanuas tribes of Balábac and Paragua Islands, if they acknowledge any authority at all above their local chiefs, give allegiance to the Sultan. They absolutely reject Christianity and are known in the islands as *Moros*. The

theory is that this Sultanate, as well as that of Brunei (Borneo), was founded by Mussulman emissaries about eight centuries ago. In the Island of Sulu (Toló) the Spaniards, after centuries of strife, hold only the free port of Toló, the scene of many massacres of Spaniards, while the capital of the Sultan is at Maybun on the south coast. Running due west from Sulu there is a chain of islets extending toward the coast of the British North Borneo Company's possessions.

The history of the Philippines is extremely interesting; but, like that of most Spanish settlements, its pages record far more deeds of strife, treachery, and oppression, than of glory to the rulers, or happiness to the ruled. Space will not allow me to take more than a rapid glance at the most striking incidents. At the dawn of the sixteenth century the Pope had been complacent enough to dispose of the known and unknown universe. Taking Cape Verd as the starting-point, the Western hemisphere was given to Spain and the Eastern hemisphere to Portugal, that is to say, all newly discovered lands, within the limits defined, henceforth came under the respective influences of Spain and Portugal, with the Papal blessing, and on the condition that the foremost consideration in the colonizing schemes should ever be the salvation of souls. Every act of the pioneers primarily, and of the established colonial governments which followed, was absolutely subjected to the predominant interests of the Church. The crown of Spain itself was nominally in the gift of the Pope. Hence, while no expedition could sail without the royal warrant, the benediction of His Holiness was that which most charmed the warrior, who, zealous as he might be in the service of his king, felt that he carried with him a still more sacred mission from heaven. No doubt every Castilian soldier was guided by those same feelings which finally inspired Ignacio de Loyola to hang up his sword in the little Basque church and seek that "end which justifies the means." The spirit of the times, too,

was that of chivalry, a thirst for adventure, a love of conquest and domineering sway, only kept within bounds by the superstition and fanaticism of the age. But a more material incentive fired the enthusiasm of the lower social orders. The soul-stirring tales brought back from the newly discovered world beyond the great Atlantic, the sight of the treasures wrested from the possession of the infidel Aztecs and Incas, bore an influence as potent on the minds of the masses as the highest ideals of religious chivalry which inflamed the ambition of the leaders. The Treaty of Tordesillas, which embodied the will of the Pope above referred to, had for its real motive the laudable and peaceful object of terminating the rivalry between Spain and Portugal. It only partially succeeded, however, for, while the Spaniards and Portuguese agreed to navigate only in their respective spheres, even the Pope himself was unable to determine the line of longitude dividing these spheres of influence at the other side of the globe. And this is where the point of dispute arose which indirectly brought about the discovery of that group of islands since known as the Philippines. Each nation claimed that the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, fell within its half. Then there appeared on the scene in the Portuguese Court a certain cavalier, named Hernando de Maghallanes (Ferdinand Magellan), who, having failed to secure the attention of the king to his scheme for a voyage of discovery, offered his services in the Spanish capital. Here, after many tedious delays, he was permitted to approach the Spanish king, Charles I., who, in the end, gave his royal assent to the discovery of a western route to the Moluccas. A fleet was fitted out, and sailed under the command of Maghallanes. It was in this voyage that he discovered the channel now known to the world as the Straits of Magellan. The Pacific Ocean was crossed, the Ladrone Islands were visited *en route*, and eventually Maghallanes found his way to an Island which now forms one of the Philippine Archipelago, namely

Cebú. After a series of negotiations with the native king he declared the King of Spain to be the suzerain lord. Then he went to fight the battles of his master's new liege and was unfortunate enough to be fatally wounded by an arrow. Half a century had passed away when, in 1570, a new expedition was sent out from Mexico to annex the island discovered by Maghallanes and the group known to be adjacent from information received from the crews of Maghallanes' fleet. The leadership was confided to Miguel de Legaspi, who proceeded to Cebú Island, and after protracted efforts and arrangements with the chieftain declared the Island to be under the suzerainty of the King of Castile. Here he founded a colony and initiated the disastrous policy of favoring the intermarriage of Spaniards with natives, under the mistaken impression that it was the true means of drawing closer the ties with the conquered race. Then, having heard that there was a kingdom of Maynila within a few days' sail, he went in search of it and found himself in Borneo, in the Sultanate of Brunei. There he was informed that traders came down with all sorts of fine goods, including silks and other fabrics, so with more or less crude sailing directions, he brought his ships up to Maynila. The king of that place peacefully accepted the treaty offered, including the suzerainty of the King of Spain, and in 1571 Legaspi proclaimed Manila to be the Capital of the Philippines in lieu of Cebú, which place, however, remained thenceforth an episcopal city. It was found that the Chinese, from time immemorial, were in the habit of coming down to Manila with the N.W. monsoon in their junks laden with Canton goods, and the natives went out in canoes to barter alongside. The Chinese would not trust themselves on land. With the S.W. monsoon they returned to China. Legaspi encouraged this trade, and little by little, under a more settled Government, the Chinese ventured ashore. They became so numerous that they had to be specially located, and an establishment, the *Alcayceria*, was erected

for them outside the city. It resembled a big circus, with pigeon-holes all around for their dwellings. Later on they were admitted inside the city and the particular place allotted to them was called the *Parian*. The city gate there is still known as the *Puerta del Parian*. Several times the Chinese have unsuccessfully risen against the Spaniards.

The present population of Manila, which is about 350,000, includes some 60,000 Chinese and 10,000 Chinese half-castes. These hold quite four-fifths of the retail trade. In the provinces there are about 40,000 Chinese and Chinese half-castes.

There are three chief channels of speech in the islands which may be termed languages, namely, Tagalog, Visaya and Moro, of which the total number of dialects is reckoned at twenty-two. The official language everywhere is Spanish. Besides the groups of natives already alluded to as being more or less under Spanish dominion, there are several independent mountain tribes known as Negritos, Igorrotes, Tinguianes, Tagbanuas, etc., who never have been subdued. I remember meeting the expedition sent North from Manila in 1881 to reduce them to submission. It was a total failure, but the general was rewarded with the title of Conde de la Union and a Te Deum was chanted in the capital in thanksgiving for imaginary victories. The theory which soothed the consciences of the first military leaders was that either the soul must be prepared for salvation in the living man or the body must be annihilated. For generation after generation raids were repeatedly made on the natives for the crime of passive resistance to what they could not comprehend. With the cry of "Viva Castilla!" bands of Spanish soldiers opened the way with blood for the monk to enter into the breach and palliate the wound with silvery phrases to the terror-stricken converts. The cry of *Castila* came to represent everything that was terrible beyond all hope of mercy, and was, and is to this day, used in that same sense. *Castila* in the north and *Cachila* in the south

mean the same, and often in the rural districts I have heard the cry of fright, "*Castila!*" as a child noticed me approaching. Mothers, too, in my presence, have often made their children cease crying by pointing toward me and pronouncing in subdued tone the dread word, "*Castila!*"

After years of study of the native character, I have come to the conclusion that the Philippine islander is very matter-of-fact. He is not unwilling, but unable, to conscientiously accept an abstract theory. Christianity, with its mysteries, has therefore no effect on his character, but he becomes accustomed to do that which his forefathers were coerced to do, namely, to accept the outward and visible signs without being imbued by the inward and spiritual grace. The mere discipline—the fact that, *volens volens*, they must at a given hour on a given day appear dressed in their best and attend the church and (in the case of headmen) go to the monk's residence to "kiss hands"—has certainly had the effect of taming the masses into orderly beings. Yet restraint of any kind is repugnant to him. He likes to be as free as a bird, but he is of a pliant nature, and easily managed with just treatment. He is extremely sensitive to injustice. If he knows, in his own mind, that he has done wrong he will submit to a thrashing without any thought of taking revenge. If he were punished out of mere caprice, or with palpable injustice, he would always have a lurking desire to give a *quid pro quo*. He has an innate contempt for cowards, hence his disdain for Chinese, but will follow a brave leader anywhere, and will never be the first to yield to hunger, fatigue, or possible chances of death. He takes every trouble with profound resignation; he promises everything and performs little; his word is not worth a straw, and he does not feel that lying is a sin. He is inconstant in the extreme, and loyal so long as it suits him, but as a subject he can be easily moulded into any fashion which a just, honest, and merciful government would wish.

From the foundation of Manila in

1571 up to the year 1819, the colony of the Philippine Islands was a dependency of Mexico. During that long period there was absolutely no direct intercourse between the Mother Country and her Far Eastern colony. Everybody and everything destined for the Philippines passed through Mexico until that American colony threw off the Spanish yoke. Thenceforth, for fifty-one years, communication with Spain was *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope. The commercial history of the Philippines would be too long to relate here *in extenso*; suffice it to say that it is a series of struggles between the colonists, who sought liberty to trade freely with Mexico and China, and the Spanish king and his councillors and the trading community in Spain, who persistently determined to curtail that freedom as much as possible. The policy of the Spanish merchant class was to hold Mexico as their exclusive market. They opposed Philippine traffic with China because this necessitated silver dollars, which they knew must come from Mexico surreptitiously, if the islanders were not openly permitted to give goods in exchange. The famous galleons, which were so frequently intercepted and seized by British privateers from the days of our Queen Elizabeth onward, formed the only connection between Mexico (Acapulco) and Manila. The regulations for shipping were, however, so restrictive that only the favorites of the authorities ever secured a chance. The arrival of the galleon in Manila bay was the event of the season or the year. For the Europeans it was a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, with additional possible dangers. The ferocious (at times bloody) contentions between Church and State authorities were enough to obliterate all the moral prestige which the Spaniards ever had, or might have had, among the natives. The galleon usually brought, together with the Mexican dollars, fresh restrictive royal decrees, and a motley crowd of all sorts and conditions of men; friars who had to relate how they had saved the ship from total wreck by an appeal to the Virgin; a mob of notaries

who had bought their offices in public auction in the City of Mexico; some dignitary who was destined to fan the flame of discord; perhaps a crowd of low-type fortune-seekers, and last, but not least, a mysterious individual of gloomy aspect whose mission none understood, but who would turn out to be the official "snake in the grass"—a spy from the Holy Office of the Inquisition—a social scourge.

For about a century and a half after the foundation of Manila, the provincial government was handed over to the mercy of low-class Spanish adventurers. A common soldier would be rewarded for his services with an *encomienda*, i.e., a tract of land over which, together with the natives settled thereon, he had almost absolute control. The lives of the natives became a perfect misery. Successive reforms brought first a functionary who was, at the same time, governor, judge, and licensed trader. The abuses were so glaring that, after long entreaty, he was superseded by a judge-governor, and I remember when, a few years ago, these offices were divided. Now each branch of government has its separate delegate in each province, and there are also two provincial Supreme Courts. There is also a fortnightly subsidized steamer service from Manila to each provincial government. All appointments are made direct from Spain, and with every new Ministry in Madrid comes a flock of new favorites to the islands. The Governor-General is usually a Lieutenant-General in Spain, with the local rank of Captain-General (in Spain) have been sent out.

I have, so far, only alluded to the civil and military government, which is virtually nothing more than the executive of the ecclesiastical authority. The real rulers of the islands are the four corporations of friars—namely, the Austin, Dominican, Franciscan, and Recoleta orders. Their influence has been predominant since the foundation of the colony. In times gone by there have been most fierce contests between the governors and the monastic orders, in which the former

have almost invariably been the losers. One Governor-General, Bustamente, was murdered in his palace at the instigation of the holy friars, who followed up his dead body, and hooted as it was being dragged through the streets of Manila. They caused Governor-General Solano to be poisoned. Only last year a certain Father Piernavieja, who had committed two murders in the provinces and was still permitted to say mass, was put to death by the rebels. Any Governor-General who displeases the monks is recalled. In recent times General Despujols had to leave in 1892, after eight months of office, because he ceased to be a *persona grata* to the priests. A native, Dr. Rizal, had written and published some facts about the monastic orders, and Despujols refused to have this man put to death for it. Then, again, he ordered a search to be made in a convent of the Austin friars, and there found a printing-press and seditious leaflets being printed for the priests, who intended, by distributing them, to attribute to the natives an attempted revolt. General Blanco (now in Havana) was recalled at the instigation of the friars, because he proved to be too humane for them when the rebellion broke out. Finally they succeeded in having appointed a Governor-General after their own hearts, Camilo Polavieja, through whom they had the Dr. Rizal above mentioned executed in Manila in January of last year. His widow was a Hong Kong American girl.

In 1872 there was some discontent among the secular native clergy because the monks persisted in holding the incumbencies, notwithstanding their own rules of community and the Council of Trent decree which prohibited it. The friars, therefore, determined to nip this native ambition in the bud. They instigated a little revolt of the troops at Cavite and attributed the plot to the native clergy. Four native priests fell victims to the intrigue and were publicly executed. Then, following up the scheme, native priests were declared incompetent to hold incumbencies. At the same time

several of the best families of Manila were banished and despoiled of their property. I am personally acquainted with two of these victims; one resides in Hong Kong, and the other has for years past had his office near Leadenhall Street, London.

Manila is an archbishopric and there are six provincial bishoprics. The total number of parishes will be about 620, of which the friars hold about 95 per cent. As parish priest the Spanish friar is beyond all control of the civil government. He can neither sue nor be sued. He is quite independent of all State authority. He may prove to be the vilest criminal with all impunity. His superiors would pretend to punish him, but they would never expel him; they are themselves sheep who protect their own lambs. He acts, however, as voluntary (and very willing) Government agent. He meddles in every public affair of the township by recognized right. If he cannot have things all his own way and influence every public act, from the election of native headman downward, he singles out for revenge all those who have outvoted him. And this is generally what happens, at one time or another, in half the parishes. If a young man, who has been educated in Manila or Hong Kong, returns to his native town with somewhat advanced ideas, or merely salutes the priest as a gentleman instead of kissing his hand as his spiritual father, he too is marked for social ruin one day. The father of a family of attractive daughters has also to be careful lest the charms of his offspring bring about his own fall. In short, in one way or another, the native who possesses anything worth having has either to yield to the avarice, lust or insolence of the Spanish priest or to risk losing his liberty and position in life. The parish priest has simply to address what is called an "oficio" (official advice) to the governor of the province, who remits it to the Governor-General, stating that he has reason to believe that the individuals mentioned in the margin are persons of doubtful morality, or conspirators, or disloyal, or whatever he may

choose to dub them, and recommend their removal from his parish. In due course a couple of civil guards will suddenly appear at the door of each named individual. Without warrant or explanation of any kind further than "by order of the governor," he is marched off to the capital town and cast into prison. Later on he is sent up to Manila, and without trial or even defined sentence, he is banished to a far distant island. In 1896 I met three old friends of mine on board a steamer, who were being transported in precisely similar circumstances. I could hardly believe my own eyes. They were well-to-do planters, and the last time I saw them, prior to this occasion, I was the guest of one of them in their town of Taal (Batangas Province). His well-served table, his carriage and horses, had been at my disposal. Now, alas! I found these men treated as criminals, with iron anklets slipped on one iron bar and padlocked. They were on the upper deck exposed to the rain, sun, and heavy dews day and night. All I could do for them was to secretly supply them with food and clothing. In the law courts nothing can be obtained without "greasing the palm," and then it only brings a sentence with a loop-hole for reopening the case when the judge likes. The same system of "squeeze" obtains in all the Government departments, from the half-dollar slipped into the hand of the native scrivener to the thousand dollars or more quietly laid on the table of the dignified holder of the scales of justice.

From the preceding facts it may almost be surmised what are the causes of the rebellion. The movement had for its objects: (1) the expulsion of the monastic orders; (2) the abolition of the Governor-General's arbitrary power to banish without accusation, trial, or sentence; (3) restoration to the natives of the lands held by the religious orders; (4) a limitation of the arbitrary powers of the civil guard; (5) no arrest without judge's warrant; (6) abolition of the fifteen days per annum compulsory labor. The Government was quite unprepared for this

rebellion, which broke out in August, 1896. The first official acts were very impolitic. Three hundred representative natives were arrested on suspicion, and this probably spread the movement. A week after this the first battle was fought (at San Juan del Monte), and I rode over the scene of slaughter a few hours after, before the slain were removed. A few days later I witnessed the execution of the first four who were doomed to pay the extreme penalty. Two months afterward I saw thirteen Chinese half-castes shot at Cavite. For want of troops General Blanco acted on the defensive till reinforcements came from Spain, but meanwhile the altercations with the archbishop, who pressed for the most bloodthirsty measures, caused Blanco to be recalled. General Blanco was succeeded in December, 1896, by General Polavieja, and he was in turn superseded by General Primo de Rivera, whose place is now occupied by General Augusti, in chronic feud with the archbishop.

The warfare in the northern provinces lasted from September 1st, 1896, till December, 1897, when the Spaniards sued for peace and commissioned a well-known native of Manila, named Paterno, to negotiate it. The terms were drawn up in the Treaty of Biac-na-Bato, and signed on December 14th last between General Primo de Rivera and General Aguinaldo. As Aguinaldo had obtained all that he had fought for, he and his chiefs retired to Hong Kong, accompanied by Colonel Primo de Rivera, to await the fulfilment of the terms of the treaty.

General Emilio Aguinaldo is a smart, intelligent man, of a serious mien, small in stature, and apparently a little over thirty years of age. He has served as the petty governor of his native town in Cavite province and speaks Spanish very well for a native. He is by no means an adventurer with all to gain and nothing to lose, but a landed proprietor. He is a would-be reformer of his country, but, convinced that all appeal to Spain is futile, he has at last resorted to force. General Primo de Rivera is now safely back in

Madrid, and the Philippine Islander and the Treaty of Biac-na-Bato are laughed at. This is a repetition of Cuban policy.

It is on these grounds that Aguinaldo holds himself justified in returning to the scene of his battles, not again to fight for reforms to be effected by those who have no honor, but to co-operate in forcing the Spaniards to evacuate the islands. In April last General Aguinaldo concluded a secret agreement with Admiral Dewey, subject to ratification by the United States Government. Since then we know that Aguinaldo has arrived in Cavite and been well received by his old followers. The climate of Luzon Island is excellent, and the Spanish undisciplined troops of tender age and frail physique will have little chance against the swarthy Americans and Aguinaldo's party. It is provisionally agreed that Aguinaldo shall set up a local Republic. General Aguinaldo's plan, I am informed, is to establish at Manila a Congress to which deputies from all the principal islands will be invited. I do not hesitate to prophesy that, unless under European or American control, the scheme will end in complete failure. At first, no doubt, the islanders will welcome and co-operate in any arrangement which will rid them of monastic oppression. The Philippine Islands, however, would not remain one year a peaceful united Archipelago under an independent native Government. It is an utter impossibility. There is such racial antipathy that the Visayas would not, in this generation, submit to what they would always consider a Tagalog Republic, and the Tagalogs, having procured the overthrow of the Spaniards, would naturally resent a preponderance of Visaya influence. Families there are very closely united, but as a people they have little idea of union. The rivalry for prestige at the present day between one village and another on the same coast is sufficient to prove the tendency to disintegrate. The native likes to localize, to bring everything he requires or aspires to within his own small circle. If his ambition

were to be a leader of men he would be content to be a king in his own town. Native ideas are not expansive and far-reaching. Then the question arises, Who would be the electors? The masses are decidedly too ignorant to be capable of voting intelligently. The votes would be entirely controlled by cliques of landowners.

If the native Republic did succeed, it would not be strong enough to protect itself against foreign aggression. The islands are a splendid group, well worth picking a quarrel and spending a few millions sterling to annex them. I entertain the firm conviction that an unprotected united Republic would last only until the novelty of the situation had worn off. Then, I think, every principal island would, in turn, declare its independence. Finally, there would be complete chaos, and before that took root America, or some European nation, would probably have interfered, therefore it is better to start with protection. I cannot doubt that General Aguinaldo is quite alive to these facts; nevertheless, I admire his astuteness in entering on any plan which, by hook or by crook, will expel the friars. If the Republic failed, at least monastic power would never return.

A Protectorate under a strong nation is just as necessary to ensure good administration in the islands as to protect them against foreign attack. Either Great Britain or America would be equally welcome to the islanders if they had not the vanity to think they could govern themselves. Unless America decided to start on a brand new policy it would hardly suit her, I conjecture, to accept the mission of a protectorate so distant from her chief interests. England, having ample resources so near at hand, would probably find it a less irksome task. For the reasons given above the control would have to be a very direct one. I would go so far as to suggest that the government should be styled "The Philippine Protectorate." There might be a Chamber of Deputies, with a native President. The Protector and his six advisers should be American or

English. The functions of Ministers should be vested in the advisers and those of President (of a republic) in the Protector. In any case the finances could not be confided to a native. The inducement to finance himself would be too great. All races should be represented in the Chamber by men of their own class, otherwise there would be wire-pulling by the half-castes to secure a monopoly.

The total population of the islands amounts to about six millions. The chief products are hemp, sugar, leaf tobacco, and cigars. The articles of minor importance for export are choice hardwoods, dyewoods, copra, rattans, palm-leaf hats, gum, etc. The islands are extremely fertile, and will produce almost anything to be found in the tropics. I estimate that barely one-fourth of the tillable land is now under cultivation. There is at present only one railway of 120 miles. A number of lines would have to be constructed in Luzon, Panay, Negros, Cebú, and Mindanao Islands. Companies would probably take up the contracts on ninety-years' working concession and ninety-nine years' lease of acreage in lieu of guaranteed interest. The lands would become immensely valuable to the railway companies, and an enormous source of taxable wealth to the Protectorate. Road-making should be taken up on Treasury account, and bridge construction on contract, to be paid for by toll concessions. The port of Yloilo should be improved, the custom-houses abolished, and about ten more free ports opened to the world. Under the Protectorate undoubtedly capital would flow into the Philippines. The coal beds in Luzon and Cebú Islands would be opened out; the marble deposits of Montalban and the stone quarries of Angono (both near Manila) would surely be worked. The possibilities of development under a free, liberal government are so great that the next generation would look back with astonishment at the statistics of the present day. The Chamber of Deputies would no doubt adopt measures to avert the danger of an overwhelming influx of Chinese.

The city of Manila is situated at the mouth of the Pasig River, on the eastern extremity of a bay which is twenty-seven miles across from east to west. At the western extremity there is the Island of Corregidor, which, if fortified and equipped with modern armament, would command the entrance to the bay. Six miles S.W. of Manila city there is a little neck of land on which stand the fort and arsenal of Cavite. Cavite and the headland are now in possession of Admiral Dewey's forces. An attack on the Americans by sea is of course out of the question since the annihilation of the Spanish fleet. Any body of troops moving along that strip of land which connects Cavite with the mainland of the island could be effectually shelled from the American ships. Dewey and his party are therefore perfectly safe pending the arrival of reinforcements.

The city of Manila is practically divided into two parts. The official or walled city is built on the left bank of the Pasig River, and the commercial city is situated on the Island of Binondo, which forms the right bank of the same river. They are connected by a well-built stone bridge, a little over a mile up the river. Proceeding up the river, which is very tortuous, one reaches a large lake fed by numerous streams which flow down the crevices of the surrounding mountains. The banks of the Pasig are beautifully picturesque, quaint, and interesting. For about a mile and a half from the stone bridge mentioned above they are dotted with charming villas, the English Club at Nagtajan, the Governor-General's ch  let, etc., surrounded by palm-trees and all the luxurious grandeur of tropical vegetation. In early morning the Pasig presents a lively scene, with the hundreds of canoes skidding rapidly down stream laden with supplies for the capital. Excepting a few shops and craftsmen's work-rooms, there is no trade in the walled city, the principal buildings being the cathedral, many churches, the archbishop's palace, the university, high schools, military and civil government offices, an ordnance depot, and other

official establishments. The Governor-General's official residence was destroyed by an earthquake in 1863, and a new one is in course of construction. The walls which entirely encircle the city were, no doubt, a formidable defence up to a century ago, but are quite useless against modern artillery. This is fully recognized by the Spaniards themselves, who have indeed frequently discussed their demolition, but tradition and a just appreciation of their worth in case of rebellion have preserved them. Of the ordnance mounted on the walls there are two pieces of modern type. According to the latest reliable advices, the Spaniards are going to the useless trouble of putting the drawbridges in order and flooding the surrounding moats and throwing up earthworks and sandbag defences, all of which would be very effectual against an unsupported attack of the rebels only. Across the river, the quarter of Binondo (with the suburbs) constitutes the trading centre. Here are located the foreign and other merchants' offices and warehouses, and the whole trade of Manila is transacted on this side of the river. It has no military defences of any kind, and the bombardment of the Spaniards' stronghold might, for obvious reasons, be very well confined to the left bank of the Pasig River. This would for military purposes be just as effectual as a general bombardment, for surely the Spaniards would never attempt to hold out after their walled city had been levelled. If they did, the rest could be as well accomplished after the landing on the city ruins, and thus the principal trading interests (mostly foreign) would not be sacrificed. I do not consider the rebels concentrated around Manila sufficiently strong or well enough organized to effectually starve the Spaniards into surrender. The natives are fine soldiers when well led; so if after the walled city is demolished the Spaniards still hold out, then the co-operation of the rebels will be invaluable in the final assault.

Spain as a conquering nation has been a great success; but the days of

conquest have long gone by. As a colonizing nation she has proved a great failure from the beginning, for wherever she has ceased to hold her own by sheer force of arms no merited gratitude of a prosperous people has been able to hold together those bonds originally created by the sword. Where military despotism has opened the way, generous intelligent administration has not followed in the wake to promote the happiness and wellbeing of the subjected races. The two great factors in the decline of Spanish rule have been religious despotism and greed. Liberty to till the land and take the produce thereof, to journey from place to place, to cull the wild fruits of nature, has only been wrung from the Spaniards bit by bit. Repressive measures, contrary to the spirit of the times and repugnant to the instincts of the people, never did succeed anywhere. The natural result is reaction, revolution, and social upheaval by force. The most loyal colony is that which yearns for nothing at the hands of the Mother Country. It seems almost incredible that statesmen of the calibre of the late Cánovas del Castillo, himself a historian, accustomed to look back and weigh the consequences of statecraft, should have been so blind to the power of the will of the people. Historical precedent should have taught him how realizable was the theme of *Cuba libre*. But stubborn pride and a failure to act opportunely have left Spain with

only traditional glory. Unfortunately this very glory has compelled her to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by the United States. Spaniards are so constantly chewing the cud of their past victories—ever patting each other on the back over the deeds of remote heroes, that they fail to see why the warrior of a hundred battles now tottering with decrepitude, can no longer enter the lists and break lances with a more virile competitor. Spaniards cannot tolerate being told the bare distasteful truth. If the Ministers who, from behind the scenes, are able to appreciate the comparative forlornness of their resources and the futility of resistance, were to deny the popular romance, that what Spain has done she can do again, the first spark of revolution would be kindled.

Undoubtedly not a few of them go aboard and read, mark, and learn to their individual advantage, but who of them would have the courage to return to Spain and expose her fallacies, with no prospect of carrying conviction, and a certainty of being *déclassé*—a social outcast with the epithet of *Anti-Español*?

So to the inspiring strains of the *Marcha de Cádiz*, the youth, encouraged by the beauty of every town and village, has gayly gone forth to sacrifice its all for national pride and letters of gold in the annals of its country.—*Contemporary Review*.

MR. GLADSTONE.

I.

BY CANON MALCOLM MACCOLL.

IN the course of some conversation on politics during Mr. Gladstone's first ministry, I remember saying to a remarkable man, the late Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, that if I had to anticipate the verdict of history on our leading British Statesmen, I should put Burke first and Gladstone second. "I would put Gladstone first," he replied, "and

Burke second." I think he was right. The two men had much in common: philosophic insight; habitual earnestness; a profoundly religious temper; a wide and various range of knowledge; superb eloquence; veneration for the past, combined with a due recognition of the needs of the present and future; splendid courage, independence of

spirit and inflexible integrity. But Mr. Gladstone's knowledge was wider and deeper than Burke's. As a classical scholar he was far superior to Burke. He was a learned and accomplished theologian in a sense to which Burke had no pretension. Burke's style of oratory has a pomp and majesty all its own. But if oratory be the art of persuasion, Mr. Gladstone must be allowed to bear the palm, while he united with the highest gifts of eloquence a faculty of practical administration of which Burke gave no evidence; although it must, in fairness, be added that Burke never held any office in which his powers in that respect could be tested.

What is the explanation of the contradictory accounts of Burke's oratory that have come down to us? Some of his oratorical efforts are described as exceedingly effective; yet he earned the *sobriquet* of "the dinner-bell," and Goldsmith, a contemporary, would not have ventured, without popular support, to describe him as an orator,

"Who, too deep for his hearers, went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they
thought of dining."

There is an amusing letter from Lord Erskine when he sat in the House of Commons, describing the effect produced on the House by Burke's speech on conciliation with America—in some respects the finest of all his speeches, not only for its eloquence, but for the breadth and practical wisdom of its political philosophy. The speech must certainly have occupied more than two hours in delivery, yet Erskine says that Burke had not been on his legs half an hour when he emptied the House. Erskine himself got bored; but, anxious not to hurt Burke's feelings, he crawled toward the door on all fours, and thus escaped unseen. He goes on to add that, on reading the report of the speech, he was electrified by its power and eloquence. Failure of this sort was impossible to Mr. Gladstone. No speech of his ever suffered from defective delivery; on the contrary, voice and manner added charm to the matter.

The voice was a rich baritone, well trained, and exquisitely responsive to the feelings of the orator whether pathetic or indignant, grave or gay, lively or severe. It had also great carrying power. I once heard him deliver a speech, of more than an hour's duration, to twenty thousand people on blackheath, and it was evident from the faces and eager attention of the circumference of the crowd, that they heard him with ease. His elocution was so distinct that his articulate words could be followed wherever the sound of his voice was heard.

What place will Mr. Gladstone eventually hold among our Parliamentary orators? With all submission, I venture to think that, taking him all round, he will take the first place. He may have been excelled by a few in certain kinds of oratory; by Bright, for example, in that peculiar lyrical style of oratory in which the great tribune excelled; by Disraeli, in personal invective and sarcasm. I have always thought Disraeli's speeches against Sir Robert Peel the most brilliant exhibitions of his oratory, to which may be added a few of his later efforts; notably the famous Slough speech in 1858, in which he satirized, in a strain of picturesque irony, the sudden collapse of the Opposition attack on the Ellenborough despatch.

But, if Mr. Gladstone seldom indulged in sarcasm, it was not because he lacked the gift—for he possessed it in a high degree—but because he forbore to use it. To hurt an opponent's feelings gave him pain, and when he did it unintentionally he would sometimes cross the floor of the House, and, sitting for a few moments by the side of the man whom he had just demolished, say something to assuage the wound. One of his most persistent, but never ill-natured, critics was the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, who told me the following story to illustrate this generous trait in Mr. Gladstone's character. Sir John prided himself on his knowledge of chemistry, and in one of the debates on the Commercial Treaty with France he made a speech exposing, as he believed, a serious chemical blunder

in the Treaty. Mr. Gladstone followed, "and soon turned me inside out in the most amusing manner," said Hennessy in relating the story, "proving, as if he had been a chemist by profession, that it was I who had blundered egregiously." Having thus disposed of his critic, Mr. Gladstone went and sat by him for a moment. "I hope you don't feel hurt, Mr. Hennessy," he said. "Your speech was ingenious, and it may console you to know that the Emperor of the French made precisely the same objection that you have made. The fact is, both you and he know a good deal about chemistry, but not enough to keep you from going astray."

If we grant, then, that Mr. Gladstone has been occasionally excelled in a certain species of eloquence, it will hardly be disputed that, as an all-round orator, he is peerless among British politicians. As a debater he has never been approached. Some of his most brilliant and effective speeches were made on the spur of the moment, without any preparation. It was acknowledged on all hands that it was his speech at the close of the debate on Mr. Disraeli's Budget in 1852 that put the Derby Government in a minority of 19—one of the few instances in which a speech has materially influenced the fate of a Ministry. Yet that speech was *impromptu*. Mr. Disraeli had wound up the debate in a speech of great oratorical power, but abounding in bitter invective, part of which was directed against some of Mr. Gladstone's personal and political friends. When Mr. Disraeli sat down at one o'clock in the morning, Mr. Gladstone bounded to his feet, and after rebuking Mr. Disraeli's personalities, dissected his Budget and his defence of it unmercifully in a two hours' speech, which made an end both of the Budget and the Ministry.

Then what Minister ever approached him in the art of expounding a policy? He revelled in figures and details, and made them not only intelligible, but interesting in addition. The eagerness to hear his Budget speeches can only be compared to the demand for seats at the opera on the first night of some

famous prima donna. He invested one of the driest of political subjects with a halo of romance. His first Budget speech occupied more than five hours in delivery, and he held his audience spell-bound to its close. He took more than four hours in explaining, without a note, that Budget to the Cabinet the day before, and the Duke of Argyll has described this as a greater oratorical feat than the parliamentary speech which followed. The first financial speech of his which I ever heard occupied four hours, and filled between eleven and twelve columns of the *Times*. Yet one could see that the crowded House and Galleries, so far from being wearied, were sorry when the treat came to an end. He had to deal with a wilderness of figures; but he made everything so plain that there seemed to be no difficulty in following him, and he relieved the strain on the attention by a pathetic touch, or picturesque illustration, or happy epigram, or amusing witticism.

Those who say that Bright, in a few of his set orations, surpassed Mr. Gladstone in pathetic eloquence, will probably allow that Bright never equalled Mr. Gladstone's gift of appealing with equal power at the same time to the reason and the feelings. The fine passage in which Bright refers to the Angel of Death, and the uncertainty as to the door at which "the beating of his wings might next be heard," may be paralleled by an eloquent passage in a speech of Mr. Gladstone, also on the Crimean War, in which he invokes the memories of "the multitude of brave men who sleep beside the waters of the Bosphorus, or under the rocks of Balaclava;" reminding one of the Athenian orator's adjuration of "the dead who fell at Marathon." People will probably differ as to the finest of Mr. Gladstone's speeches. Some would give the palm to the speech at the close of the debate on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill of 1866, and certainly it combines rare debating power with lofty eloquence. But to read it is one thing; to have heard it is quite another. Close reasoning, keen analysis, sarcasm, pathos, were all set

off by expressive gesture, kindling eye, and a voice which was responsive to every phase of the orator's feelings, and was music to listen to. I can see him now as he delivered the beautiful peroration. The impassioned manner and voice of the combatant suddenly changed, and, leaning his elbow on the table, he faced the Opposition, and in a gentle voice of pleading pathos and seer-like warning, which thrilled through the stilled assembly, he spoke the fine passage which ends as follows:

"You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces, which move onward in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of these debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you; they work with us; they are marshalled in our support. And the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps, at some moment of the struggle, it may droop over our sinking heads, yet will float again in the eye of heaven, and will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain and to a not distant victory."

Striking and picturesque as this passage is, I think it can be more than matched from other speeches. I remember a magnificent passage which would not suffer by comparison with the choicest specimens of oratory, ancient or modern. It occurs in a speech which he made at a great meeting in Birmingham in 1878, under the presidency of Mr. Chamberlain. He compared the service done to Christendom by the Danubian and Balkan States to a shelving beach, itself desolated and made barren by the incessant beating of the waves, but shielding the land that lay behind. The simile is worked out with splendid effect. But the truth is that Mr. Gladstone excelled in so many different kinds of oratory that it is difficult to compare one speech with another, and thus one has heard several of his speeches described as "the finest he ever made." Perhaps it was on that theme, and in similar circumstances. His speech on "Parliamentary Oaths," in the Bradlaugh controversy, was unrivalled in its own way, and for the immediate purpose. It was a powerful and unimpassioned

appeal to the reason, conscience, and justice of his audience, and an unanswerable exposure of the harm done to the highest interests of Christianity by identifying them with arguments which were in reality fatal to them.

I have referred to one occasion on which a speech by Mr. Gladstone determined the fate of a Ministry. Certainly on two other occasions—probably more—he won votes to his side which would otherwise have been recorded against him. His speech in the China debate in 1857 converted eight members, making sixteen on a division. His speech at the close of the debate on the Irish University Bill in 1873 converted at least one strong opponent. Lord Wemyss (then Lord Elcho) told Lord Napier and Ettrick, as they walked together to the House of Commons, that he intended to vote against the Bill. After the division, which put the Government in a minority of three, Lord Napier remarked to Lord Elcho, "I wonder, Elcho, that you could have listened to that speech and voted against the man who made it." "I listened to the speech," was the answer, "and voted for the man who made it." Lord Napier, in telling me the story, added that it was the finest speech he had ever heard, and he heard the leading orators of America just before the Civil War, as well as some of the best speakers on the Continent. I have always thought that, as an orator, Mr. Gladstone was at his best under the shadow of an impending defeat. I happened to be on his London Election Committee in the General Election of 1865. When we received the news of his defeat at Oxford, Lord Enfield (as he then was) exclaimed: "By George! won't Oxford catch it to-night at Liverpool," where Mr. Gladstone was to open his campaign as a candidate for South Lancashire. Mr. Gladstone's revenge was in the following words: "I have endeavored to serve that University with my whole heart; and with the strength or weakness of whatever faculties God has given me it has been

my daily and nightly care to promote her interests, and to testify to her as well as I could my love. Long has she borne with me. Long, in spite of active opposition, did she resist every effort to displace me. At last she has changed her mind. My earnest desire, my heart's prayer, is that her future may be as glorious as her past, and yet more glorious still."

Mr. Gladstone's influence on the political and industrial development of his country is too well known to need any notice here. The story of his conversion to Home Rule for Ireland is not so well known, and a few observations on the subject here may therefore be permitted.

It is a great mistake to suppose that his adoption of Home Rule was a sudden conversion for the sake of office. His political changes were never sudden, however sudden the manifestation of them may sometimes have been. His was a mind in which ideas ripened slowly, and by a perfectly logical process of development. His theory of Church and State, for example, was that the State should support the Church as the best equipped and qualified organ for the propagation of the truth, giving full toleration to all other religious denominations. But the idea of supporting any religion on the ground of privilege was always abhorrent to him, as was also the idea of a plurality of State-supported religions. When, therefore, the Establishment of the Irish Church came to be defended, not with a view to its conversion of the Irish people, but for the sake of providing a permanent minority with a privileged religion, Mr. Gladstone's theory demanded, not the maintenance of the Irish Church as an Establishment, but its abolition. But it was his rule never to push premises to their inevitable conclusion till it became clear to him that the question was ripe for solution, and that only evil would result from further delay. Thus he opposed an abstract Resolution in favor of Disestablishment in Ireland in 1865, while candidly admitting that the case

for the Irish Church had been undermined by its proved failure to fulfil its mission, combined with the avowed acquiescence of its advocates in that failure. But when Mr. Disraeli's Government propounded in 1867 a scheme for stereotyping the failure by a considerable suppression of ecclesiastical benefices and dignities, Mr. Gladstone was not only justified, he was bound by the logic of his book, to declare against the continued existence of the Irish Church as an Establishment, which would become, under the new scheme, as he wittily remarked, "the Established Church of England and Ulster."

So with Home Rule. A careful student of Mr. Gladstone's speeches on Ireland since 1871 can hardly avoid seeing that his mind was working in the direction of Home Rule, subject only to two conditions, namely, that the paramount authority of the Crown and Imperial Parliament should be secured, and that the Irish people were practically unanimous in demanding it. In a speech on Ireland, in 1882, he opened his mind so plainly on the subject that Mr. David Plunket characterized the speech as "an invitation to Irish Members to reopen the question of Home Rule;" while the *Times* said that Mr. Gladstone "diverged, amid general amazement, into the wide question of a separate Legislature for Ireland."

With that candor and magnanimity which distinguish him, the Duke of Devonshire, after refusing office in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Administration in 1886, declared that his late Chief's policy of Home Rule was not the offspring of a crisis, but the maturity of a process extending over some years. "When I look back," he said, "to those declarations which Mr. Gladstone made in Parliament, which have not been infrequent; when I look back to the increased definiteness given to those declarations in his address to the electors of Midlothian and in his Midlothian speeches; I say, when I consider all these things, I feel that I have not, and no one has, any right to complain

of the tone of the declarations which Mr. Gladstone has recently made upon this subject.”*

Mr. Gladstone's hesitation down to the General Election of 1885 was due to the difficulty of ascertaining the mind of the Irish people on the subject. The assimilation of the Irish Parliamentary Franchise to that of England in 1884 removed that difficulty, and Mr. Gladstone regarded the result of the Irish elections in 1885 as crucial on the subject of Home Rule. In the midst of the General Election of that year Mr. Gladstone told a distinguished member of the present Government that if, as he suspected, Ireland returned an overwhelming majority in favor of Home Rule, he would accept the decision and support Home Rule, with proper safeguards, as the inevitable solution of the Irish Question. But in dealing with the question in his Midlothian speeches he found himself in this dilemma: how to disclose his mind to the general public without seeming to offer a bribe to the Irish electors, and thereby obscure the spontaneity of their verdict on the subject. In one of his speeches he asked for a Liberal majority independent of the Irish vote in the House of Commons: not for the purpose of resisting Home Rule, but in order to be in a position to pass such a scheme of Home Rule as he considered safe, but which he did not then believe that Mr. Parnell would accept. That this was Mr. Gladstone's intention I know from his own lips. In the course of a walk in the woods of Hawarden soon after the elections of 1885, Mr. Gladstone talked quite frankly to me on the subject, and there can be no harm now in repeating what he said, almost, if not altogether, in his own words:

“We are now,” he said, “in a curious position in the House of Commons. I wanted a majority independent of the Irish Party, in order to have a free hand in dealing with Home Rule, which I believe to be inevitable sooner or later, and therefore the sooner the better. But I have not got my majority.

The Liberals on the one side, and the Government *plus* the Irish members on the other, are exactly even. Well, I think the best thing would be for Lord Salisbury to propose a Home Rule scheme. He would probably not satisfy the Irish Party, and he would alienate the Irish Tories and some English Tories also; but I would support him as Leader of the Opposition, and carry, I believe, the bulk of the Party with me; and between us we could pass a sound and safe scheme of Home Rule. I shall wait to see what Lord Salisbury will do; and if he decline to take up the question I shall consider that my hands are free.”

It would be vain to speculate as to what would have happened if Mr. Gladstone's plan had been adopted; but this at least we may surely say with confidence, that it was not for the sake of office that Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of Home Rule. Had office been his aim the Old Parliamentary Hand would have played his cards better; worse, as a place-hunter, he could not have played them. Soon after the meeting of the Session, the Government drove the Irish Party into opposition by its promise of a Coercion Bill. Mr. Gladstone had only to sit still, and he would have returned to office unpledged, with an overwhelming majority behind him. And he might have relied on the continued support of this majority; since the alternative for the Irish would have been the advent to power of a Coercion Government. If I may presume to say so, I think that perhaps Mr. Gladstone would have acted more prudently as a parliamentary tactician if he had waited for the Coercion Bill instead of turning the Government out on Mr. Jesse Collings's amendment. But being convinced that the Government would not meddle with Home Rule, and that their days were in any case numbered, he evidently thought it best to bring matters to an issue at once. I am betraying no confidence in repeating Mr. Gladstone's conversation with me, for it came out afterward that, in a subsequent conversation with Mr. Balfour, at Eaton Hall, Mr. Gladstone suggested that Lord Salisbury should deal with the Irish question on Home Rule lines, Mr. Gladstone lending him his support. I believe that never was a

* Speech at the Eighty Club, March 5th, 1886.

Minister less enamored of office for office's sake than Mr. Gladstone.

I remember his saying to me, in 1872, with reference to a petty Ministerial defeat, inflicted by one of his own supporters, which annoyed him: "It would take very little to make me retire from public life. Office has no attraction for me, except when I am dealing with important questions. The administrative routine of ordinary Government work, except in connection with some great measure, does not attract me, and any one else can do it as well." On the threshold of his great career he retired from the powerful Government of Sir Robert Peel, from a scruple of conscience. In 1866 he resigned after defeat on a detail of his Reform Bill, contrary to the advice of his Party, and of most of his colleagues. He resigned again in 1885 on a detail of the Budget, and refused to withdraw his resignation, even after Lord Salisbury had expressed great reluctance to take office. He consented to withdraw his resignation in 1873, only because he could not persuade Mr. Disraeli to take office; and his loyalty prompted him to do what was disagreeable to himself rather than put the Queen to inconvenience. Never was there a public man whose character was less tainted by sordid or personal motives. For forty years of his life he was entitled to a pension of £2,000 a year, which he never took; and the only member of his family whose merits received permanent recognition owed his promotion, as was publicly stated at the time, to the favor of the Crown, without any suggestion on the part of Mr. Gladstone.

It used to be the fashion to say that foreign politics did not interest Mr. Gladstone, and that he knew little about foreign affairs. But the simple truth is, that no British Minister of this century has left his mark on foreign politics so deeply, so extensively, and so beneficently as Mr. Gladstone. Ask any Italian, whatever be the complexion of his politics, what he thinks of Mr. Gladstone, and he will tell you that, next to Cavour, Mr. Gladstone

was the most potent influence in the formation of the Italian kingdom. I had a striking proof of this when sojourning in Rome in the early part of 1874, just after the fall of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Breakfasting one day *tête-à-tête* with Cardinal Secone, a most charming man, he referred to British politics, and rejoiced at Mr. Gladstone's fall. On my venturing to suggest that the Vatican owed some gratitude to Mr. Gladstone for his fine speech against the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and for his Irish legislation, if for nothing else, his Eminence replied: "Mr. Gladstone is an excellent man. He possesses all the natural virtues; but he is not a Catholic." "And does your Eminence," I asked, "suppose that Mr. Disraeli is a Catholic?" "Well," he said, "he has written a romance called 'Coningsby,' in which he speaks very favorably of the Catholic Church. But, however that may be, Mr. Disraeli is on the side of Legitimacy, and Mr. Gladstone on the side of Revolution. His pamphlet (*libello*) destroyed the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; that led to the unity of Italy, and the robbery of the States of the Church; Italian unity paved the way for the unity of Germany, which is persecuting us. Next to Cavour, we owe our misfortunes to Mr. Gladstone." That evening I dined with a number of Italian Liberals, including a member of Minghetti's Cabinet. They were as sorry as the cardinal was glad at the change of Government in England. "And we have reason to be," said one of them, a Neapolitan nobleman, "for Mr. Gladstone is, next to Cavour, the creator of Italian unity."

In 1858 Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution in favor of the union of the two Principalities, which have since become the Kingdom of Roumania. His speech is worth reading now, not only for its eloquence, but for its comprehensive grasp of the Eastern Question. He was supported by Lord John Russell, and in a brilliant speech by Lord Salisbury (then Lord Robert Cecil). He was opposed by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli (then leader of the

House of Commons), and defeated by a large majority. The Russian bugbear was trotted out then also by the two eminent statesmen who united their forces against him. But he had anticipated and refuted that argument in two sentences. After remarking that "the combination of France with England" against Russia was not again to be looked for, he said, "You want to place a barrier between Russia and Turkey; but is there any barrier like the breasts of free men? If you want to oppose an obstacle to Russia, arm those people with freedom, and with the vigor and prosperity that freedom brings."

On whose side was the statesmanship then? And whose policy prevailed at the Congress of Berlin but Mr. Gladstone's? shorn indeed, of dimensions which would have pacified the European provinces which still belong to Turkey, and which would have prevented the recent disastrous war between Turkey and Greece.*

Mr. Gladstone's great speech on the true principles and ideals of foreign policy in the Don Pacifico debate in 1850, was acknowledged by friends and opponents to be the speech of the debate; no light praise, when it is remembered that among the speakers were Lord Palmerston (who made the ablest speech of his life), Lord John Russell, Sir A. Cockburn, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir Robert Peel—the last speech he ever made. That speech alone is proof enough of Mr. Gladstone's comprehensive and prescient views on foreign politics.

* It is curious how hard it is to expel from the public mind an error that has once been planted in it. Mr. Gladstone was accused of having advised the expulsion of the Turks, "bag and baggage," from Europe. Even those who strive to be accurate are apt to trust to their memories instead of verifying their impressions. So well informed a man as Sir M. Grant Duff said at the time in the *Nineteenth Century*: "The most popular politician in England has proposed that the Turkish Government should be expelled from Europe, bag and baggage." What Mr. Gladstone proposed was that the Turkish administration should "all, bag and baggage, clear out"—not "from Europe," but "from the provinces which they have desolated and profaned."

I quote the following interesting extract from my diary, with the date of "Hawarden, April 16th, 1881:"

"At dinner to-day I read to Mr. Gladstone the following quotation from an article on the second volume of Bishop Wilberforce's *Life* in the *St. James's Gazette*, of April 12th: 'We know this, that Mr. Gladstone, if he pleased, might have led the House of Commons under Lord Derby; and that Mr. Disraeli, though he had led the Opposition some years, would have consented, for the sake of the Party, to take a lower place.'"

Mr. Gladstone said the facts were as follows: On the formation of Lord Derby's Government in 1852 overtures were made to Mr. Gladstone to join it. He declined. In 1854, on the fall of the Aberdeen Ministry, Lord Derby asked Lord Palmerston to take office under him, and "bring Gladstone and Sidney Herbert in his pocket." Lord Palmerston declined, and the offer to the other two fell to the ground. They were not offered office independently, but would have declined if they had been. "In 1858," Mr. Gladstone went on, "Disraeli wrote a most curious letter to me, which is still in my possession, urging me to take office under him. No offer was ever made to me to lead the House of Commons in a Conservative Government."

During my visit to Hawarden on that occasion Mr. Forster broke his journey from Ireland, and spent some hours at Hawarden. It was just after Lord Beaconsfield's death, and the question of his successor was discussed at luncheon. Forster thought Sir Stafford Northcote the likeliest and the most competent. Mr. Gladstone differed. He thought the Duke of Richmond the likeliest, and Lord Salisbury the ablest man in the Party, and said the ablest man *caeteris paribus*, ought to be leader. Northcote's ability he rated highly, but said that he was not a good leader, owing to his failure to assert his convictions. "I told Northcote, one day in 1879, that he had the best abilities of any man since Sir Robert Peel for a good Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that he made the very worst." I asked how Northcote took it. "He was much pleased," said Mr. Gladstone. "He evidently ac-

cepted my compliment to his abilities as my unbiassed conviction, and regarded my censure as the offspring of prejudice." Another proof of Sir Stafford Northcote's deficiency for leadership, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion—much as he regarded him personally—was an incident connected with the Bradlaugh episode. Mr. Gladstone was unfortunately out of Parliament at the opening of that controversy, having been obliged to vacate his seat on taking office. Meeting Sir Stafford at the Royal Academy dinner on the Saturday after his re-election, they talked the matter over. Sir Stafford suggested the appointment of a non-Party Committee to examine the question. Mr. Gladstone thought the suggestion good, and proposed the Committee accordingly on Monday. To his amazement and indignation, Sir Stafford Northcote opposed it, under the intimidation of Lord Randolph Churchill and his Party.

In his generous speech a fortnight ago Lord Salisbury picked out Mr. Gladstone's unswerving pursuit of "high moral ideals" as the distinguishing note of his character, furnishing almost a unique example "of a great Christian man." That is a true appreciation, and I would venture to pick out the following among the elements of that character:

1. His wonderful faculty of pity; a magnetic power of sympathy which made him feel the sufferings of others as if they were his own. His unparalleled series of speeches and pamphlets on the Turkish question from 1876 to 1880 were discharged red hot from a nature all on fire against oppression and cruelty. His vivid imagination, like Burke's, brought the victims of Turkish cruelty so close to him that he could almost see their agonized faces and hear their despairing cries. The King of the Hellenes, in a recent letter of tender inquiry after Mr. Gladstone's health, wrote: "I am following with intense anxiety the newspaper reports. I must express my sincere sorrow that *he*, of all men, should suffer so much; he who has been him-

self the comforter of so many mourners in many lands."

2. Mr. Gladstone's veracity; by which I mean not merely the habit of speaking the truth, but the habitual correspondence of outward action with internal conviction. I don't believe that Mr. Gladstone ever wilfully misrepresented an opponent in controversy or debate; or ever used an argument which, however plausible and useful at the moment, he could not justify to his own conscience. This was the cause of his occasionally involved style of speaking. He thought—as every great orator must in a large measure—on his legs, and his anxiety to make his meaning plain and to be just all round, tempted him to expand and qualify. I remember his saying once that the only men he ever knew in public life who had the faculty of saying in their speeches precisely what they meant, neither more nor less, were Lord Palmerston and Mr. Parnell. "I don't possess it at all," he said. But his speeches differ widely in that respect. Some are models of lucidity—his financial statements, for example; and some are keen, crisp, epigrammatic, and quite free from parenthetical amplification. His prose style, too, wonderfully improved with practice. There was always a stately dignity about it. But some of his later essays are models of chaste and sometimes brilliant English.

3. Another rare element in Mr. Gladstone's character was his magnificent courage. Let him be convinced that it was right to do a thing, and if that thing fell within his line of duty he did it, or tried to do it, without ever thinking of the possible consequences to himself. The Alabama Treaty was one instance. He knew that it would make him unpopular; but believing it to be, at bottom, equitable, and that it was the initiation of a great principle, that of peaceful arbitration, he braved the unpopularity of the hour and sacrificed the present for the sake of the future. And we are now reaping the reward in the cordial relations between the two coun-

tries—relations which, but for the Alabama Treaty, would have been impossible.

4. And his passion for justice was equal to his courage. It roused him to attack the misgovernment of the Two Sicilies, as it did later the iniquities of Turkish rule. Nor was he less resolute in the cause of justice when the popular tide ran fiercely against him. His opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is one out of many examples of this. He was one of a miserable minority of 95 against 438, both Liberals and Conservatives having united their forces in support of the Bill. Mr. Gladstone's speech is very powerful, ending with a noble peroration, in which he expressed his conviction that "a generous people" would one day reverse the verdict of unreasoning passion. But in any case his course, he said, was clear—"to follow the bright star of justice, beaming brightly from the heavens, whithersoever it might lead." His confidence in the triumph of justice was justified sooner than he had expected. For it fell to his own lot, twenty years later, to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill without an opposing voice.

I may give another instance of his passion for justice which tells against

myself. I chanced to write, in 1878, a rather long article on Lord Beaconsfield in the *Spectator*. Mr. Gladstone asked me, next time I saw him, if I knew who wrote the article. I told him. He said something complimentary, but added: "There is one point on which, I think, you are not quite just to Lord Beaconsfield. You think him a man of political animosities." I assented, and appealed to the speeches against Sir Robert Peel by way of proof. "I am sure you are wrong," said Mr. Gladstone. "My belief is, that Lord Beaconsfield has no political animosities; and I think I ought to know, for I have sat opposite to him as an opponent now for a good many years. What is true is that he would spare no effort to trample on me while I was an opponent. But that was part of his game. Now that I am no longer opposite him as an official opponent, my belief is that Lord Beaconsfield has no animosity against me at all, as I have certainly none against him. Indeed, there are traits in his character and career for which I shall always honor him: his gallant defence of his race, for example, his devotion to his wife, and his splendid parliamentary pluck."—*Fortnightly Review*.

OPPORTUNITY.

BY JOHN J. INGALLS.

MASTER of human destinies and I;
 Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait,
 Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
 Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
 Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
 I knock unbidden once at every gate.
 If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
 I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
 And they who follow me reach every state
 Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
 Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
 Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
 Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
 I answer not and I return no more.

THE CAPTURE OF HAVANA BY ENGLAND, 1762.

BY JOHN ADYE, BREVET LIEUT.-COLONEL R. A.

IN 1761 was signed the celebrated agreement between the French and Spanish branches of the House of Bourbon, known as "the Family Compact," which was to produce such important results in the political history of Europe.

Pitt, then directing the destinies of this country, saw the necessity for instant action, and urged on his Cabinet the importance of an immediate declaration of war against Spain, but, failing to carry with him the great majority of his colleagues, resigned office and shortly afterward had the satisfaction of seeing the Government driven to do what he had originally recommended.

It was on the 4th of January, 1762, that war against Spain was declared by England, but delay still dogged our footsteps and the chief active measure of the coming campaign was not commenced until two months later, when on the 5th of March a combined naval and military force sailed from Portsmouth, having for its ultimate destination the rich city of Havana, then, in fact, if not in name, the capital of the "Pearl of the Antilles."

Of all the Spanish possessions in the West Indies this important place—the centre of their trade, the key to their American possessions, the rich and prosperous capital of their West Indian Empire, possessing a fine harbor and a commanding strategical position—undoubtedly presented the most favorable and promising point of attack. It is said that the Duke of Cumberland was the author of the scheme for its reduction, and having laid it before the Cabinet was in return granted the privilege of nominating the officers in chief command who were to carry out his design. A consideration of the persons thus appointed bears out this statement, since most of them were personal friends of the Duke and members of his immediate *entourage*.

The chief command of the military forces was conferred upon George, third Earl of Albemarle and head of the house of Keppel, who had from boyhood been closely associated with the Duke, whose aide-de-camp he was and with whom he had served at Fontenoy and Culloden.

Lord Albemarle's second brother, Augustus Keppel, afterward raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Keppel for his distinguished services, was appointed second in command of the naval portion of the expedition, while the third brother, William, until then Colonel of the recently raised 56th Regiment of Foot (now the 2d battalion of the Essex Regiment), was selected for a brigade command with the rank of Major-General.

Upon the return of the successful expedition and the distribution of the very large sums of prize money resulting from it, it was said, and not perhaps without some show of reason, that the enterprise had been undertaken to enrich the Keppel family—a result it certainly achieved.

The command of the fleet was given to Sir George Pocock, K.B., Admiral of the Blue, who had greatly distinguished himself in the East Indies, receiving no less than seven wounds when leading the attack upon Chandernagore.

Albemarle's second in command was a man who had already seen a large amount of active service and was an aide-de-camp to the King, and who, some twenty years later, was to draw the attention of all Europe to the fortress of Gibraltar, which, as Governor, he held successfully against the combined French and Spanish forces throughout a period of three years and seven months. George Augustus Elliott, afterward created Baron Heathfield for his splendid services at Gibraltar, was at this time best known as a distinguished cavalry officer who now, in front of Havana, was, as a besieger,

to learn those practical lessons of fortress defence which, twenty years later as defender, he turned to such good account against a similar foe.

Such were the principal leaders of the expedition that sailed for the West Indies at the commencement of March, 1762, but the men they were to lead and the ships they were to command were to be largely drawn from forces already on the far side of the Atlantic.

Of the 16,000 men destined for the land forces but little more than 4,000 were supplied from England, the remainder were to come, 4,000 from North America, and 8,000 from an army then operating under General Monckton against Martinique.

The naval force was in much the same state, for Pocock had with him when he sailed but five ships of the line, the rest were to be obtained from Rodney, who was co-operating with Monckton. The welcome intelligence of the fall of Martinique was received on arrival at Barbados, and on the 26th of April the necessary military and naval reinforcements were obtained and the combined force set sail for Cuba.

The fleet, reinforced a little later by a fresh addition, numbered about twenty sail of the line with about an equal number of smaller war vessels, convoying 156 transports and store ships. Sir George Pocock flew his flag on the *Namur*, of ninety guns, and Commodore Keppel was on board the *Valiant* of seventy-four guns.

Besides being presently reinforced by a squadron under Captain Hervey, who was to play an important part in the naval attack on Havana, the fleet was further augmented in the course of operations by nine more ships of war. The military portion of the expedition sailing from Martinique numbered 11,350 men, but the American contingent only arrived just before the conclusion of operations.

The contrast between the number of ships employed to transport some 11,000 men and that now necessary for a like purpose is very striking, and not less so is the circumstance—accentuat-

ing the difference between those days of sailing ships and these of large, fast, powerful steamers—that when Sir George Pocock decided to save time by approaching Havana along the northern coast of Cuba through the dreaded Bahama Channel he was thought to attempt an unusual and somewhat dangerous feat, and took precautions which to us sound excessive.

His judgment, however, was sound, and having passed the long Bahama Channel in seven divisions between the 27th of May and the 6th of June, he arrived before Havana without mishap on the last named date.

Havana lies upon the western side of the long and narrow channel that leads to its inner and spacious harbor, then considered capable of accommodating 100 sail of the line. The city was defended by two forts, placed at opposite sides of the narrow entrance, the one on the eastern side, and therefore facing the city, being known then, as now, by the name of Fort Moro. This work formed the chief defence of the place, and presently became the main object of the attack, and its fall practically placed the city of Havana at the mercy of the attackers. It was inaccessible from the sea, and was secured on the land side by several outworks and by a main ditch 80 feet deep and 40 feet wide, cut out of the solid rock, and guarded toward the sea by a narrow ledge or wall along which the besiegers eventually approached the main work.

On the western or city side of the channel was Fort Puntal or de la Punta—the name still survives—while farther in, on a level with the water, was a strong work mounting twelve guns and known as “The Twelve Apostles.” Higher up still was the Shepherd’s Battery, and above all were the Cavanos Hills extending inland from Fort Moro to the plains of Guanamacoa.

The western side of the city was defended by a chain of smaller works, the country beyond which was devoid of soil or vegetation, and offered no advantages to an attacker. Eastward of

Fort Moro, however, the ground was well wooded, and thickly dotted with villages and country-houses.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that inside the harbor, protected by the long, narrow channel and the intervening land from the fire of the British ships, lay the Spanish fleet, very much as, at the present time of writing, lies Admiral Cervera's squadron within the somewhat similar harbor of Santiago de Cuba. The difference between the relative value of the bottled-up fleets is that whereas Cervera's ships, armed with modern ordnance, will doubtless be able to play some part in the land defence against an army operating against the forts, the Spanish fleet at Havana in 1762 was out of range of the ground over which the besiegers worked, and its ships were therefore useless, save as affording garrisons and reliefs to the forts attacked.

The Spanish fleet thus voluntarily placed itself out of action within the inner harbor of Havana, and farther sank three of its best ships within a boom at the mouth of the outer entrance, thus reversing Admiral Sampson's stratagem with the Merrimac at Santiago, not with the object of shutting itself *in*, but of shutting the British fleet *out*.

Once arrived at Havana, Albemarle lost no time in commencing operations; indeed the rainy season had already set in, and there was no time to waste. Within twenty-four hours all arrangements for the disembarkation of the troops had been made, the spot selected for the landing being some miles to the eastward of Fort Moro, between the mouths of the rivers Bocca Nao and Coximar.

In order to distract the attention of the Spaniards, a feint was made by Admiral Pocock to the west of Havana, where he landed some marines, while the disembarkation of the main body of the British troops was effected in flat-bottomed boats, under the superintendence of Commodore Keppel. A slight resistance was offered by a small work on the shore, which was speedily silenced by the guns of the fleet, and

the army safely landed in three divisions.

It is said that the present garrison of Havana have recently erected earthworks along this part of the coast, as if fearing a repetition by the Americans of our landing in 1762.

Once the invading force was firmly established on Cuban soil the Cavanos heights were seized and operations were begun against Fort Moro by a force under General Keppel, while another under General Eliott was advanced to the town of Guanamacoa, to act as a covering force and to endeavor to obtain a supply of water and provisions. A third party, under Brigadier-General Howe, was stationed on the western side of the city to engage the attention of the defenders in that direction, but no serious operations were undertaken by it, as it was quickly seen that the capture of Fort Moro was the object to be aimed at, and every effort was concentrated upon it.

The operations that now commenced were protracted for several weeks, during which the besiegers suffered very great hardships and endured considerable privations. The climate was most unhealthy and speedily produced fevers and similar illnesses; the country was unsuited for siege operations, being wooded and almost roadless; while the soil was so scanty in the immediate neighborhood of the works as to offer but slight cover for the besiegers, who were put to great labor, first to construct their batteries and approaches on the rocky ground, and then to arm them with guns dragged through most difficult country.

At one time no less than 4,000 soldiers and 3,000 seamen were prostrated by sickness, and contemporary accounts paint a vivid, if unpleasant, picture of the sufferings endured.

The position of the fleet was scarcely better than that of the army. Anchored in an open roadstead, off a rocky coast, daily expecting the commencement of the hurricane season, and looking longingly for reinforcements which did not appear, the British forces by sea as well as on land were in an almost des-

perate state, largely the result of commencing operations in an unhealthy climate at the worst season of the year and with forces insufficiently provided for the work in hand.

The Spaniards, moreover, made a bold defence. Although their naval forces were deliberately placed out of action, their land defence was excellent. True to the principle that offensive action is the best form of defence, they continually harassed their attackers, and on the 29th of June brought several hundred men across the harbor in boats and led them against the British batteries in front of Fort Moro which were now approaching completion.

The sortie was beaten off with considerable loss, and on the 1st of July our works opened fire upon Fort Moro, assisted from the sea by H.M.S. Dragon, Cambridge and Marlborough, which, under command of Captain Hervey, anchored close to the shore, broadside on to the fort. These vessels maintained the attack for upward of six hours, but their fire was not very effective owing to the higher position of the fort, whose guns commanded the sea and inflicted much damage on the ships, killing Captain Goosetree of the Cambridge, and placing as many as 170 officers and men *hors de combat* in killed and wounded on board the Cambridge and Dragon alone.

Seeing that no important result was to be obtained, and that the ships were in a bad way, Commodore Keppel, who seems to have had the conduct of most of the active naval operations, recalled Hervey's vessels, partly no doubt in consequence of the following characteristic note written by that gallant officer in pencil upon the back of his private signals during the course of the action:

Sir: I have the misfortune to be aground. Pray send a frigate to drop a bower off, and send the end of the cable on board here. We are luckily in a good line for our fire on the fort; but the smoke is so great that (it) makes it impossible to see the effect we have had or (are) likely to have; nor can we tell when the army will advance.

Often duller and ever yours,
A. HERVEY.

The non-success of this combined naval and military attack and the spirit shown by the defenders, who in the course of the action brought fresh reliefs across the harbor to Fort Moro, made it evident that more batteries and greater armament would be necessary before this strong work could be taken.

Fresh efforts were therefore made by the besiegers, who, however, met with a great misfortune a few days later in the destruction by fire of their largest battery, resulting in the loss of the labor of 600 men for a period of seventeen days.

It had become necessary to call in the assistance of the men of the fleet in the construction and manning of the new batteries, and well the sailors seem to have responded to the appeal. Several works were raised, armed, and fought completely by seamen, and one in particular, "The Valiant's Battery," is named in Keppel's Life, from which most of these particulars are taken. This work, manned by the seamen of the Commodore's ship, contained eight 32-pounder guns, and is said to have been worked with so much energy as to have fired three shots to every two of any other battery.

The attack now began to get the upper hand. On the 12th of July the Jamaica fleet under Commodore Douglas arrived on its way to England, bringing a welcome supply of munitions and stores, and a few days later the destruction of the upper works of the defenders made it evident that the end was at hand. Not without a determined struggle, however, did the gallant Spaniards abandon their strongest work, but on the 20th of July the besiegers succeeded in effecting a lodgment on the "covered way," from which the crossing of the main ditch was presently achieved along the narrow strip of rock that separated the ditch from the sea. Mines were now commenced in the parapet of the main work with the object of effecting a practicable breach, and the Spanish commander determined to make a last effort to beat off his too closely pressing opponent.

He accordingly transported 1,200

men across the harbor and led them to the attack of the British works with intrepid gallantry in one last and desperate sortie; but the British soldiers, under Brigadier-General Carlton, who was wounded in the arm, held their own, and driving the attackers back from the Cavanos heights, swept them into the harbor with a loss of 400 killed and many wounded or prisoners.

A week later the long-looked-for reinforcements from America arrived, just in time to take part in the closing act of the siege.

It was on the 30th of July that a breach was successfully made, but so narrow was it as to admit but one man at a time, and it was but the impetuosity of the British soldiers that enabled the work to be stormed and captured. Equally brave, however, were the defenders, who sold their lives most dearly and left dead or wounded upon the ground most of their number, including more than one of their chief leaders. Conspicuous among these were the Marquis de Gonsalez, the Spanish second in command, who was killed, and one Don Luis de Velasco, the commander of the Spanish ship of war the *Reina*, who established himself in an inner entrenchment with about 100 men and, after offering a most determined resistance, fell mortally wounded. The courtesy of the British commander allowed this gallant officer to be removed to the city of Havana, where he died a few days later.

So struck was the King of Spain with the heroism displayed by Don Luis on this occasion, that he not only created his son Viscount Moro, but ordained that henceforth, in memory of his brilliant example, there should always be one vessel in the Spanish navy bearing his name. Whether this command has been observed ever since or no I am unable to say, but it is certain that among the vessels captured by Admiral Dewey at Manila at the commencement of the present war was one bearing the name of Velasco, and it is further remarkable that to this day one of the works outside Havana is

called the Velasco battery. Thus in Spain, the land of chivalry, is preserved the inspiring memory of great deeds and a noble example.

With the fall of Fort Moro, the chief defence of Havana, came of necessity the fall of that city; for although the Spanish commander, true to the last to the instincts of a soldier, refused at first the terms offered him by Albemarle with a view to sparing unnecessary loss of life, the bombardment of the city, which his refusal entailed, placed the issue beyond doubt. Commenced on the 10th of August, this bombardment by forty-five cannon and eight mortars, among which were ten 32-pounders manned by seamen, resulted in the entry into Havana of the victorious British forces on the 14th of the month.

To the victors belonged the spoils, and very rich and important these were.

Besides the nine Spanish men-of-war found intact in the harbor—which, added to the three sunk at the entrance and to one or two others captured outside in the course of the operations, formed about one-fifth of the naval power of Spain, and seriously crippled her for the rest of the war—no less an amount than three millions sterling was realized in prize money by the capture of this wealthy city.

Of this great sum we are told that Albemarle and Pocock, as commanding respectively the land and sea forces, received no less than 122,697*l.*, each, while Commodore Keppel's share amounted to as much as 24,539*l.*, and doubtless his brother, Major-General Keppel, received an almost equal sum. Thus the Keppel family benefited by this expedition to the tune of considerably over 150,000*l.*, and it is recorded that General Eliott, with his share of the prize money, purchased the estate of Heathfield in Sussex, from which he afterward took his title. Such were the solid rewards obtainable in war in the last century, when the profession of arms was for the successful soldier considerably more lucrative than it is at the close of the nineteenth century.

The losses incurred in the course of

this short, successful, but trying campaign are given in Albemarle's official account as being, from the 7th of June to the 8th of October, no less than 560 men killed or died of wounds, and 4,708 died of sickness. These are for the army alone, and show the enormous loss—for it can be called by no other name—inflicted on the comparatively small force by operations conducted under most trying conditions at the most unfavorable time of year.

A careful analysis of the Spanish returns for their forces in Cuba during the last two or three years bears out these figures, and must give pause to even the most warlike Americans at the present juncture.

Cuba may be the Pearl of the Antilles, but it is a jewel for which an uncommonly high price must be paid, and it has ever proved the grave of many a brave man not inured to its deadly climate at the present, the worst season of the year.

The 56th Regiment of Foot, which had only been raised a few years, saw active service for the first time upon this occasion, and was fortunate in doing so at this the outset of its career.

It is recorded that its loss was twelve rank and file killed, and one officer and twenty-three rank and file wounded, while many more died of disease.

But if it was thus put to a fiery ordeal at the commencement of what has proved to be a distinguished career, this regiment can at least boast of a distinction conferred, so far as I know, upon no other regiment in the British Army, for it bears upon its colors to this day as the first of a long roll of battle names the word "Moro," in celebration of the baptism of fire it received before the city of Havana and at the taking of the fort of that name in 1762.

Thus 136 years ago Spain, now at war with the greatest English-speaking child of Great Britain, found herself engaged with the parent nation, and the coincidences observable in the two campaigns in Cuba may perhaps afford sufficient justification for this resurrection of an almost forgotten record of one among the many British expeditions of the past.

By the peace concluded in 1763 Cuba was restored by Great Britain to Spain.—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

ANY one who attentively reads M. de Pressensé's last interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century* will perceive on mature reflection that it amounts in effect to this: Russia and France have, in his opinion, just succeeded in forming a counterbalance to the Triple Alliance, and the only uncomfortable part of the arrangement is that the weight of Great Britain thrown on either side would disturb the equipoise; hence both alliances, or both branches of the precarious balance, uneasy at their own hazardous position, are equally apt to view the deciding factor, Great Britain, with hostile feelings, so long as they feel the possibility that the latter may in a given emergency be

a foe instead of a friend. Thus there is permanent danger to the British Empire, which may at any moment be torn to pieces owing to her obduracy in not taking beforehand one side or the other. This being so, M. de Pressensé further enters into the question, Which side ought Great Britain for her own safety to take? Shall it be Short or Codlin?

Of course these great questions of State before they become acute are, in a large measure, solved *in petto* by the statesmen in power for the time being in each State. There are diplomatists to act as buttons to the garment which, we are told, decently covers the jealous contortions of that naked monster, the European Concert; then there is the

public Press alternately to stimulate and repress public opinion; there are financiers, socialists, adventurers, and others with axes of their own to grind, to agitate the slackening strings; and last, but not least, there are now and again restless monarchs, with much autocratic power, who can do a great deal of mischief, despite the wishes of their Ministers and their people. But although the governing powers and the Press are always in evidence, and may seem to monopolize the leading rôles of the human stage, it must not be forgotten that, in these times of universal popular education, there is a large substratum of "general public" which thinks for itself, and when the time comes for action, or for voting, decides for itself. Just as in religion the priest and the parson may exhort and denounce to their hearts' content before respectful audiences assembled according to custom in places appointed for sermonizing, so in politics this or that leader may confidently air his views before a regulation audience by the prescriptive right of personal repute or of office. But, after all, most persons in every congregation who have any thinking capacity at all go home in these days and make a practical religion for themselves. And the same way in politics: there is a vast body of plain unpretentious individuals, possessing no prescriptive right to speak as literary men or as politicians, who, when it comes to taking a resolution, know perfectly well at least what they will *not* do; and these men in Great Britain form the latent power which creates and overthrows ministries.

First, let us review in a few words the position of Great Britain during the sixty years of her Majesty's reign. The increase in population, railway development, sea-borne trade, area governed, etc., etc., between 1837 and 1897, has been on a scale absolutely unparalleled elsewhere in ancient or modern times. There is nothing on the surface of the British character to account for this clearly; and moreover that character is a complex one, consisting as it does of the dogged, cold,

exclusive English temperament; the equally dogged but clannish Scotch, vivacious, intelligent, but capricious Irish; all welded into one active whole. Taking ourselves, however, in this mixed sense, we are decidedly inferior to the French in lucidity, precision, and wit; to the Germans in physique, patience, discipline, and thoroughness; to the Americans in inventiveness and versatility; to the Spaniards in sobriety; to the Russians in humanity; and to the Italians in *finesse*. What is it, then, in the national character which accounts for Great Britain being the only country free from passports, political spies, police bullying, trade protection, religious domination; the only country in which administrative power effaces itself by instinct in place of asserting itself; where would-be subverters are protected as tenderly as those who wish to preserve the existing state of things? It is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to define what it is that infallibly produces the same characteristics everywhere under British rule; but it may be doubtful if the Scotch and Irish contributions would either of them succeed so well in forming part of the successful compound were it not that the dispassionate English hand has always been the one at the helm. Germans have their own colonies, but will not go there; Frenchmen protect everything in their colonies except their own credit balances; the Americans, in spite of millionaire-creating resources, somehow fail to make the two ends of government meet. It is only in Great Britain and her dependencies that full scope is given to all energies; where Europeans of all kinds have absolutely equal rights with Englishmen themselves; in short, where a man can do what he likes, and say what he likes, free of administrative censoriousness and meddlesome interference. Even in the United States, executive power is often irritating almost to the point of seeming tyrannical.

It is naturally galling to other nationalities, oppressed by conscription, police prying, financial collapses, Press

inquisitions, and what not, to see so much national prosperity attained at such a little cost to individual liberty; and to this feeling of universal envy is superadded one of personal dislike, when the somewhat contemptuous attitude of calm indifference unconsciously displayed by Englishmen abroad is taken into consideration. In other words, England, though almost the only place where all men live on equal terms, or at least have equal chances, is an object of jealousy to every one outside. Luckily, however, England has looked after her defences with increased energy of recent years: powerful rivals have had their own special difficulties to keep them in check, and we have so far survived the ordeal without any considerable diminution of prosperity and power.

But at present things are in a very parlous state in Europe. France, though the wealthiest country in the world in productivity, is taxed in money and men to the utmost of her capacity; she would probably be more restless than she is, had she not practically ceased to breed. Germany is a poor country with rich pretensions; at the rate she is breeding she will soon be unable to sustain her population without more elbow-room. Italy is prematurely played out and bankrupt; without a long period of national rest and prudent finance she can never secure ease and prosperity for the over-weighted units of her population. Austria, divided as she is into three distracted nationalities—one affiliated to Germany, another to Russia, and one standing alone—continues to exist as an empire only by force of habit. Turkey, at least in Europe, cannot possibly be tolerated as an independent State for another generation, no matter what is said to the contrary. Another administrative carcase, in the shape of China, will soon be ready for the vultures hanging around her, unless she can manage to galvanize a little life into herself. The United States have many irons in the fire: Cuba and Spain, Hawaii and Japan, various disputes with ourselves, the financial question,

and the "colored rights" difficulty. In this sea of political trouble Great Britain drifts about like the rest of them, and the question is suggested to her by M. de Pressensé, "What shall she do to be saved?"

I have intentionally left out Russia, for Russia has nothing whatever to fear from external foes, except, perhaps, from Germany. She might possibly be wounded in the Black Sea or at Vladivostock, but in neither case would the life pulsations of the Empire be seriously affected. Russia requires nothing but peace; looking back upon her past history, she quite understands that her development has been most unhappily retarded by unnecessary wars; and apart from the fact that the Czar Alexander III. was by temperament personally inclined toward peace and quiet for their own sakes, it was in his reign that circumstances combined to force clearly upon leading Russians generally the conviction that in the peaceful development of their own resources lay the only true road to happiness and success.

For the present purposes let us leave out of consideration the past. In the relations of Russia and England, in connection with Turkey and Central Asia, mistakes may have been made, and probably were made, on both sides, for which both sides have been equally to blame. Let us merely consider the present and the future. There is absolutely no point in which we cannot treat, independently of all other nations, direct with Russia upon matters concerning our joint interests with her. There is really no cause for hostility or suspicion. So far as the North Sea and the Baltic Sea are concerned, there is every prospect of trade development between the two countries on mutually advantageous terms. England is Russia's best customer for food products; and even if Russia's protective system were an ungenerous one to us—which, on the whole, it is not—it is to Russia's interest as much as to ours that the trade should be on fair give-and-take principles. The way in which Captain Wiggins and Mr. Popham have been

encouraged to assist in developing the Siberian river trade holds out every hope that increased national friendliness will be one of the results. In the Black Sea we can now hardly be said to have any interest beyond that of shipping. The future of Turkey is an insoluble riddle at present, and much depends upon the fate of the Austrian Empire. No wars or alliances can well modify one result: whether the German element of Austria does or does not merge itself into Germany, what remains of the Austro-Hungarian Empire must in the end gravitate toward the East; and whether Austria shares with Russia, or abandons to Russia, the approaches to the Black Sea, it is certain that Great Britain will never be established anywhere on the Constantinople side of the Sea of Marmora. In a word, if Russian statesmen will only be reasonable to British trade prospects in and near the Black Sea, there is no reason why England should attempt to thwart Russia's policy in Turkey, whatever arrangements she may make with Austria.

In Central Asia the recent settlement of the Pamirs question practically closes all difficulties except that of Persia; or, at any rate, it prevents any reopening of difficulties so long as both parties maintain the sincere desire to be friendly. And as to Persia, that is no pressing matter; we cannot map out the future of the world for our grandsons. In any case, there is no reason why, if we come to a general understanding with Russia all round, that question should not be included in the bargain. Though no one thinks much of Tibet now, it is certain that before very long there will be a Tibetan question, in connection with which Russia, in her present reasonable mood, may be fairly expected to regard the Bramaputra, and all the other rivers which flow south to the sea, as beyond her sphere of action. The most difficult question of all is Russia's naval position in the China seas, and this one might have become more acute had it not been for the sudden rise of Japan, which State must now be counted with,

along with us, as a possible determined rival. It has been suggested that the German occupation of Kiao Chao points to an understanding with Russia; but in the present capricious state of German policy, when no man, even in Germany, knows what the morrow may bring forth, it is extremely unlikely that Russia would be instrumental in encouraging such a leap in the dark, though certain in any event to weaken Germany's naval position at home, and one which can scarcely be said to threaten Russia. If we look back at Russia's dealings with China, we see that her relations have always been friendly and fair. In the Amur boundary question, 200 years ago, the Russians and the Manchus were equally conquerors and explorers. It is, indeed, said that the Russians once removed the boundary stones in a tricky way; but that is also a very old Chinese trick, and, in any case, one of which local officers on a remote frontier might easily on either side be guilty. On the whole, the history of the Russo-Chinese trade relations up to our own times points to prudence, loyalty, and even considerate gentleness on the Russian side. It is often said that the Russians did a smart thing in filching Primorsk from the Manchus after our last war with China. Perhaps they did; but there was no violence; it was all a matter of fair negotiation. In the Ili question, eighteen years ago, the Russians restored certain territory, and honorably swallowed the leek in a way which no one expected to see. Here, again, they had "smartly" and successfully negotiated with an incapable Manchu envoy in Russia. But his work was disavowed; Ili was demanded in accordance with Russia's promise, and was duly given back. In the same way with Bokhara, which, as a vassal State, is now much more helpless than was China in 1880: Russia has honorably abandoned to her the States of Roshan and Shignan, in accordance with old claims justified by Bokhara.

I do not for a moment mean to take a brief for Russia, whose statesmen are

probably individually neither worse nor better than the rest of mankind. But what I do say is that her Asiatic policy generally seems to have been honorable "as a whole," due allowance made for "psychological" considerations. Russia's whole attitude in the world is far from being an aggressive one; of all the Christian missionaries in China, Mongolia, etc., the Russian are the only ones who "mind their own business," and are not actively "militant." Nothing could be more conservative and tenacious than the Orthodox Church, but it only holds fast to what it has already got, and forces no stranger into its fold except by considerations of self-interest; in short, it is a mere political engine, worked with the same moderation which characterizes Russia's action all round.

For purposes of her own, with which we have no immediate concern, Russia has thought it advisable to ally herself with France. The underhand "reptile" Press of Germany is always harping upon the "irreconcilable divergence of interests" between ourselves and Russia; but there is no reason to suppose, whatever France's motives may have been, that Russia, in consenting to an alliance with her, coveted France's assistance against ourselves, or felt in any way the need of France's support for her safety against our attacks. True, Russia has dropped seeds in Egypt, Abyssinia, Alaska, and Siam, which are intended to grow and serve for future use as occasion may require. But there is no need to get excited about that—those are mere diplomatic moves of a perfectly honorable and legitimate character. However much we may wish that Russia would accommodate us more, it must be admitted that her policy is free from dirty tricks and violent surprises; in short, regarding her Government as a human being, in dealing with Russia we feel that we have to do with a gentleman.

We have no reason to fear Russia; Russia has no reason to fear us. Our position may be exposed to danger,

chiefly external; but it must not be forgotten that Russia is also exposed to danger, chiefly internal. She desires peace as much as we do. So far as England is concerned, Russia can afford to be indifferent to the French alliance; but she requires it in order that she may develop her resources free from the bugbear of Germany on her flank. We have no need of France's alliance, either to protect ourselves against Russia or against Germany. Consequently there is no interest to compensate us for tying ourselves down and throwing our weight in the Franco-Russian scale. Were we to do so, and were peace preserved, we should find nothing we want from Russia which France could help us to get, and nothing we want from France which Russia could aid us to get without playing false to France; whereas, if war broke out, we could take care of ourselves. On the other hand, there are several things France wants from us, and it is certain that if she could she would take them from us now by force with Russia's assistance, without going out of her way to prove to us, as M. de Pressensé endeavors to do, that it is for our own interest to "make advances," and give her what she wants of our own accord. But peace would probably *not* be preserved in this way; the formal adhesion of England to the Franco-Russian alliance would mean such a preponderance of naval and military power that the Triple Alliance (which means Germany for this purpose) would be reduced to such intolerable insignificance that she could not afford to keep the peace. There is no reason why we would not settle our differences with France independently of Russia (who has really little concern with them), just as we can settle our differences with Russia independently of France.

Our differences with France are many. There is the west coast of Newfoundland fishery question. If a local bargain were made, France would probably willingly barter the right to make herself disagreeable on the coast of Newfoundland for a counter right we

possess to pull down any fortifications she may erect on her islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. But neither Canada nor the United States would agree to this. Then there is the Egyptian question, in which Russia only has a moderate interest; but even that moderate interest would not be made any greater by Russia's aiding France to obtain complete command of the Suez Canal both by land and by sea. The West African difficulty looks serious, but at bottom it is more a question of *amour propre* than general utility. The French have not the same calm and practical way of dealing with such matters that the Russians have. A leading Frenchman, M. le Myre de Vilers, made a speech the other day in which he boasted of France's "paralyzing" British hopes in the Indian Ocean. This expression puts the whole French attitude—I mean, of course, the attitude of the *intransigeants*, or unreasonables—in a nutshell. As a colonial power France has been a failure almost everywhere: her few great steamer lines are all subsidized; her trade is heavily protected; she has hundreds of soldiers to "protect" each colonist; and her colonies do not afford a career for her young men. Yet the sight of British colonial success is so galling to her that a large portion of the French people consider, with M. de Vilers, that they are amply rewarded if they can only "paralyze" the action of their successful rivals without obtaining any tangible advantage for themselves. The Russians, on the other hand, are doing solid, useful work wherever they go—sending out colonies, building railways, and introducing public order: there is nothing empty or showy about Russian occupation. It must be admitted that the French are exceedingly liberal in creating steamer lines without trade, "docks" or warehouses without cargo, roads without traffic, and so on; in their colonies, moreover, there is, coupled with a certain feverish individual tendency to bully, a generous public capacity for safeguarding the rights of the *indigènes*. In short, sentiment, theory, and science—all ad-

mirable qualities in their way—are the leading features of French rule, which, in practice, cripples trade, frightens away capital, demoralizes the natives, and never pays its way, even in Algeria. On the other hand, wherever Russians open out a country, we find them associating in an easy-going, careless way with the natives, scrupulously protecting their religions and customs, encouraging trade communications, and, in a word, absorbing the region into the Russian administrative system; in a word, the Russians have a mission, and are practical colonists like ourselves, only that they move on a different line, or, rather, on a different gauge. So long as a majority of influential persons in France persists in taking a spiteful view of colonial policy, so long will there be friction between the legitimate expansion of Great Britain and the fictitious showiness of French efforts, which may be compared with those of a sculler who has not the remotest prospect of winning the race, but who claims the right to occupy part of the course, and to take his chance of picking up something by a foul. This state of affairs would not matter much were it not that Russia, in order to protect herself against German aggression while her whole resources are devoted to developing her internal wealth, had found it useful to enlist the general countenance of France, which arrangement necessitates on the part of Russia occasional counter favors to France in directions where her own interests are not touched. In this way Russia can make herself disagreeable to us in many parts of the world without our being able to retaliate with the same light hand. Russia wants nothing from us in any part of the world; she does not even want money, so long as she can keep France in a good hopeful humor. Thus it falls out that, though there is nothing whatever to make the solid Russian interests clash with ours, or to prevent perfectly above-board and honorable dealings between ourselves and Russia, she is often forced in her own interests to abet

the unreasonable pretensions of France. The remedy would, of course, be to conciliate France in such a way that she would have no interest in thwarting us, or in inducing Russia to aid her in doing so. This, in fact, brings us round, though by a different route, to M. de Pressensé's position: "Are you strong enough to stand alone and risk our combining to destroy you? Are you sure that we are not strong enough even to do this without running the risk of forcing you into the arms of the Triple Alliance?"

There are several answers to this question. First: "If you are really so strong, why proclaim it from the housetops and invite us to share your strength? Why not force the world to keep the peace by exposing your strength?" Any great Power may plunge all Europe into a murderous general war by rash or deliberately violent action; and if such great Power be determined to do so, or to risk doing so, then Great Britain has no choice in the matter, whether she be driven to it by intrigue or by force. The only thing we can do is to look unceasingly to our naval defences in the first instance; and, if possible, to strengthen also our second line, fighting for our lives when the time comes. In the event of a coalition against us, things would undoubtedly go hard; but after all, if things are to come to that pass, a man can only die once—and he must die once—while the slaughter of millions is only the hastening of individual events under circumstances of unusual excitement. Life is not worth having, at least to many of us, except under the conditions of freedom to which we have been accustomed, and we had better all perish than accept dishonorable conditions. Besides, we might succeed in turning the tables upon our enemies if we stood up to them with a stout heart. Nations imbued with these sentiments do not, however, easily perish. Apart from what we can do ourselves, we have kinsmen beyond the seas; and although there are many points of difference between us and the United

States, they, as well as our own kinsmen, are not likely to stand by while a Frenchman aided by a Prussian, or a Russian, holds a sword to our throats. Besides, as I have said before—allowance made for human weaknesses and diplomatic guile—the Russians require peace for their own development: the masses are only just emerging from savagery and semi-starvation; a general war with risk of revolution would by no means suit Russia's calculation even from a purely interested point of view, and apart from all moral considerations. But there is another important point to be considered. In our ignorance of the Russians as a people, we are apt to picture them a cruel, treacherous, greedy race, without any high moral sentiment whatever. When I was in Russia I watched all classes very carefully, and to my surprise I found that the Russians, especially the ignorant and uninformed, held the same false idea of us: they seemed to consider that we tyrannized and tortured Ireland, just as we supposed—perhaps rightly once—they humbled Poland; they honestly felt that, pleasant fellows though we might be, with plenty of cash to spend, we were as a race brutal, grasping, domineering, cunning, unscrupulous, meddling, hypocritical—in short almost everything that is bad, except cowards. On the other hand, I found that the Russians by temperament were without exception the gentlest, most easy-going and humane nation in Europe—and I have seen them all. Their defects are many, but the leading feature in the Russian character, high and low, which stands above faults of which they have their full share, is an enthusiastic, generous humanity, easily moved to sadness and tears; full of expansive gratitude for kindness; free from meanness, pettiness, and cunning greed. In short, it struck me, the more I contemplated the Russian character, that they were the only people in Europe who possessed several of the better characteristics of ourselves. The Russians are not so fond of fair play, not so truthful, not so energetic, not so manly as we are;

but, on the other hand, they are less hypocritical, more truly modest, gentler, more tender, more truly religious, more humane, and less brutal and violent in every way. This being so, I decline to believe that the Russian nation as a body, or the Russian Government as its representative—which shares the virtues and vices of that body—would ever lend itself heart and soul to an aggressive general war for mere purposes of spite and plunder; and in this matter, far inferior though the Russians are to their new allies in intelligence, wit, vivacity, and many other noble qualities, they are infinitely superior to the French. They are a juster race, with less venom.

Finally, even in France it is by no means every one that shares the spiteful sentiments of the extreme colonial party and the gallery Press. The hard-headed, solid masses, though easily moved to foolish enthusiasm, in their calmer moments must see that Great Britain is doing them no harm in any part of the world, and is not threatening them in any way. Even in Egypt, our occupation has been of great advantage to French investors. French financiers have not succeeded in establishing an equilibrium at home: could they have done the work we have done in Egypt? What privileges do British subjects enjoy in any part of our Empire which the French cannot share? That France is at the head of civilization in many respects no one can deny. No Christian missions are more disinterested or more devoted than those of France. In literature and art, in refinement, polish of manners, industry, charity, public enterprise, science, good taste, luxury, and in many other admirable things, she is unsurpassed, if not unequalled. No country is more pleasant to live in, and she has no surplus population clamoring for an outlet. There is really no reason why her interests should clash with ours if she would only be content with her natural sphere. As the admired entertainer and caterer of Europe, she has no call to cut a figure abroad. Our gloomy climate has no charms for half

the year: it is only by labor or outdoor sports that we can pass the time without *ennui*. The population has far outgrown the food resources of the land. Emigration is an absolute necessity. When we do emigrate and undertake the administration, we are the only nation that shares and shares alike with all nationalities. We retain no exclusive privileges for British subjects. Why, then, should our action be "paralyzed"? Why should not France endeavor to meet us at all points in an equitable spirit? Why not encourage us?

As to leaguings with the Dual Alliance for the destruction of the Triple Alliance, or *vice versâ*, it is conceivable that the violence of either might drive us in self-defence to adopt one or the other course; but, since there is a balance of power, why not leave it thus balancing? England has never threatened either France or Germany, and is pre-eminently the Power whose interests lie exclusively in peace. What harm is there in her lying, like the United States for instance, beyond the sphere of the balance? Why should she not negotiate successfully her matters of mutual interest, either with each of the two Alliances as wholes, or with each Power of either Alliance as units? It may be true that her outside position gives her power to do harm by giving a preponderance to one of the two balances; but, on the other hand, either alliance, or any member of either, has the power to precipitate war if it chooses. Why, then, should England be particularly suspected? Seeing that the vast military forces of the Continental Powers are now balanced, surely England is the one Power *par excellence* fitted by Nature to stand off, when it is remembered that she possesses no aggressive military force at all. The naval forces of the two Alliances are also balanced. Why should England's preponderance in naval force be grudged her, seeing that it is practically her only defence?

Germany's present position is singular. It is marvellous that the most patient, scientific, orderly, and phil-

osophic people in the world should allow the popular voice—which in Germany is far from being the voice of rashness and ignorance—to be swamped in the votes of Imperialism, or rather, as M. de Pressensé puts it, of Prussian particularism, of the most domineering and unsympathetic kind. It is indeed, an ironical turn of Destiny's wheel that a nation which was the first to think itself free of clerical domination should fall the first a prey to Government by the grace of God. This is a *colpo di stato di Dominiddio* with a vengeance. Sometimes a hero of magnificent physique and nerveless courage may pose successfully for a time as a Charles XII., just as with the ancient Turks the elected khan was apt to be the man with the strongest arm. Or a military genius like Napoleon may bear down all considerations by the sheer force of his will and intellect. It is perhaps a disaster for the world that the great Emperor Frederick had not a longer life, for it is he of the three who was a truly great man. Under his sage and moderate guidance the best qualities of the newly aroused German race would almost certainly have been developed, after their centuries of dormancy under foreign political tyranny, into a magnificent whole of industry, fairness, peace, and honor. Excuse may readily be found for the rough, unscrupulous genius of a Bismarck, during the transition period when Germany was emerging from a chrysalis state. Under present conditions it is hardly possible to conceive a more uselessly cynical, greedy, and immoral standard of political morality than that which found favor in Prussia a few weeks ago. The action of Peters in Africa is only too typical on an individual scale of what the principles of the Government are apt to degenerate into on a political scale when the worst passions are let loose and encouraged. By Government, of course I mean the blustering clique of *Junkers* who appeared for a time to form the inner circle of the present ruler's council. Amid sanctimonious pleas for the countenance of the Deity

and the interests of peace, a policy toward Greece and Turkey was adopted which disclosed every element of malice, selfishness, and absence of noble sympathy. The theatrical attack upon a helpless and defeated Power, almost within a year of the date when an equally capricious show was made of protecting that Power from dismemberment, shows what would probably be the uses to which the navy would be put if the Reichstag were to give the Prussian *Junker* clique a perfectly free hand. Amid protestations that Germany's whole power should be placed at the Czar's disposal should any member of the Concert break the peace, a deliberate start was given to the iniquitous game of grab, and it looked as though an attempt was being made to embroil the whole Far East. Possibly it was thought that a large portion of the British Fleet might be decoyed to the China seas by provoking an outburst of commercial jealousy. It is even possible that Prince Henry was sent away because he had been spoken of as a possible regent—in the event of the Emperor's health giving way. No man knows what the morrow may bring forth in Germany, and no man knows what the capricious action of Germany may not bring forth in Europe or China. The vain, restless activity which kept Napoleon III. perpetually under the eye of Europe, and finally brought about his fall, seems to be faithfully imitated nowadays by Germany. The Triple Alliance as a body can have nothing to do with these dramatic tiltings of one of its members; and, even if it could, it is hardly conceivable that Great Britain should join hands with it to support a policy of agrarianism, *lèse-Majesté*, personal pique, inhumanity, and wanton aggression. The real explanation probably lies in the fact that affairs at home were so dangerous that a diversion abroad was looked to in order to let off popular steam. In justice to the Emperor, however, and to his Council, it must be admitted that the success of the astounding China *coup* does not seem to have turned their heads, but

rather to have sobered them down a little since the year 1898 began, and to have led to a less hostile attitude toward Great Britain.

Sentiments adverse to militant aggressiveness abroad are indeed held by many Germans, if not the majority of them, at least in all the States but Prussia; but personal liberty is at a lower ebb in Germany now than it is in very Russia. Even letters received from Germany show signs of extreme caution. The Germans have always been a timid race, though never lacking in courage to fight for their liberties in a defensive way. They are so overawed by the police and by military despotism that the great thinkers, the scholars, the millionaires, the rising geniuses are little better than a pack of skulking schoolboys with their eyes furtively turned up at the master's cane. In Russia, God knows, the arm of Government is evident enough, and in the hands of indiscreet officials often becomes tyrannical and unjust; but there at least we have ignorant masses to deal with, and a conscientious paternal master. Alexander III. was one of Nature's gentlemen in feeling and sympathy, in loyalty, and in honor. Nicholas II. has also, so far, comported himself with a prudence and correctness which compel respect. If the Czar's agents occasionally fail him, it is not always the fault of the Czar, nor even of his Ministers. At least the Government strains every nerve to improve the position of its shaggy flocks: no question of personal vanity, craven submission to foreign allies, or family pique comes in. As in the case of M. de Witte, the humblest Russian may aspire to become a ruler. But the Emperor of Germany can only preserve even public respect for his personality by confiscating an issue of *Kladderadatsch* and imprisoning professors for *lèse-Majesté*; he scarcely ever opens his mouth publicly but what an amused smile spreads all over Europe. There is little or nothing of the true hero in him. He estranges his relatives, gives away his Imperial dignity, and is apt to make

the actors upon the stage which he directs feel thoroughly ashamed both of their own parts and of himself.

But the Emperor is not by an means the German nation, though he himself often appears to think so. The Germans of course vary, and a Prussian is not the same as a Bavarian or a Saxon. But, taking them all round, the Germans left to their own better judgment, free from police espionage and bullying, are a quiet, reasonable, sympathetic, plodding people; rather more animal in their pleasures than we are; not so gentle as the Russians; but more timid, and nearly as kind; gross and uncouth in manners; either religious enthusiasts or religiophobes; somewhat sour-tempered; greedy, unless restrained; less humorous than the Russians, less witty than the French; careful, exact, and, if harsh, generally as strong in character as in physique. The nature of the German is envious rather than jealous; he has none of the frank, generous hospitality of the Russian; he is essentially a selfish man; rancorous, underhanded; but not vengeful in the Corsican sense. A great many of his less beautiful characteristics are also ours; but what the German essentially lacks is our sense of fair play and our personal pluck. He has plenty of gregarious courage under discipline, and the German officer is full of fire and "honor" when a defenceless civilian insults him; but, man for man, the German has not the personal courage of either the Russian or Frenchman. He is the sort of man in his evil moments to hit you when you are down, which a Russian will not do at any time. It will be noticed that the shape of the average German's head is totally different from that of any other people in Europe. His character, in short, is one which easily degenerates into aggressive acquisitiveness, or relapses into patient docility, according to the influences which work upon it, and according to the prospects of gain without risk, or punishment without escape, which seem to him imminent. The recent behavior

of Germans in the Austrian Reichstag is a good instance of what civilized human beings of the German type may become under the provocative influence of race hatreds and disappointed expectations.

Yet there is no reason why we should not be as successful in conciliating the Germans as in conciliating the French and the Russians. Setting aside the personal rancor nourished by the Emperor himself, traceable in most cases to wounded vanity, there is no solid German interest which clashes with ours except the interest of commerce. German commerce enjoys exactly the same privileges in English colonies that British commerce does. When Germany was not yet in a position to protect herself abroad, she never on any occasion ran any risk of injustice at British hands; indeed, her policy was always the comfortable one of taking refuge under the wing of the British pioneer, who never once failed her. In the Far East British officials were always as ready to protect unrepresented Germans as to protect their own nationals. And since the volume of German trade has increased things have not changed: even though (largely through the fault of self-sufficient Englishmen themselves) German traders have by their superior suppleness encroached upon the British trade preserves, and to a certain extent aroused the alarm and jealousy of British traders, yet there has never been any change in British policy. German trade is as safe abroad as ever it was, and so long as the impulsive Emperor refrains from unjust aggression, it will remain so. Germans prefer the freedom of England to the prying police domination of their own administration. German merchants are fully represented in English banks, English municipalities, English steamship companies; German employés are as much appreciated as ever in English commercial houses. In short, if we put aside the inevitable commercial jealousy, which after all is no greater between German and English houses than between rival English houses

themselves; if we leave out of consideration the evil but transient national effect produced by the Emperor's numerous foolish individual acts, there remains nothing to justify the persistent harboring and cultivating of national resentment. That we have colonies and Germany has not is no just ground for complaint, for we had those colonies long before she became a *Weltmacht*, and she is, and always will be, able to utilize them freely, just as if they were her own, for all commercial purposes. As a colonist the German (under his own rule) is even more hopeless than the Frenchman: he seems to find it impossible to conceive any form of government but the domineering police-bully type. Let us hope that of Herr von Bülow is serious, and that a new start on honestly liberal principles will be made at Kiao Chao. The picture of Heligoland as it now is—native populace forbidden to stand in groups; dancing and concert rooms only open twice a week; 2,000 natives superciliously treated by the police and military; bathing visitors coming across from Hamburg rarely and for days, instead of regularly and for months—all this (though Heligoland is not exactly a colony) is typical of the German official's impracticable ideas, and contrasts sadly with the good old days when six unarmed British blue-jackets formed the sole "force" of the island; when the town swarmed all the season with happy German families enjoying a whole summer's liberty; when the inoffensive inhabitant spent their lives in groups examining the sea with their telescopes, preparing the skins of sea-fowls, taking service as pilots, and enjoying absolute freedom.

Just as there is no chance whatever of our joining Germany and her allies (with neither of whom we have any bone to pick) in order to protect ourselves against France and Russia, so there is no chance of our joining the Dual Alliance in order to inflict an injury upon Germany. That is, in each case, unless we are wilfully forced to do so. Let German trade go on increasing: we may be jealous; but we

shall do our best in a legitimate way to redress the balance. War can never break out between Germany and ourselves, except by the deliberate act of Germany herself; and this is an extremely improbable event so long as the resolutions taken in the Fatherland are left to the good sense of the German people themselves, and so long as they have the courage to resist the unwise caprices of a ruler who may drag them to destruction, and perhaps the rest of Europe too. At present, Germany is more of a despotism even than Russia. In Russia there is an honest desire to develop the country and do no harm to any one beyond it; and in any case Absolutism has the excuse that 95 per cent. of the populace are illiterate. But in Germany we have the singular spectacle of the best educated and in many respects most capable nation in the world led helplessly at the heels of a monarch whose personality is regarded with infinitely less respect than that of either of his predecessors. Have the people of Ba-

vara, Saxony, and the other kingdoms and duchies of the Empire no right to speak? Have not the rulers of these States as well-founded a stake in the Empire as the King of Prussia? What is the satisfaction in life if it is to be at the mercy of the spy and the policeman forever? Security is not a sufficient plea, for life in a prison might be justified on the same grounds.

The future of Europe really lies with the German people, quite as much at least as it lies with the supposed autocracy of the Tsar and the supposed desire for revenge of the French. If the German people would only shake themselves up and insist upon their supreme ruler confining his action within constitutional bounds, there would be no question of preponderance and alliances, and the evil suspicions which now force the Continental nations to waste all their resources upon armaments might gradually fade away and leave the course open for an era of arbitration.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE "RUBA'IYAT" OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

AMONG the books which have most influenced the minds of educated Englishmen during the second half of this nineteenth century I should assign the place of honor to Edward Fitzgerald's "Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyám." A portion of the mystery in which that fascinating work was enveloped has recently been dissipated. It was understood from the first that Fitzgerald's work was an equivalent rather than a translation, and those with no knowledge of Persian, by which I mean all but a few English Orientalists, were exercised by the question how much was Omar and how much Fitzgerald. The publication of Fitzgerald's letters did little to clear up the doubt, which was quickened when the prose translation of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy* saw the light.

Not only were the well-known quatrains in Fitzgerald to which no single quatrain in Omar Khayyám corresponds, there were some scarcely a suggestion of which was supplied. The publication of Mr. E. Heron-Allen's edition of the "Ruba'iyat"*** explains the matter. Not seldom a quatrain of Fitzgerald answers to two or more stanzas of the original. Before beginning his translation of Omar, however, Fitzgerald had been studying the "Mantik ut tair" of Ferid ud din Attar, a work to which his attention might well have been called by M. Garcin de Tassy, who gave an analysis of it, accompanied by extracts, in the *Revue Contemporaine* for 1856. Whatever is not found in the "Ruba'iyat" of Omar Khayyám may, Mr. Heron-Allen tells us, be sought in this work.

* Nutt.

*** H. S. Nichols.

Therein accordingly we have to look for the original of the two famous quatrains beginning respectively, "Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire," and "Oh, Thou! who man of baser earth did make." One mystery, then, is solved; and though the matter is not yet of general interest, there are few students of "Omar" who will not be glad of the intelligence. A chief object of Mr. Heron-Allen in his book is to supply the original of the finest and most authoritative text of Omar Khayyám at present accessible. This is a manuscript in the Bodleian to which Fitzgerald had recourse, discovered by Professor Cowell in 1850 among the uncatalogued manuscripts of the Ouseley collection. This has been reproduced in photographic facsimile, and followed by a transcript into modern Persian and a translation. The original, which dates from the year 865 of the Hegira, corresponding with the year A.D. 1400 of the Christian calendar, is late, but is earlier than any manuscript of Omar in the

British Museum, the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, the Cambridge University Library, and other collections. No manuscript calculated to be regarded as a "Codex" and "serve as the point of departure for the student," has as yet rewarded research. It is, I am told, an extremely beautiful work, written in a cursive hand upon thick yellow paper in purple-black ink, thickly powdered with gold. The reproduction is handsome, and the volume has strong attractions for Eastern scholars. To one further point will I draw attention. The exact signification of "Ruba'iyat" has been a puzzle to me, and doubtless is to some of my readers. From Mr. Heron-Allen I learn that the word "ruba'i," common to more than one Oriental language, signifies simply "quatrain." A Persian letter, soft "gh," as in our word "high," follows, its absence being denoted by an apostrophe; the terminal "at" is an artificial form of plural borrowed from the Arabic.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

AT SUNSET.

A SOUNDING rain at dawn to-day
 In silver flashes earthward rang;
 Then slow, huge clouds, distressful, gray,
 Hid all the laughing blue away,
 And draggled birds no longer sang.

4

But now at eve the sounding rain,
 Which fell at dawn, like silver ringing,
 Returns in pomp to heaven again;
 Purple and gold adorn its train,
 And all the happy birds are singing.